THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Voice of Tennyson

PROBABLY no poem has been so much quoted since the beginning of the war as Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." A recent issue of the London *Spectator* brings to light another Tennyson poem, hitherto unpublished, which seems to have a bearing on the present crisis. The *Spectator* obtained the poem from the present Lord Tennyson.

O! where is he, the simple fool,
Who says that wars are over?
What bloody portent flashes there
Across the Straits of Dover?
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms
May seek to bring us under;
But England lives, and still will live,
For we'll crush the despot yonder.
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

O, shame on selfish patronage—
It is the country's ruin—
Come, put the right man in his place,
And up now and be doing!
O gather, gallant volunteers,
In every town and village,
For there are tigers—fiends, not men—
Who violate, burn and pillage!
Are you ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

Up, stout-limbed yeomen, leave awhile
The fattening of your cattle—
And, if indeed ye wish for peace,
Be ready for the battle!
To fight the battle of the world,
Of progress and humanity,
In spite of his eight million lies
And bastard Christianity!
Are we ready, Britons all,
To answer foes with thunder?
Arm, arm, arm!

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Hugo's Return

A vivid picture from Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's *My Days of Adventure,* which deals mainly with Paris during the war of 1870, is that describing the return of Victor Hugo after the fall of the Empire. To Hugo Sedan meant the end of the long years of exile at Guernsey. The return was characteristically theatrical. When he alighted from the train he said to those who had assembled to give him a fitting greeting that he had come to do his duty in the hour of danger, that duty being to save Paris, which meant more than saving France, for it implied saving the world itself—Paris being the capital of civilisation, the centre of mankind. Naturally enough, those fine sentiments were fervently applauded by the great poet's admirers, and when he had installed himself with his companions in an open carriage, two or three thousand people escorted him procession-

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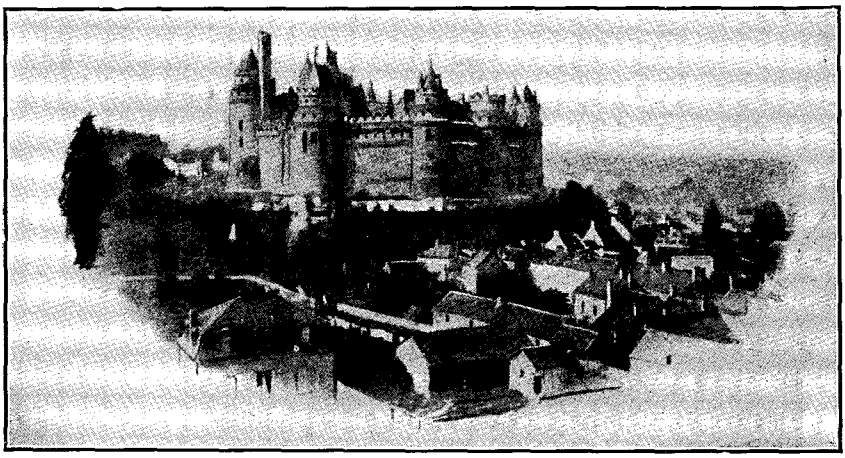

THE CHATEAU OF PORTHOS. THE ANCIENT CHATEAU DE PIERREFONDS, FROM WHICH PORTHOS, OF THE IMMORTAL MUSKETEERS, TOOK HIS TITLE AFTER HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS "DUCHESS" HAS BEEN REPORTED DESTROYED BY THE PRUSSIANS

ally along the Boulevard. It was nighttime, and the cafés were crowded and the footways covered with promenaders. On every side shouts of "Vive Victor Hugo!" rang out. The poet would stand up, uncover, and wave his hat in response to the acclamation. Hugo, at that time sixty-eight years old, still looked vigorous, but it was beyond the power of any such man as himself to save the city from what was impending. He indicted flamboyant manifestoes, enrolled himself as a National Guard, and showed himself on the streets wearing the uniform. It is very doubtful, however, whether he ever did a "sentry-go."

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The Personal Ouida

Almost seven years have passed since the death of the talented woman who was so widely known under her pseudonym of Ouida, and yet we are no nearer than we were then to a decision as to her definite place among the writers of her time. That she had ability of a really high order, and that she obscured it by frequent displays of literary bad taste are facts not to be disputed. Apart from her work with the pen her personality and life were of unusual interest, and so we give a very genuine welcome to Elizabeth Lee's illuminating and yet disappointing *Ouida: A Memoir,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. Duffield and Company. Perhaps the use of the word disappointing is an injustice to Miss Lee. But so interesting was the Ouida of countless anecdotes that the book leaves the impression that entirely too much has been left unsaid. We could very well spare the chapters that treat of Ouida as novelist, of Ouida as critic, of Ouida as humanitarian and social reformer. In their place we should have wished a much more interesting and intimate account of the building of such a book as *Under Two Flags,* which justly has a high place among the "best sellers of yesterday."

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Like Charles Reade Ouida had a profound respect for her own productions, and a contempt that was almost ill-natured at times for the productions of other writers of fiction, especially those which had enjoyed some pronounced success. For example, the dominant note in her letters to Baron Tauchnitz is the note of envy. It is impossible to characterise it by any kindlier name. George du Maurier's *Trilby* seemed particularly to exasperate her. "I think *Trilby* was made by the Press, partly and partly by its *brio* and freshness. The first volume

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is charming. The second I think is rubbish," she wrote on one occasion. Tauchnitz had told her that *Trilby* had had the biggest sale of any novel in his series for many years. "I think you will find *The Masarenes* worth ten thousand *Trilbys*," was her retort. And again she asks of the same overdrawn book: "Don't you think it is worth many *Trilbys?*" In another letter she speaks of having known Oscar Wilde very well. "I do not think he is a clever man; he was a successful poseur and plagiarist; he was essentially the *cabotin*. 'I have written three comedies in one year,' he said to a friend of mine, and my friend replied: 'a great exercise of memory!'" Of Edmond Rostand she wrote: "I cannot agree that he is a genius or even a poet. He is obnoxious to me with his jeweller's similes."

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Nor was Ouida at all favourably impressed by the American, F. Marion Crawford, who like herself so long made Italy his home. "I can never understand how Crawford turns out books in the number he does. If he had written one-sixth the number he might have been a great novelist or at least a good one. But the public does not know mediocrity from excellence, or trumpery from beauty." Mrs. Craigie's plays she characterised as "very poor stuff; there is no plot at all and the little action there is, wholly improbable." But the merit she could not find in others she was only too ready to see in herself. The London publisher, Mr. F. Fisher Unwin, was once guilty of a slight indiscretion which promptly brought the following reproof: "Please do not bracket any books of mine with others thus. My works are something more than novels of the season. If not I have lived in vain." Baron Tauchnitz, in his catalogue, once made use of the name Louise de la Ramée. The author was quick to notice it. "I just see in your catalogue that you append another name to Ouida. Please take it out. I have no other name in Literature. And it should not be put in inverted commas."

One of the legends that grew up about Ouida was that she hated women and Americans. There was an old story to the effect that an American woman once tried to pay her a visit in Italy. The combination was too much for Ouida's nerves, and her remarks were of an explosive nature. But the American visitor, nothing daunted, is said to have replied defiantly: "After all, we American

OUIDA, LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

women are the only persons who ever read your nasty books." Of this alleged phase of Ouida's nature the present volume has little to say. The only expression of hostility is contained in a letter in which she comments "I should have liked to see Asquith when in Rome, but could not afford to go there. Americans make the prices exorbitant. I wish the great city had a better use than being a hostelry for Yankees." True, she speaks of the United States as being "horribly vulgar in all their ways and thoughts and actions," but she has just the same criticism to make of modern Europe. To her mind all courtesy, calmness, gentleness and grace in the world had passed away with the people of her childhood.

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Once upon a time there was passed around a strange yarn, which received credence for a moment, to the effect that Ouida, despite her intolerance of America and Americans, was herself an American by birth. How and where such a curious story originated it would be hard to say. As a matter of fact Louise de la Ramée was born in the ancient town of Bury St. Edmunds, which Dickens intro-

OUIDA IN 1878. FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY ALICE DANYELL

duced into the pages of the *Pickwick Papers,* on January 1, 1839. Her mother had been a Miss Sutton, and her father was Louis Rame, a Frenchman who taught his native tongue in different schools in the town. This Louis Ramé seems to have been a kind of mysterious personage, who was a friend of Louis Napoleon during his exile in England, but later quarrelled with him. Ouida's young life was marked by precocity that was both literary and sentimental. At the age of fourteen she wrote a history of England, and at the same time began to fall in love with any man who treated her with ordinary politeness, and imagined him to be equally in love with her. In a word, Ouida the child was very like the Ouida of mature years. Always she regarded herself as a heroine of one of her own books rather than an ordinary woman living in an ordinary world.

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Ouida was eighteen years old when the family, consisting of her grandmother, her mother, and herself (the father having made one of his usual mysterious disappearances), left Bury St. Edmunds for London. Ouida had already begun writing fiction, and meeting William Harrison Ainsworth, who was at that time editing *Bentley's Miscellany,* she submitted some of her stories to him. Ainsworth at once recognised their merit and accepted them for the magazine. The first, entitled *Dashwood's Drag,* appeared in the *Miscellany* for April and May, 1859, and she contributed stories to every succeeding number up to July, 1862, all of them being signed "Ouida." These early tales were characteristic in that they displayed remarkable, yet necessarily inaccurate, knowledge of various places about the Continent which the girl had never seen. They were followed by the novels *Granville de Vigne, Strathmore, Chandos, Idalia* and *Under Two Flags.* And Ouida became a personality and the object of much public curiosity.

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To understand Ouida's position in the years of her first successes it is necessary to recall that English society in the sixties was, superficially at least, exceedingly straight-laced. Not only were her books regarded as audacious, but her manner of life, innocent enough in reality, subjected her to critical conjecture. For example, it was a bold thing at that time for three women to settle down alone in London without husband, son, or brother by way of protector, and for one of them to earn her living by writing. There was one story to the effect that Ouida was divorced, another tale had it that "Ouida" was another pen name of George Eliot. Even when she became better known there were sound grounds for the charge of eccentricity. At the parties which she gave at the Langham Hotel the guests

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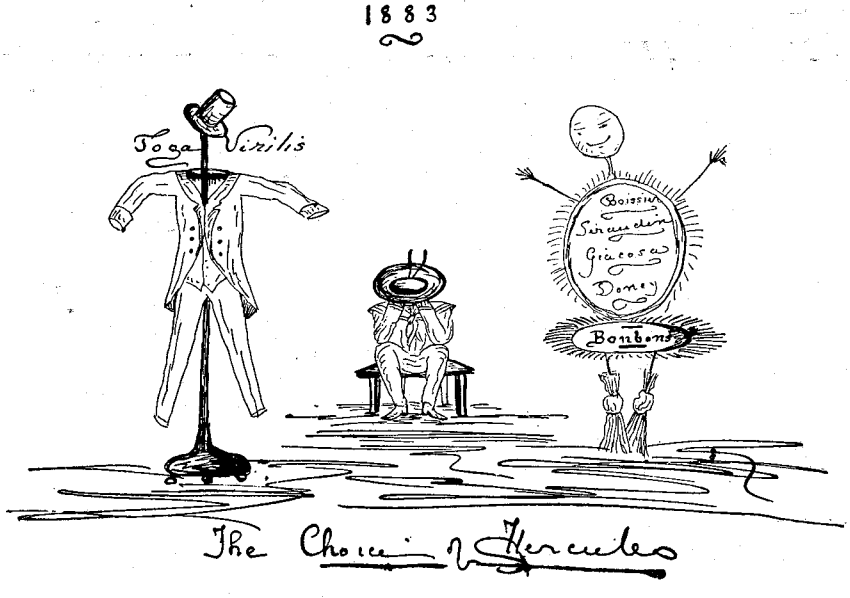
were almost entirely men, the two exceptions being Ouida's mother and Lady Burton. These parties were given with a purpose. She would start her guests talking on a subject about which she knew little or nothing because she needed information for a novel that she was writing or projecting. She was once asked how she knew so much of life, and especially of men's lives. She replied, "I hear a sentence and that illuminates all." Tact was not a Ouida characteristic. Requiring information about duelling she asked Hamilton Aidé what he knew about it, ignoring the fact that his father had been killed in a duel in Paris in 1830. In those days smoking in the presence of ladies was considered a breach of good manners, and any woman who permitted it was regarded as "fast." On one occasion when some young officers of the Guards were dining with Ouida, and pipes and cigars were lighted, she said, "Now, gentlemen, suppose my mother and myself were out of the room. Smoke and drink as if you were at the club; talk as if you were in the smoking room there; never think about us."

VILLA FARINOLA; THE DOG'S CEMETERY

In addition to entertaining at her own home Ouida often dined out. One man described her at a dinner in 1868 as "dressed in green silk, with a clever, sinister face, her hair down, small hands and



A PEN DRAWING BY OUIDA

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feet, and a voice like a carving knife." To a woman she said, "As I talk better than others, I ought to be listened to even if singing is going on." An Italian woman, meeting her some years later, described her as "standing on a white bear-skin, dressed in a white flowing garment with wide open sleeves—in short, like a heroine of romance. Unfortunately her physique did not correspond to her surroundings, and these only set off her disadvantages. Her voice, too, was monotonous, and I was disappointed. I expected a lively and interesting conversation and found her dull." Yet there were those on whom she left a more favourable impression. She numbered among her friends and acquaintances throughout her life some of the most interesting and famous men of the times. The few women, too, to whom she extended her friendship had affection for her and were staunch to the end. Perhaps, all in all, there has never been a sounder verdict than that of Henry James, who summed her up as *"curious* in a common, little way . . . of a most uppish or dauntless little spirit of arrogance and independence . . . a little terrible and finally pathetic *grotesque."*

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Baron Tauchnitz

The house of Tauchnitz plays so conspicuous a part in the story of Ouida that it provokes a paragraph or two here, especially as we are not likely to see many new English books in the familiar, clear, easily read type for some time to come. The House of Tauchnitz was started in 1841. Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz, the founder of the firm, was born in 1816. He came of a family of publishers and embarked upon his business career with the idea that developed into the Tauchnitz book as it is known to-day. In 1843, he visited London and laid his project before the English authors whose works he proposed to publish. The broad lines on which an agreement were: (1) payment to English authors; (2) exclusive authorisation for the Tauchnitz edition on the Continent; (3) no importation of the Tauchnitz edition into England or her colonies. The first book of the series, which now comprises almost five thousand volumes, was Bulwer Lytton's *Pelham.* When a book, such as du Maurier's *Trilby,* for example, had proved unusually successful, an addition has been made to the honorarium originally paid.

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Throughout its long career the House of Tauchnitz seems always to have inspired trust. Charles Reade, who was introduced to Baron Tauchnitz by Thackeray, wrote expressing his reliance in the good faith of the publisher, and added: "Only this I beg: let me be paid according to my sales; for instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more. Your collection is a notable one. It contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the entire works of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Dickens, too, was warm-hearted, as this note shows. "I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealings to wish to depart from the customs we have already observed. Whatever price you put upon the book will satisfy me." The author of *Lothair* wrote with equal cordiality, but in a wholly different style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of office and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." Tauchnitz was made a Baron in 1877. He died in August, 1896, and his eldest son, Christian Carl Bernhard, became head of the house.

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The Last Days

The controversial chapters of Lord Alfred Douglas's *Oscar Wilde and Myself* we do not care to discuss. But exceedingly pathetic, though sordid, is the picture that Douglas has drawn of Wilde's last days in Paris. It

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was a period of desperate shifts to get money, of the writing of many plausible begging letters. He got his dinners on credit, and borrowed from waiters. His health was on the downgrade. His daily life was methodical in its misery. He would rise late, about noon, and walk from his hotel in the Latin Quarter, the Hotel d'Alsace, through the Louvre to the Café de la Paix, where he would sit and drink *apéritifs* before going to lunch. The afternoon he would spend at another café, drinking till dinner time. His luncheons and dinners were humble except when he found some one else to pay for them. On such occasions he ate enormously, consuming quantities of champagne. He had a fine head for drink, and it was not until eighteen months or so before his death that he began to lose it. Intoxication would come over him suddenly and without apparent warning. He would rise from his seat and say: "My dear fellow, I am sorry, but I perceive that I am drunk." Then he would call loudly for a cab and stumble forth. He made a great joke about these drunken fits, and one day said: "I have made a wonderful discovery: I find that alcohol taken persistently and in sufficiently large quantities produces all the effects of intoxication."

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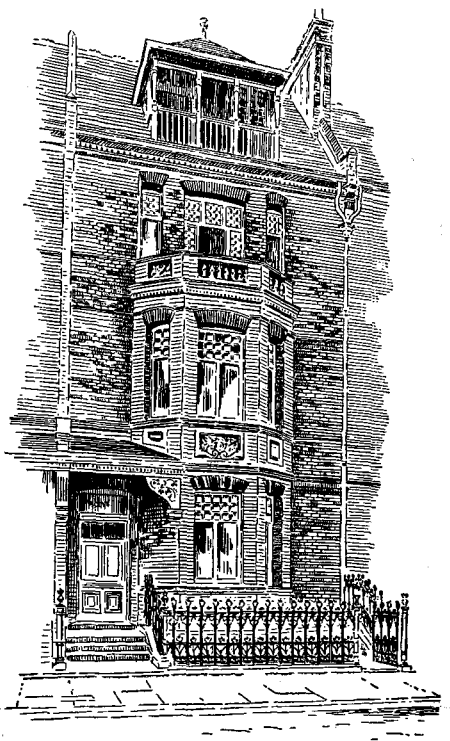
The Oscar Wilde of the earlier years of prosperity was naturally a very different man, but according to Lord Alfred Douglas he was always more or less of a colossal humbug. For example, in those days he knew in a casual way many persons of eminence, among them Aubrey Beardsley and George Bernard Shaw, who was then a writer on the *Star*. But he was never on terms of real intimacy with any of the distinguished people of his time, though he tried to make every one think that he was. He constantly referred to Edward Burne-Jones, to William Morris, to Ruskin, Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning and the rest as if they were his closest friends. An example of Wilde's pretension of intimacy with celebrated people is furnished by the form of his dedication of one of his poems: "To the dear memory of Robert, Earl of Lytton." Lord Alfred Douglas maintains that Lord Lytton scarcely knew Wilde, having met him on only one or two occasions. It was the same way with his French acquaintances. Claiming to know



OSCAR WILDE'S LONDON HOME IN HIS PROSPEROUS DAYS

everybody in France who was worth knowing, he had only the very slightest knowledge of a few celebrities, derived from meeting them once or twice at luncheons or dinner parties.

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The Doyle-Barrie Collaboration

No bit of information to be found in *Gilbert and Sullivan and Their Operas*, by François Cellier and Cunningham Bridgeman, is likely to prove more of a surprise than the statement that Sir James M. Barrie and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle were once literary collaborators, and that they collaborated

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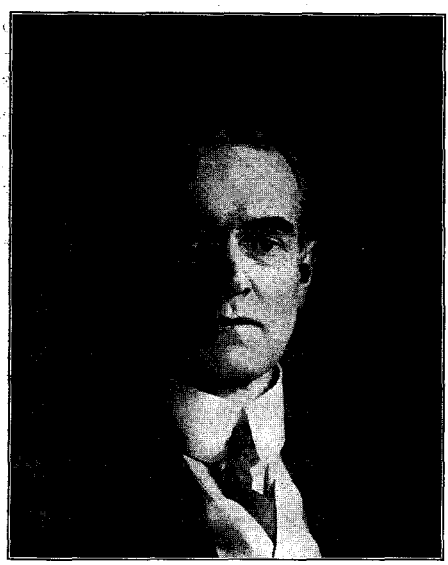

RIDGWELL CULLOM, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE WAY OF THE STRONG," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

with exceedingly unfortunate results. In 1893 there was produced at the Savoy a piece called *Jane Annie, or the Good Conduct Prize*. It was described as "a new and original English comic opera" and bore the names of the creators of Peter Pan and of Sherlock Holmes as the authors, and the name of Ernest Ford as the composer. The scene was laid near an English university town, and one act showed a ladies' golf green. *Jane Annie* languished on dismally for fifty days, and after its demise the Savoy was closed for three months. Very likely both Barrie and Doyle would be thankful if every record of that abortive opera might be committed to the flames.

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The book contains an interesting chapter illustrating the building of *Pinafore*. To find a foundation for the opera to follow *The Sorcerer*, Gilbert determined on plagiarising from his own past work. In one of the *Bad Ballads* he found an account of a certain

> . . . . worthy Captain Reece
> Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*

who was so devoted to his crew that there was no conceivable luxury he did not provide for their comfort; for example:

> A feather bed for every man,
> Warm slippers and hot-water can,
> Brown Windsor from the Captain's store,
> A valet, too, to every four.

In the ballad the Captain's coxswain, "the nervous, shy, low-spoken man," made so bold as to suggest to his commanding officer that "it would be most friendly like" if his (Captain Reece's) daughter, "ten female cousins and a niece, six sisters, and an aunt or two," might be united to the "unmarried members of the crew." Further, the kind-hearted captain, in order to oblige, consented to marry his faithful coxswain's widowed mother who took in his washing. There was a comic plot already cut and dried. All that remained to adopt the story to the stage was for Gilbert to embody his eccentric characters, add one or two to their number, and train them to sing and dance. He began by renaming the *"Man-*

MEREDITH NICHOLSON AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. A MONTH OR SO AGO WE PRESENTED A PORTRAIT OF MR. RILEY TAKEN WITH OTIS SKINNER

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W. S. GILBERT

telpiece the *Pinafore*. Captain Reece became Captain Corcoran; William Lee, coxswain, was promoted to the rank of boatswain's mate and given the name of Bill Bobstay; the widowed laundress was transformed into "Little Buttercup" and Ralph Rackstraw, and Dick Deadeye were added to complete the ship's complement.

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Brandes on Strindberg

The October issue of *Vanity Fair* contained an illuminating paper by Georg Brandes on August Strindberg. To Brandes the complex nature of Strindberg was indicated in his appearance. He looked as if he sprang from irreconcilable races. "The forehead reminded one of Jupiter's; the mouth and chin of a Stockholm street urchin. The upper part of his face was that of a mental aristocrat—the lower belonged to 'the servant girl's son' as he called himself in his autobiography." Of his extraordinary egotism Brandes relates the following story:

> One November night in the year 1896, I witnessed a crisis in Strindberg's life. I had been out, and found his card on my desk as I returned. He was passing through Copenhagen, he had written, and did not wish to leave the city without seeing me. And he asked me to meet him in some quiet place, as he had brought no good clothes with him.
>
> From this note I gathered that he must have grown more peculiar than ever. When I reached his hotel I learned that he had already gone to bed.
>
> "He sent for me himself," I said.
>
> The door of his room was open. He was in bed, fast asleep. As I touched him on the shoulder he awoke and said:

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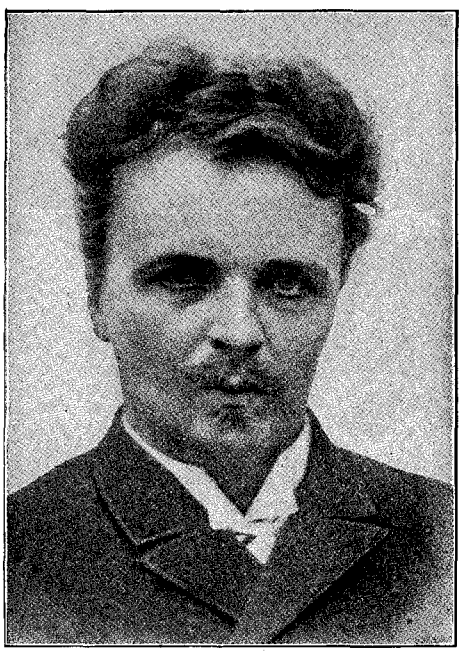
"I took a sleeping powder. I felt sure you wouldn't come."

But he got up and dressed himself quickly, and it turned out that he was much better dressed than I. While dressing, he said:

"Did you know that my existence was predicted, long ago, by Balzac?"

"Where?"

"In *Seraphitus-Seraphita*." He searched for the book in his valise, opened it and



AUGUST STRINDBERG

pointed to the words: "Once again the light shall come to the North." "There! you see, Balzac refers to me."

I said, to tease him a little: "How do you know Balzac didn't allude to Ibsen?"

"Oh, no, he meant *me*, there isn't a doubt about it."

• • •

At one time Strindberg was greatly interested in alchemy. He even claimed to have obtained gold in small quantities.

He once gave me a copy of his book, *Inferno*. All through it there runs the mortal fear of persecution. The book shows that he felt that a special interest attached to his every movement, and that supernatural powers were forever busied with him, now warning him, now punishing him, now guiding him and never allowing him to get out of their reach. In Paris, for instance, he felt this distinctly. Strindberg lived in constant fear of being murdered by a Polish writer for having loved the latter's wife before she met her husband. A Norwegian artist—a friend of the Pole—met Strindberg, and, probably in order to play a joke on him, told him that the dreaded man was expected in Paris.

"Is he coming to kill me?" asked Strindberg.

"Of course. Be on your guard."

Strindberg wished, however, more details, and decided to look the artist up, but he dared not approach the house. A few days later he screwed up his courage and went to call on him. At the door he saw a little girl on the doorsteps, in her hand she held a playing card. It was the ten of spades.

"The ten of spades!" he ejaculated. "There is foul play in this house," and he hastily left the place.

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J. D. Beresford

It appears, from a little biography of him which has just come over from England, that J. D. Beresford, whose *The House in Demetrius Road* was mentioned in THE BOOKMAN last month as an interesting piece of realism, is Hardy's sole imitator among literary men in having begun his career by becoming an architect. A very practical, hard-working architect Mr. Beresford was, too. He shone for a time in the elegancies of ecclesiastical architecture, but for a time he was kept busy designing the placing of cots and operating tables as assistant to a hospital-architect. For no apparent reason, Mr. Beresford drifted from architecture into insurance, and was manager of a branch office for an American company at the time of the American insurance scandals, which caused the branch office to close and Mr. Beresford to seek work elsewhere—this time with a printer. Not till he did a few casual book-reviews did he find his place as a novelist.

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"Best Sellers"

Two writers of unusual popularity about whom THE BOOKMAN seems to have printed but very little in the past are the Englishman, Charles Garvice, and the American woman, Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, the creator of *Miss Billy* and of *Pollyanna.* Mr. Garvice was the subject of a special study which appeared in the English *Bookman* for September. The writer of that paper confessed that he had given up trying to count the number of books that Charles Garvice has written. But they number somewhere near one hundred; they have been translated into French, into German, and other languages, and some seven million copies of them have been sold. His readers are of all sorts and conditions. He has a large library public, but he is one of the few novelists who are bought even more extensively than they are borrowed. His volumes may be seen lying in West End drawing rooms, and found treasured in thousands of the humblest of homes, for his works are accessible in very cheap editions. Clerks, typists, shop assistants, artisans, city men, society women, men and women of the upper and middle and all other classes are included in the enormous circle of his readers, and none of all these widely differing thousands read him for any but the best of reasons—that they enjoy doing so.

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According to his own account Mr. Garvice's career as a writer of fiction began when he was a small boy, wedged into the angle of a playground wall at a preparatory school with a copy of *David Copperfield* on his knee. Then and there he determined that he, too, would be a novelist. Years afterward he became acquainted with an author who, from writing very successful farces and melodramas, had turned to editing one of the most popular weeklies of his time. "In the goodness of his heart," says Mr. Garvice, "he invited me to try my hand at a short story. My head was chock full of them—I was nineteen—I dashed one off; it was accepted and paid for. A mine of wealth lay glittering at my feet. From short stories I rose to the dignity of a serial"—which met with such an enthusiastic reception that thenceforward, for many years, serials of his were continually running in the paper (to say nothing of those he was contributing to other papers). Directly one ended, another was begun; and they were invariably honoured with a place on the front page."

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"I call this my real beginning," Mr. Garvice adds, "because it was while I was doing this work I learned that whatever else a serial writer may be, he must never be dull. I had not been very long on the paper before I saw that the finer your style, the closer your characterisation, the more consistent and convincing your plot, the better the great public, the vast body of readers—now counted by millions and increasing every day—liked your story. But the interest must never flag; you could not drop your readers for a week or two and hope to pick them up again; once dropped they were lost forever and your career ended. . . . An actor on the stage knows in a moment when he is losing his audience, and the trained serial writer has the same sensitiveness; and it is this knowledge and the power of avoiding dulness and maintaining the interest which make the good serial as successful in book form as it was when it was running its course in a magazine or other periodical. If a novel is no good as a serial, depend upon it that it will be a failure as a six-shilling volume. I speak from experience, for every story I have issued by instalments has been published in book form."

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"The fact is," Mr. Garvice once told an interviewer, "that I write upon very simple and very old lines which do not change in human nature. It occurred to me, when I was quite a young man, that I could get a wide public, including all classes of readers, if I could write fiction which would appeal to the natural instincts of men and women, whatever their rank in life. Now, there are some things which all men and women like and want. They like a story with a plot which

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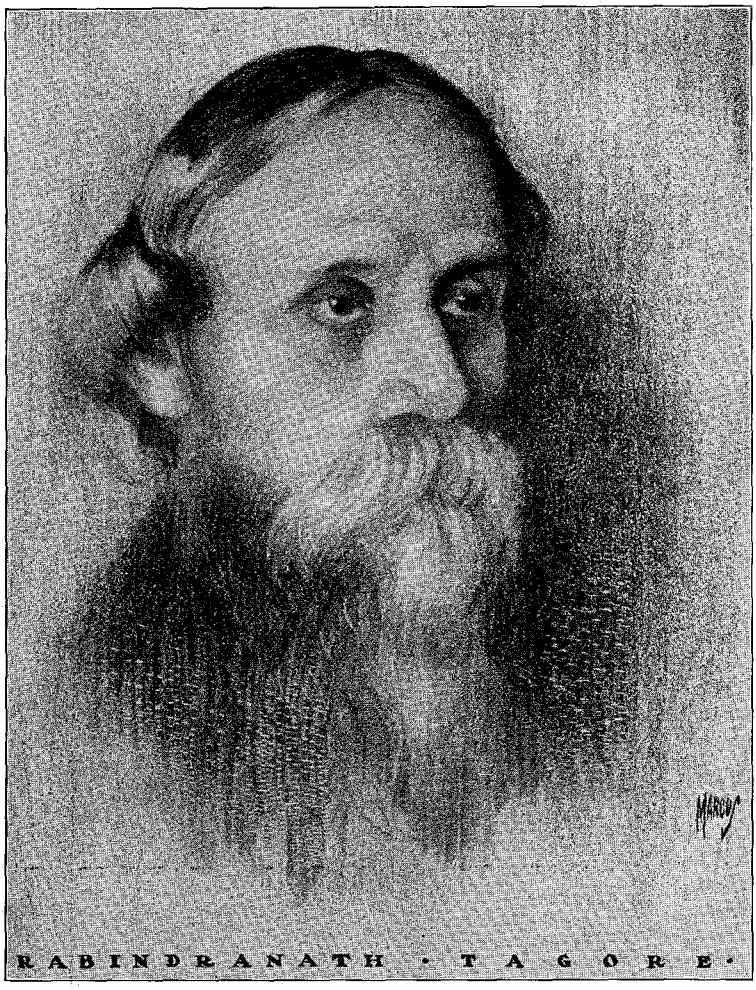

makes them want to know 'what is going to happen next.' They like stories of love, and youth, and romance, because, however wise they are in knowledge of the world, whether they are steeped in knowledge of evil or innocent of it, the spirit of youth calls to them and they still have a little sentiment in their hearts which responds to a tale of love, and they like to forget the squalour of sordid realism in a tale of romance. My stories, such as they are, have the qualities of melodrama without being written in a sensational or melodramatic style. That is to say, they have dramatic movement, a touch of mystery, a continual thread of incident, a characterisation as strong as I can make it, so that the characters may seem alive, and a direct and simple appeal to the emotions of the readers. I try to win their affections for the characters so that they are really interested in the fate that befalls them. I try to make them laugh, and to have a little moisture in their eyes at times, and I write carefully, in plain English, so that the man of letters or the university man is not outraged by slovenly sentences while enjoying the plot and the general interest of the story just as much as the typist girl

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or the city clerk. That is my 'trick' if you like to call it so."

• • •

A native of Littleton, New Hampshire, a descendant of two of the oldest families of that place, the creator of *Miss Billy* and of *Pollyanna,* now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is the wife of J. Lyman Porter, a Boston business man. Mrs. Porter was educated at Littleton, and after finishing her high school course, entered the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston. For music was to have been the serious study of her life. Following her studies at the Conservatory she sang in private and public entertainments in Boston and in church choirs in various towns throughout the New England States. But also there was always a strong leaning toward writing, and a number of years ago she began with various short stories. That meant the usual and trying apprenticeship of rejection and disappointment. But the tide quickly turned, the short stories found acceptance, and in 1907 appeared her first book, *Cross Currents,* a story so successful that it required a sequel. That sequel was *The Turn of the Tide.*

• • •

It was four years ago that Mrs. Porter created *Miss Billy.* She had once known three men who kept house together, and she often wondered what would happen if a little feminine influence were introduced into their lives. In *Miss Billy* she introduced that influence, with the result that the book was followed a year later by *Miss Billy's Decision* and this year by *Miss Billy Married.* Of the *Billy* books Mrs. Porter said recently, "I have just heard that one of the three men in my story has married. As a matter of fact I married him off in fiction at least two years earlier." But partial as Mrs. Porter is to Miss Billy, she likes *Pollyanna* even better, and it is with *Pollyanna* that she has scored her most conspicuous material success. The writing methods of a popular author are always entertaining. Of Mrs. Porter we learn that she is essentially orderly and systematic, working best in the mornings, and in pleasant weather doing much of her writing on the roof of her home, which she has converted into a garden study with awnings, lounging hammock, writing desk and flower boxes. One manifestation of her system is her file cabinet. There, card indexed, she has clippings on every variety of topic. So that in writing her first *Billy* book she had only to turn to the cabinet in order

ELEANOR H. PORTER

to deal with perfect accuracy with the Chinese ceramics, Lostoff teapots, and curious stones collected by the William Henshaw of her story.

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Walpole and Vachell

Two English authors, writing now of England, and living there, were once Americans. One is Hugh Walpole, formerly a resident of these United States, but not paying the same any particular compliment in choosing it for residence, because he was at the time a small boy of five. His father, now Bishop of Edinburgh, was for some years a professor in the General Theological

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Seminary in New York City. The other is Horace Annesley Vachell, who was once a rancher on the Pacific Coast, and after that a diligent writer about the Far West. Nowadays, Mr. Vachell is entirely English again, and his latest story, *Quinneys'*, published this autumn, deals with the fortunes of a bustling and very

HORACE A. VACHELL DEER STALKING IN THE SCOTCH HIGHLANDS

capable faker of antiques in a small English city. Its unusual background is typical of the delight in the fantastic which Mr. Vachell often shows. Mr. Vachell's connection with this country is not ended. Though he and his brother no longer work their California ranch, it still belongs to them, and Mr. Vachell's brother, Arthur Vachell, is an admirable artist, living at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. His portrait appeared with a group of Carmelites in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN. Both the Vachells are essentially out-door men, and have never lost the vigour of ranching days.

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Hugh Walpole, to whom W. L. George gave one of the highest places in his gallery of young Englishmen who may be the successors of Bennett and Wells, in his article "Who Is the Man?", has received a form of recognition which seldom comes to a man of Walpole's age. The recognition lies in the announcement by Doran that that firm has taken over all of Walpole's earlier novels, *The Wooden Horse, The Prelude to Adventure,* and *The Gods and Mr. Perrin,* and will publish them in an edition uniform with Walpole's later novels, *Fortitude* and *The Duchess of Wrexe.* The accompanying picture of Walpole is one of the very few ever published. Though he is at home in society—as the cousin of the Earl of Oxford and the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, he has little liking for the limelight, preferring his simple cottage on a wild cliff in Cornwall, where he dodges literary and social personages for ten months out of the year.

• • •

Louis Couperus

The recent publication in English of the opening volume of a tetralogy of novels by the Dutch author, Louis Couperus, under the title of *Small Souls,* recalls the fact that it is nearly a quarter of a century since that the first and none too successful attempts were made to introduce this writer to the attention of the British and American public; and this fact in turn suggests some interesting reflections in regard to the vicissitudes experienced by authors of the first rank in seeking recognition in alien countries, and the erratic and capricious delays to which they must often submit before they are permitted the privilege of translation, slight as such a privilege often proves to be. Tolstoy and Zola, for instance, to take two conspicuous examples, were both well on toward middle age before any English translator became aware of them. Tolstoy, as is well known, served in the Crimean war, and

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his earliest stories were inspired by the many painful scenes which he there witnessed. Yet *Sebastopol* first became accessible to English readers in 1887, *War and Peace,* which appeared in Russia in 1868, was not translated even into French until 1884, while German and English versions followed respectively one and two years later. The same year saw an English version of *Anna Karénina,* and forthwith Tolstoy became the fad of the moment, and all the women's literary clubs and reading circles of the country debated Russian "evangelism" and the "gospel of pity." But it was thanks to the sensational notoriety of the much discussed *Kreutzer Sonata,* in 1890, that Tolstoy, then sixty-two years of age, first enjoyed the experience of almost, simultaneous publication in five countries, the English, French and German editions all bearing the same date as the Russian, while Spain followed a close second in 1891.

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Similarly, in the case of Zola, it was not until 1878, when the shadow of his fortieth year was looming not far distant, that his introduction to an Anglo-Saxon audience first took place, in the form of a translation of *Un Page d'Amour,* his sixteenth published volume, if we are not mistaken, and the eighth of the Rougon-Macquart series. That was Exposition year in Paris, and the globe-trotting American, roaming the Paris streets, would have seen this latest Zola volume lying in the bright June sunshine at any of the numerous little book shops, side by side with Daudet's *Nabab,* each encased in a spick-and-span "Vient de Paraître" wrapper. As for that hasty English translation, which was brought out under the title *Helene, A Love Episode,* the kindest thing is a discreet silence; it cannot even claim the credit of having opened the American market for further volumes; for, although they followed in a tumultuous rush, so that by 1885 practically everything that Zola had then written, good, bad and indifferent, was accessible in English, *Helene, A Love Episode,* would in all probability have remained in lonely isolation, had it not been for the phenomenal French success of *L'Assommoir,* which followed it in 1879. The titles of some of the early Zola translations, by the way, are quite diverting and have a somewhat Laura Jean Libbey flavour; you must look more than once at *Nana's Mother, Christine the Model, Clorinda,* and *The Shop Girls of Paris,* before identifying them respectively with *L'Assommoir, L'Oeuvre, Son Excellence, Eugène Rougon,* and *Au Bonheur des Dames.*

HUGH WALPOLE

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Fashion, undoubtedly, has a voice in this question of translated fiction: there are periods when translations are quite distinctly in vogue, just as there are others when they are quite as emphatically out of favour. Occasionally, if it happens to coincide with just the right psychological moment, some individual initia-

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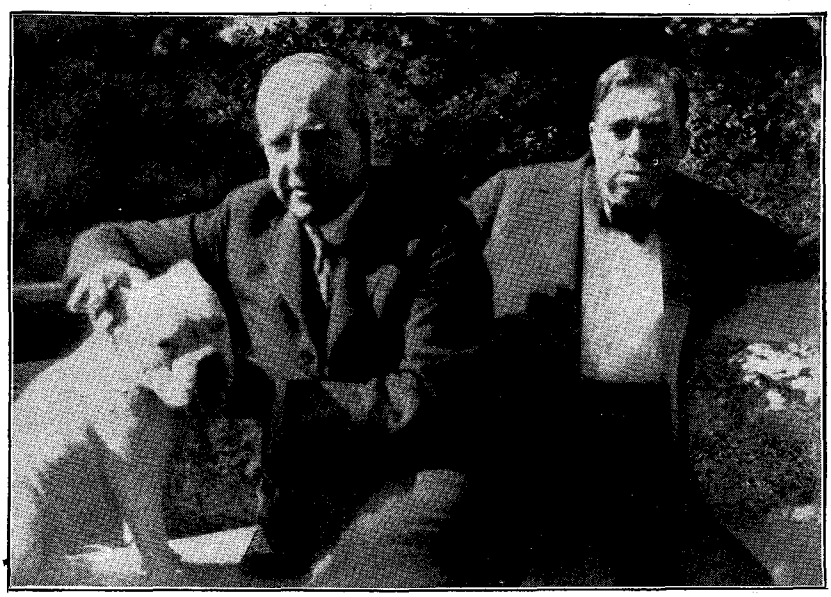

TWO AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES OF AN OBSOLETE PROFESSION—THE WAR CORRESPONDENT—SAMUEL BLYTHE AND IRVIN S. COBB

tive, some single voice to champion a cause, has started a sudden boom, and a new foreign writer, whose name we had not even heard yesterday, has become over night one of those whom it is ignorance not to know. An apt illustration of this is the case of the Spanish novelist, Armando Palacio Valdès. He was neither a precocious nor a rapid writer; his first volume, *El Señorito Octavio,* was published in 1881, when the author was twenty-eight years of age; *Marta y Maria* followed two years later, and by 1885 the list had been further augmented by *El Idilio d'un Enfermo* and *José.* Just how much of a vogue Valdès had by that time acquired in Spain we do not happen to know; but the interesting fact is this: a copy of *Marta y Maria,* then three years old, happened to drift into the hands of Mr. William Dean Howells and forthwith kindled one of those ardent enthusiasms to which the creator of *Silas Lapham* was in those days so prone. Mr. Howells proceeded to talk about *Marta y Maria* in the Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine,* to the extent of two or three pages of tribute that fairly glowed and burned with the zeal of an inspired prophet proclaiming a new gospel; and the immediate fruits of his preaching may best be measured by the following incident: on the morrow of the appearance of the July issue of *Harper's,*—or perhaps it was the August issue,—one of Mr. Howells's readers, fired with the conviction that *Marta y Maria* was an epoch-making book and a vital factor in the education of a well-informed man, made all haste to the leading Spanish book importers in New York. But when asked if he had a copy of *Marta y Maria,* the courteous and urbane clerk looked frankly mystified, and even a trifle hurt. *Marta y Maria?* and the author was Valdès? Was it not possible that the customer was mistaken? Had he not perhaps confused the first syllable of Valèra with the last syllable of Galdòs, both great writers and honoured names in Spain? But Valdès, no, he regretted, but really he did not know him. The customer insisted that there was no mistake and ventured to suggest that they could send a special order to Spain for a copy. The clerk was not enthusiastic;

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it could be done of course, but——. With an eloquent shrug, he took his way into the main office, only to return in a state of great excitement: the head of the firm begged that the customer would do him the favour of stepping into his private office. The customer complied and found himself in the presence of two other still more excited Spaniards, almost incoherent in their eagerness to know where he had heard of Armando Palacio Valdès and his *Marta y Maria.* Look, they said, shuffling a handful of papers, these are orders, by letter and by telegram, by every mail they come, orders for an unknown book by an unknown man! Dios mio! Yours is the twentieth order this morning for this mysterious, unheard-of *Marta y Maria!* The customer, of course, promptly showed Mr. Howells's article, which he happened to have with him, and the mystery was solved. But the ball had been set rolling. Within a few months *Marta y Maria* was accessible to English readers under the title of *The Marquis of Peñalta,* the translator being Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who followed it two years later by a version of *Maximina* and in 1890 by *Sister Saint Sulpice.*

• • •

Mr. Howells's attempt to duplicate his success and similarly give the Italian writer, Giovanni Verga, a sudden American vogue, somehow missed fire. He did, to be sure, play godfather to the translation of *I Malavoglia,* published a few years later under the rather clumsy title *The House by the Medlar Tree;* and he might claim indirect credit for the volume of selected short stories, the English of which was once again due to Mr. Dole. But the fact remains that Verga has not been successfully transplanted; he is a little too remote and exotic to appeal to the American public; and that is why his greatest novel, *Mastro Don Gesualdo,* in some ways the biggest Italian novel of the last quarter century, has not yet been published in America, while the English version brought out in London seems to be already forgotten. A very different experience was the fate of Gabriele d'Annunzio, who holds, we think, the record for precocity and rapidity of international recognition. He was barely thirty when, in March, 1896, THE BOOKMAN published the first extensive critical estimate that had appeared in America. Promptly following its publication, letters of inquiry began to be received at THE BOOKMAN office, asking advice as to copyright laws, the customs and procedure regulating translations, and advice as to publishers who might be interested in bringing out English editions of the d'Annunzio novels. As a matter of fact, within a few months two of the volumes, *Episcopo and Company* and *The Triumph of Death* were issued almost simultaneously by two different houses, one in Chicago and the other in New York, and the wave was fairly started which was destined to make d'Annunzio for a short time at least the most widely discussed writer of the day.

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Louis Couperus, born at The Hague in 1863, was even younger than d'Annunzio when, in 1892, his earliest novel, *Eline Vere,* was translated and published in London. But neither this nor two succeeding volumes, *Extasy* and *Majesty,* both from the expert pen of the veteran translator, A. Teixeira de Mattos, who is now responsible for the version of *Small Souls,* seem to have made any deep or lasting impression. One looks in vain in *Poole's Index* and similar library aids for any special articles on Couperus, either critical or personal; and although the discovery that the English edition of *Eline Vere* has a critical introduction by Edmund Gosse sounds hopeful, the investigator is doomed again to disappointment, for Mr. Gosse's article consists of a brief summing up of Dutch fiction for the past half century, bristling with unfamiliar and unpronounceable names, and closing with a mere perfunctory paragraph on Couperus, briefer and less illuminating than the average items in *Who's Who?* It records simply that Couperus was born at The Hague on the 10th of June, 1863, that at the age of

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five he was taken in company with the family to Java, where his father held the position of counsellor of the high court of justice; and that ten years later he returned to complete his education in the land of his birth, and subsequently made his literary debut with a couple of volumes of verse, which, although kindly received by the critics, seem never to have been taken very seriously by the author himself. In view of this general paucity of first-hand information, it is interesting to turn to the personal impressions and critical estimate provided by M. Maurice Spronck as introduction to the French edition of *Majesty:*

While visiting The Hague I called one evening upon Louis Couperus. The home in which he received me was one of those substantial Dutch establishments in which life seems to be so much more secluded than in our own habitations in France. Furthermore, the whole appearance of the man himself, his physiognomy, his glance, his gestures, his general appearance, all indicate a preference for a retired and meditative life; his tendency seems to be to draw into himself, rather than to seek outside aid. His temperament is that of a phlegmatic observer and concentrated thinker, and coupled with this is a strain of almost unhealthy sensibility. His broad, high forehead is made still more prominent by his premature baldness; his speech is slightly hesitating, perhaps because of his habit of solitary meditation, perhaps also because, while he speaks French with great purity, it is evidently a medium which has not become familiar by constant usage. I cannot say to what extent his mind and his talent have been influenced by the literatures of England and Germany. But our own, at all events, does not seem to have penetrated him very deeply; he speaks of it quite superficially; and his avowed enthusiasm for the *realistic* qualities of M. Emile Zola strike one as a rather made-to-order enthusiasm. The energetic and at the same time very vague tribute which he paid to the author of *L'Assommoir* gave me the impression that he admired him chiefly from a sense of international courtesy.

Nevertheless, Louis Couperus himself has undergone in his turn the experience of being censured for his *realism,* and on this charge he was once roundly taken to task in the name of morality, by the orthodox protestant critics. An editorial in the *Voice of Truth and of Peace* denounced his "indecencies," and charged him with being responsible for the death of a young man, a nervous wreck, who, it was said, had been driven to suicide after reading Couperus's novel entitled *Fatality.* The editorial further demanded the establishment in Holland of some sort of Congregation of the Index, to forbid the circulation of such books that "soil the imagination of thousands of men." This indignation was excessive; the liberties that Louis Couperus takes seem very tame in comparison with the most timid pages of contemporary French novelists; his realism has not the slightest resemblance to the deliberately coarse and brutally aggressive pessimism of Emile Zola and his disciples; in fact, he is not a *realist* at all in the sense in which we have become accustomed to hear the word used; and when he asserts that he belongs to no particular school, we may agree that his estimate of himself is perfectly correct.

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With the above comments by a clever and observing Frenchman, it is interesting to compare the following extract taken from *Small Souls,* and spoken by Paul von Lowe, who, like Zola's Docteur Pascal, serves to some extent the purpose of the author's mouth-piece:

You think me a pessimist? Far from it. I am an idealist; in my own mind, I see everything in a rosy light. But when I take leave of my imagination, then I see that everything is human wretchedness. . . . You never see anything beautiful except at the theatre or in a book or in a picture, or in a great writer taking up his pen in defense of some outcast, as Zola did. . . . No one has a pure thought for purity's sake, . . . except a fellow like Zola. I should never be able consciously to join in anything that had to do with human wretchedness. I see everything too clearly. That is why I do nothing except observe. I am a dillettante, you see. . . . I may write a book some day,

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but perhaps my book itself will be only human wretchedness.

• • •

What Manner of Men?

One of the most popular of all books dealing with an imaginary war was the late Frank R. Stockton's *The Great War Syndicate,* which told of a conflict between Great Britain and the United States that ended in a decisive American triumph. And the reasons for its unusual popularity, we think, were that Mr. Stockton's war was waged practically without bloodshed, the only person to lose his life as a direct result of it being an American sailor accidentally killed by the falling of a derrick; that after the war was over the combatants shook hands and liked each other as they had never liked each other before; that every one was perfectly satisfied with the exception of one British naval officer of an irascible disposition who had been subjected to the indignity of having his ship towed backwards for days about the North Atlantic by a foe that he could not reach. *The Great War Syndicate* was, in short, the kind of book that we like to think reflected accurately the martial ambitions of the American people. It showed our cause just. It showed us rising to a great emergency. It showed us ultimately victorious. Best of all it showed us great in victory. We exacted no tribute. We burned no cities. We obliterated no province. We inflicted no humiliation on a gallant foe. We implanted no heritage of hate. To-day, to the many thousands of Americans who read it the memory of *The Great War Syndicate* brings a thrill of pride and patriotism. It makes no difference that the story was designed simply to amuse, that it was frankly an absurdity. Its popularity, on the other hand, is of real significance. It meant that the book mirrored our national day dreams. If war had to come that was the kind of war we wanted to wage. That was the generous kind of a peace that we wished to impose.

• • •

With *The Great War Syndicate* in mind as summing up the American aspiration we read with what is more than amazement the accounts that come to us of a book that appeared in Germany two years ago entitled *Frankreichs Ende in Jahre 19??,* in which the author told of an imaginary war as the result of which France was absorbed by its conquerors, and the French race exterminated. We give briefly the outlines of the book. A dispute about a railroad in Morocco, complicated by a "Maine" episode, leads Germany to declare war against France. Russia refuses to aid France, Austria stands by the Triple Alliance, and so does Italy, whose armies begin an invasion from the south. For a moment Great Britain is an object of suspicion in Berlin, but the dread of famine, the fear of trouble in India, alarm at the desire for autonomy on the part of Australia and South Africa, and over the mobilisation of American troops on the Canadian border quickly tie England's hands. The French armies are everywhere easily crushed. Montpellier is burned to the ground and Orleans, after capture, is made to look like a "dead ruin of the Middle Ages." After Paris is taken the terms offered by the victors are so humiliating that the desperate people make a final but unorganised struggle against the conquerors. Germany proclaims the annexation of France, and puts in force martial law, which daily leads to the shooting of hundreds of rebels. The women and children who take part in the desperate struggle to remove the yoke of the foreigner are deported by thousands to Cayenne and other penal colonies.

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At an early period in the struggle France has sued for peace offering an indemnity of fifteen billion francs, payable in a month, and its African colonies. This offer is later increased to twenty billion francs, all of its possessions outside of Europe, together with reduction of army and navy. The Germans refuse even to consider these offers, demanding the delivery of all arms within a week. What motive had Germany for clemency? "It could not be forgotten that France had always endeavoured to diminish the

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prestige of Germany with its neighbours and by means of alliances with other peoples had worked to isolate Germany in the hope of obtaining its destruction. Providence had willed otherwise, and to-day Germany had its iron heel on prostrate France and reserves it for such fate as it for centuries reserved for Germany. Any clemency is impossible, and if the pseudo-government of France wishes to avoid a new effusion of blood and measures still more severe, it must deliver up to the conqueror all the arms still existing in France." Finally, the country depopulated, the harvests destroyed, everywhere famine and misery, the subjugation is complete. France is divided among Germany, England and Italy, Germany taking the lion's share and most of the French colonies. Under the iron yoke the French people become the prey of consumption and that disease completes the work of obliteration. But here is the dream of the writer at the beginning of the war. This is his description of the vengeance wreaked upon Montpellier:

> The carnage extended far into the night, and the rising sun shone on a city that appeared as if destroyed by an earthquake. Everywhere were smoking ruins. In the squares and streets were piles of corpses. Even the dead had not been left in repose. The cemetery, which was one of the beauties of the city, appeared as if devastated by a hurricane. The walls were crumpled and in many cases shells bursting in graves had opened the tops of coffins, in one instance removing the lid and pulverising all of the skeleton except an arm with its hand bones, which was raised as if a menace from the violated grave. But war is war.

• • •

We have written these paragraphs with a certain amount of reluctance. But that such a book could have been written and have found a publisher and a reading public is of far-reaching significance. We cannot shut our eyes to that. It indicates the existence of the state of mind and a kind of ambition that are to us appalling—incredible. Try to imagine a state of extreme hostility existing between the United States and some foreign power and then a book written in such a vein from an American point of view. It simply cannot be imagined. The very suggestion of such a book would rouse us to hot indignation. Fiction, whatever its nature may be, however fantastic its form, must strike some responsive chord in the human heart or mind. To inspire us to patriotic exaltation write in the spirit of Captain Phillips's "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," or of General Grant's return of the mounts of the vanquished Confederacy "Because you will need them at the plough." The very existence of the book that we have been discussing is a fact before which we are aghast. Verily, what manner of men are these!

It has been found expedient to hold the second half of the Thackeray Portfolio, collected by Professor Brander Matthews, the first part of which appeared in our October number, over till a later issue.

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A NEW FOUND POEM OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S

BY WALTER JERROLD

THE complete poetical works of Oliver Goldsmith form but a slender volume—a true case of infinite riches in a little room—so that the discovery of a new poem from his pen is more notable than would be a similar discovery in the case of a more voluminous author. The following lines have been found in an old close-packed scrap-book. This scrap-book—the completion of which is noted as having been made on November 21, 1812—consists of an extraordinary medley of three or four thousand cuttings from newspapers and magazines of the preceding sixty or seventy years, but the Goldsmith item has no indication of the place or date of its appearance. It runs as follows:

VERSES

Written by the late DR. GOLDSMITH

Addressed to A FRIEND

O Firm in virtue, as of soul sincere,
Lov'd by the muse, to friendship ever dear!
Amongst the thousand ills of thousand climes,
To name the worst that loads the worst of times,
Is sure a task unpleasing to pursue,
Trackless the maze, uncertain is the clue;
The Ruling Passion still by all confess'd,
The master key that opes each private breast
Here fails; this darling child of nature's school
Submits to custom's more resistless rule.

Should I recount the vast unnumber'd train,
Subjects or Vice of Folly's motley reign;
A heedless multitude, a giddy throng,
The theme of satire, and the scorn of song!
To scan their wild excesses, or to name
Their crimes would put the modest muse to shame.
Yet may her pow'r endeavour to controul
That leading vice which animates the whole.

While chief amongst the dissipated train,
The soft-ey'd Lux'ry holds her magic reign;
Alas! what refuge can fair Virtue find
The soul corrupt, what laws, what ties can [bind?]
Us'd to deceive and tutor'd to beguile,
Death in her charms and ruin in her smile;
Like some trim harlot, while the idle stands
And binds our youth in Philistean bands.
'Tis she that bids enervate arts arise,
That swells the dome to emulate the skies,
That fills the city and the crowded port,
That bids ten thousands to the mart resort;
While Want, that meagre looking fiend, invades
The rural seats and hospitable shades;
While the poor peasant the sad change deplores,
In secret pines, or quits his native shores,
Seeks better seats in other climes to gain
Or sink at once beneath the whelming main.

Is not Refinement still the source of care,
Ev'n to the best that breathe the vital air?
Ev'n Learning's self corrupted by her art,
The mind enlarging oft depraves the heart;
How small the gain improvement can bestow,
When taste refin'd but brings refined woe.

O sweet Simplicity, celestial maid,
Still at thy shrine my artless vows are paid,
Do thou and Nature still direct my way,
Who follow Nature cannot go astray;
Nor let the great, nor let the grave despise
The humbler blessings from thy reign that rise:
No joys like thine from pomp or learning springs,
The boast of schoolmen, or the pride of kings!

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What if we rove where rigid winter reigns,
O'er Zembla's wastes or Lapland's dreary plains;
Where Lux'ry yet has no soft art displayed,
Where yet Refinement never raised her head;
Where no choice stores the steril lands afford,
But rear alike the reindeer and his lord;
O'er moss-grown deserts *these* content to stray,
Those wait in caves the wish'd return of day;
Yet Nature feeds them, yet alike they prove
The gracious hand of all sustaining love:
How high joy sparkles on each savage face
When bright'ning ether calls them to the chase,
Well may their hearts with purest transports glow,
Few are their wants and small their source of woe;
Whilst our soft sons an hapless race remain,
In Lux'ry's lap condemned to every pain;
Ev'n in enjoyment pine their hours away,
And fall at last to anxious cares a prey.

Four rows of asterisks follow in the cutting from which this is copied, indicating either that the "Verses" ended thus abruptly or that but a portion of the whole is given. Further search may reveal the periodical in which the lines appeared and the date of their appearance. The scrap-book maker has trimmed his cuttings so close to the type that he has rarely left any means by which bibliographical facts can be ascertained. From the paper on which they are printed it can be gathered that the "Verses" were published shortly after Goldsmith's death, and there seems no reason to doubt their genuineness.

THE POINT OF VIEW IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE present period of the drama is one that lends itself peculiarly to technical experiment. The rapid development in the physical efficiency of the theatre that has taken place in the last half century, and the simultaneous increase in the altertness and intelligence of the theatre-going public, have made it possible for playwrights to inaugurate a series of innovations that have broadened the boundaries of the technique of the drama. Traditional ideas, which formerly had stood for centuries, of what can be done in the theatre and (more particularly) what cannot be done, are now being altered every season, as adventurous playwrights press forward to the accomplishment of technical tasks which have never been attempted before.

Only a month ago we had occasion, in these pages, to celebrate the successful transference to the service of the drama of a technical expedient which has long been customary in the novel—the expedient, namely, of constructing a story from effects to causes and revealing it in a pattern of reverted time. There are many other narrative devices, which have long been used in the short-story and the novel, that might be transferred, with equal advantage, to the strategy of the contemporary drama. In past years, the critic has often been required to insist that the art of the novel is one thing and the art of the drama is another; but, under present-day conditions, he is also required to admit that the difference between the two crafts is by no means so decided as it used to be. For one thing, the gap between the novel and the drama has been bridged over by the moving-picture play—an artistic product which is equally novelistic and dramatic; and, for another thing, the recent improvements in stage machinery, which have made it possible to shift a set in less than

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thirty seconds of absolute darkness and absolute quiet, have also made it possible for the playwright to adopt a freer form of narrative than was imposed upon him twenty years ago. We may confidently expect that, in the next few years, the drama will avail itself more and more of narrative devices which, though thoroughly established in the novel, have hitherto been regarded as beyond the reach of stagecraft.

Students of the technique of the novel are aware that, ever since the outset of the eighteenth century, the novelist has been permitted to project his narrative from either of two totally different points of view, which may be called, for convenience, the internal and the external. He may reveal his story internally, as it appears to the mind of one or another of the actors who take part in it; or he may reveal it externally, as it would appear to a disinterested mind sitting aloof from all the characters and regarding them with what Mr. Alfred Noyes has greatly called "the splendour of the indifference of God." Heretofore, only the second of these points of view has been permitted to the dramatist. He has been obliged to set his characters equi-distant from "the god-like spectator" (to quote Mr. Archer's phrase), and has been required to reveal them through an atmosphere of inviolable objectivity.

Novelists like George Eliot have been accustomed to avail themselves of the privilege of vivisecting the brains of their characters and analysing those most intimate thoughts and emotions that never translate themselves into speech or express themselves in action; but, since the renunciation (both for better and for worse) of the technical expedients of the soliloquy and the aside, the dramatist has been denied this great advantage of entering the mind of any of his characters and forcing the audience, for the moment, to look at the entire play from this individual and personal point of view.

Recently, however, a few adventurous playwrights have discovered a more effective means than any series of soliloquies and asides for shifting the audience, at any moment, from an external and objective point of view to a point of view that is internal and subjective. The second act of that beautiful and well-remembered play, *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* was exhibited from the point of view of a child whose mind is drifting under the influence of an opiate; and in a more recent play entitled *The Phantom Rival*, an entire act is devoted to the exhibition of events that happen only in the fancy of one of the leading characters.

The success of such experiments as these sets the dramatist on an equal footing with the novelist in the very important matter of being permitted to shift the point of view from which his story is to be observed. The full advantage of this technical innovation has not yet been reaped in the theatre; but a whole new field has been opened up to future playwrights. Would it not be interesting, for instance, to show a certain scene as it appeared from the point of view of one of the characters concerned, and subsequently to reënact the entire scene as it appeared from the very different point of view of another of the characters? This ironical device has already been employed in the novel, by such technical experimentalists as Mr. Arnold Bennett. Before long we may expect to see it successfully employed upon the stage.

"THE PHANTOM RIVAL"

The Phantom Rival was written by Ferene Molnar, a Hungarian dramatist who has nearly always shown an adventurous originality in his technical attack. The American version has been made by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, who also contributes to the success of the performance by his admirable acting.

In the labor-saving first act of this play, the theme is outlined in a conversation between a writer and an actor, which takes place in a restaurant. The writer expounds a theory that most women treasure throughout their entire lives an idealised image of the man who has first awakened them to a con-

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sciousness of love, and that, even though they subsequently marry some one else, they continue, in the secret recesses of their minds, to compare their husband, to his disadvantage, with this phantom rival.

This explicit conversation is a sort of prologue to the play, in which neither the writer nor the actor is involved. The leading figure in the comedy is a woman married to a husband who is jealous not only of her present but also of her past. He discovers that, before her marriage, she had been interested in a certain Russian; and, though this Russian had returned to his native country seven years before, the husband now insists that his wife shall read to him the treasured letter which the lover of her youth had sent to her at parting. In this letter, the eager foreigner had told her that he would come back to her some day—as a great general, or a great statesman, or a great artist, or even, if the worst befell him, as a humble tramp who would lay the wreckage of his life beneath her feet. The husband sneers at this highfaluting letter, and thereby stimulates the imagination of his wife to rush to the rescue of his phantom rival.

She drifts into a day-dream, in which her mind, hovering between sleep and waking, bodies forth an image of her former lover in the successive guises of a great general, a great statesman, a great artist, and a humble tramp. These scenes are exhibited entirely from the heroine's point of view. She knows nothing of the actual conditions of any of the careers about which she is dreaming; and, naturally enough, her phantom lover appears to her as an utterly impossible sort of person, acting out heroical absurdities and talking all the while the stilted language of a Laura Jean Libbey novel.

In the third act we are recalled to actuality. The former lover of the heroine, returned from Russia, makes a business call upon her husband, and reveals himself to her as an utterly undistinguished and small-minded character. Comparing this trivial little person with the huge dreams she has had of him, the wife is forced to admit that her husband is the better man and to expel the phantom rival from the regions of her fancy.

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

The experience of spiritual regeneration occurs occasionally in actual life, though not so frequently as it is reputed to occur. Sometimes it is accomplished in a sudden flash, as in the legendary instance of Saint Paul; but more frequently it is accomplished through a series of besiegements and repeated small surrenders. This experience offers better material for the novelist than for the dramatist. A novelist may make it seem real to the reader by the expedient of psychological analysis; but a dramatist (unless he should successfully avail himself of the device that is employed in *The Phantom Rival* to shift the point of view) is not permitted to reveal the mental process of conversion, but can merely exhibit evidence that it *has* occurred, through the customary mediums of dialogue and action.

Mr. George M. Cohan found himself confronted with a very difficult task when he undertook to dramatise Mr. Frank L. Packard's novel entitled *The Miracle Man*. The crux of the story is the conversion of a gang of criminals who, setting out to coin money by capitalising the ministrations of a Patriarch who claims to cure invalids through faith, find themselves ultimately overcome by an unexpected realisation that his powers are not feigned but genuine. Appreciating the difficulty of making the process of spiritual regeneration appear convincing on the stage, Mr. Cohan devoted two entire acts to an analysis of this phenomenon, and rehearsed these acts in an exceedingly slow tempo, so that the audience would be afforded ample opportunity for introspective meditation between the lines.

Whenever a dramatist is dealing with dangerous material, it is always most expedient to hurry through it. It is evident from the reception of Mr. Cohan's play that he would have pleased the

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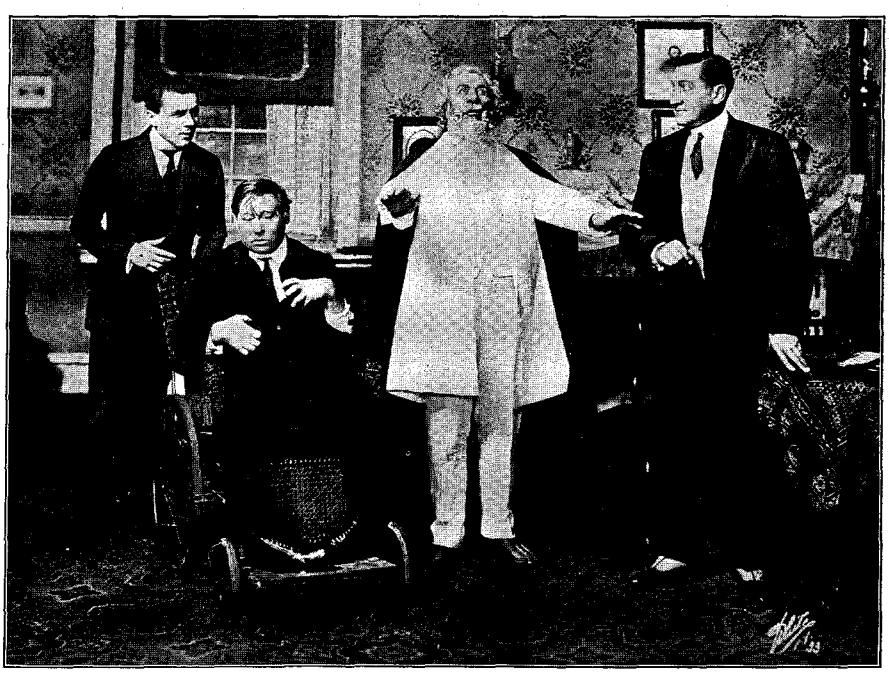
"THE PHANTOM RIVAL"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"The heroine drifts into a day-dream, in which her mind, hovering between sleep and waking, bodies forth an image of her former lover as a great general."



"THE MIRACLE MAN"—ACT I

"The crux of the story is the conversion of a gang of criminals who, setting out to coin money by capitalising the ministrations of a Patriarch who claims to cure invalids through faith, find themselves ultimately overcome by an unexpected realisation that his powers are not feigned, but genuine."

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public better if he had more hastily assumed the conversion of his criminals and expounded it in a single sudden act. In deciding to devote two acts to the task of making this regeneration seem more true, he merely afforded his audience a more leisurely opportunity to disagree with him.

The climax of this play, which occurs at the close of the second act, is extremely powerful and moving; but it would seem even more so if it were placed, in the traditional position, at the end of the penultimate act. Constructing backward from this point, the author would then be afforded three acts, instead of two, to develop the ironic humour of the contrast between his scoffing criminals and the spiritual fire with which they undertake unwittingly to play.

In other words, Mr. Cohan might have made his play more popular if he had both begun and ended earlier in the procession of events which the novelist had made ready to his hand. Until the climax, the story is humourous; after the climax, it is intensely serious. Mr. Cohan's special public would have been better pleased if he had chosen to emphasise the more humourous section of the narrative. In choosing to emphasise the more serious section, he seems to have elected to disappoint the public, with the purpose of satisfying himself with a more earnest play. The choice was hazardous and brave; and, in such an instance, the critic may reasonably be excused from casting his vote in favour of either side, to the disappreciation of the other.

"THE HAWK"

The Hawk, which was translated by Marie Zane Taylor from *L'Epervier* of Francis de Croisset, is an utterly conventional example of contemporary French drama. It is, of course, a well-made play; but there is no apparent reason why it should have been made at all. It is merely a piece of ingeniously articulated theatric mechanism, devoid of human interest and lacking in any ultimate significance.

The hero is a gambler. His wife falls in love with a young man who is a pattern of all the virtues. When this virtuous youth discovers the hero cheating at cards with the connivance of his wife, the woman, through love of him, renounces her husband and the illicit practices in which she has been, for a long time, his accomplice. Thereupon, her deserted husband loses all his money and adopts a drug habit. In a shattered state, he reappears to the heroine in the last act. She now realises that his steadfast love of her had been the motive both for his former iniquities and for his subsequent sufferings; and, virtuously renouncing her virtuous young man, she returns to the hero to begin with him a second married life on sounder principles.

If it be granted that this posture of events might possibly occur in life, it must be admitted that M. de Croisset has constructed and written his play with laudatory skill; but, somehow, it seems difficult to accept so strange and forced a narrative as an interpretation of what we know of habitual experience. Nothing that happens in *The Hawk* seems, in any real sense, to matter; because we feel in our hearts that such things will never happen to ourselves or to any of our friends.

"CONSEQUENCES"

To Miss Horniman, the patron of the famous repertory theatre in Manchester, must be accorded the credit for having discovered more new dramatists of genuine ability than any other manager in the contemporary English-speaking world. Her latest discovery is Mr. H. F. Rubinstein, the twenty-two-year-old son of a solicitor in Kensington. In his first play, entitled *Consequences,* which has lately been imported to New York, this young author has outlined the intimate life of two families, one of which is Gentile and the other Jewish. It has been reported to the present writer on excellent authority that the Jewish family is the author's own, and that, in particular, the part of the Jewish school-boy is a portrait of the author's younger brother.

The pattern of this comedy is almost

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"CONSEQUENCES"—ACT II

"It has been reported to the present writer on excellent authority that the Jewish family is the author's own, and that, in particular, the part of the Jewish school-boy is a portrait of the author's younger brother."

identical with that of *Fanny's First Play*. There are also certain items in the theme which remind the observer of such plays as *The House Next Door*, and certain other items which are reminiscent of such plays as *Les Romanesques*. Without entering into details, it may safely be asserted that there is nothing novel in the subject matter or in the general construction of this play.

But *Consequences* is a comedy of conversation; and it depends for its effect on the reality of its characters and the aptness and brilliancy of its dialogue. All the people in the play are true to life, and evoke from the audience an immediate response of recognition. Furthermore, the dialogue is exceedingly well written. It is, without exaggeration, fully as witty as that of Mr. Shaw and, at the same time, more natural and human. That any youth of twenty-two should have exhibited in his very first play such spontaneity of humour and such literary tact is a phenomenon that calls for wonderment and admiration. Mr. Rubinstein can write satiric dialogue as well as any of his elders in the English theatre of to-day; and his future efforts should be waited for with interested expectation.

"THE MONEY MAKERS"

The work of Mr. Charles Klein always shows the same merits and the same defects; and a critic disposed to shirk his duty could always write a just review of a new play of Mr. Klein's without troubling himself to see it. This author selects his subject-matter from the first pages of the newspapers and instills into his story the maximum of journalistic interest. He is a practised craftsman of the theatre. He builds plots with ingenuity, he makes good parts for actors, and he writes dialogue that elicits the

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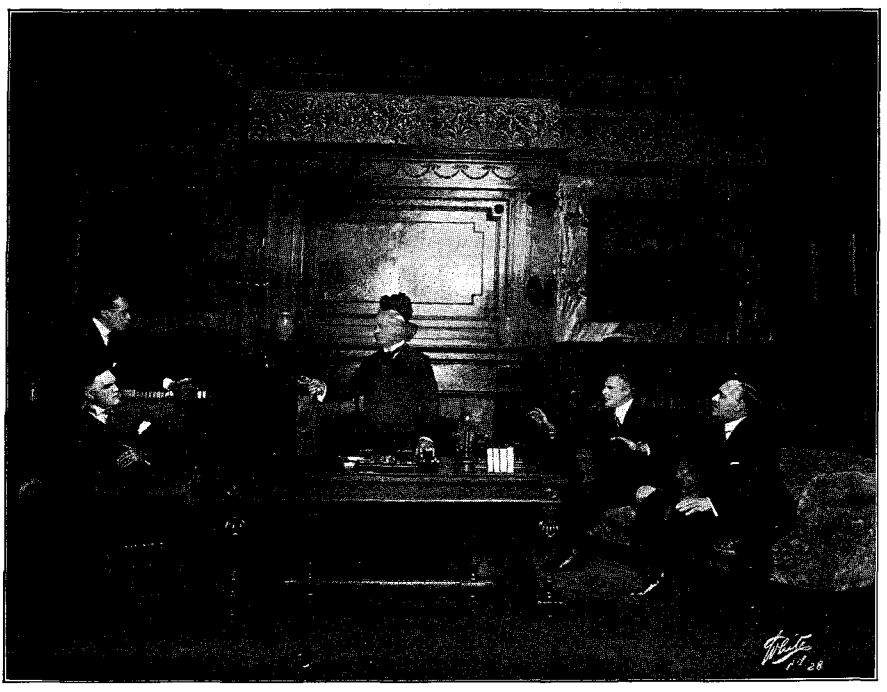

"THE MONEY MAKERS"—ACT III

"The hero flourishes a pistol in the faces of his enemies and assures them that he could kill any one of them with impunity, since, according to their own evidence, he is presumed to be insane."

desired responses from the audience. But his plays are always of the theatre, theatrical. They lack the look of life, and overstep the modesty of nature. They never kindle within us a sudden intimation of reality. We leave the theatre no sadder, to be sure, but certainly no wiser, than we were before. Mr. Klein says things cleverly and entertainingly; but he seems to have nothing to say.

The hero of *The Money Makers* is a multi-millionaire who, having been assured by his physicians that he has only another year to live, decides at the eleventh hour to give his fortune back to the many people from whom he has stolen it. By this resolve, he alienates his three children, who had expected to inherit his millions; but, incidentally, he wins the true affection of his second wife, who had originally married him only for his money, but now grows at last to admire him for his character.

This is in itself an interesting story; and Mr. Klein tells it with a full appreciation of its theatric values. A very effective situation, for example, is developed during the course of the last act. The eldest son of the hero has conspired with his former business associates to have him declared insane and thereby to divest him of the control of his own fortune. The hero now flourishes a pistol in the faces of these enemies and assures them that he could kill any of them with impunity, since, according to their own evidence, he is presumed to be insane. They all recoil from the menace of the pistol; and the hero emphasises this as an admission that they really believe him to be in his right mind after all.

But, effective as this play is at many moments, it is noticeably artificial. It leaves the spectator with an emphatic impression that he has been to the theatre, and not that he has been mysteriously

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"DADDY LONG-LEGS"—ACT I

"The heroine of this pretty play is first disclosed as a waif in an orphan asylum. She is adopted by a rich man twice her age, on condition that his identity shall not be made known to her."

permitted to look through an opened window upon life itself.

"DADDY LONG-LEGS"

From the technical standpoint, *Daddy Long-Legs*—a dramatisation by Miss Jean Webster of her own novel of the same name—is not a good play; but nobody who sees it, as staged by Mr. Henry Miller and acted by Miss Ruth Chatterton, will be willing to admit this fact, even to himself. It tells anew the old, old story that has been told in such ingratiating plays as *A Bachelor's Romance* and *The Professor's Love Story* and *Mice and Men*. There is no use talking about technique when sentiment is on the other side—especially when this sentiment is enforced by admirable acting and exemplary stage-direction.

The heroine of this pretty little play is first disclosed as a waif in an orphan asylum. She is adopted by a rich man twice her age, on condition that his identity shall not be made known to her. She knows him only by the mystic name of "Daddy Long-Legs," because his figure, silhouetted by the head-light of his motor-car on the window-shade of the desolate room in which she has first been told about him, has been stretched out to strange and humourous proportions.

By the money of this charitable man she is sent through college. During the course of her career as a student, she meets her benefactor, without knowing who he is. Of course, she falls in love with him; and it is only after he has wooed and won her as his wife that she discovers that he is no other than her "Daddy Long-Legs."

The third act of this four-act play is not nearly so dramatic as it might easily have been; but, since the general impression is so pleasing, it might seem hyper-critical to explain in detail how a piece so charmingly effective might have been made more effective still.

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"HE COMES UP SMILING"

He Comes Up Smiling is another piece that ought to be much better than it is. This farce, which has been derived by Messrs. Byron Ongley and Emil Nyitray from Mr. Charles Sherman's novel of the same name, is undeniably entertaining; but, from the technical standpoint, it leaves much to be desired.

The hero is an exceptionally gifted young man who is disclosed, in the first act, as a tramp. In this act, no explanation is afforded of the reasons why so unusual a personage should be posing as a "knight of the road." This explanation, to be sure, is set forth in the second act; but it comes too late to furnish the audience with the desired basis for appreciating the dramatic irony of the earlier passages of the play.

This tramp goes swimming in a certain pool in which a notable young millionaire happens, at the same time, to take a plunge. Emerging from this swimming-pool, the tramp dons the clothes of the millionaire. He is picked up by a motor-car that contains a famous speculator and his daughter, and is entertained as the eminent and powerful young man he seems to be.

During the course of this entertainment, the hero falls in love with the daughter of the speculator and manages to defeat her father in several big deals in the cotton market. In the hour of his triumph, however, he feels himself constrained to confess that he is merely an impostor. He goes away, resolved to make his fortune on his own account, after promising his rich opponent that, when next he reveals himself to the heroine, it will be in his customary habit as a tramp.

The last act is set, three months later, in the summer residence of the rich speculator, at Bar Harbor. The hero, meanwhile, has made millions; but he appears, according to his agreement, in the rags of a common vagabond. The audience is stimulated to expect a highly dramatic scene in which the heroine, recognising her lover under this disguise, shall protest her love for him despite his station; but this obvious *scène à faire* is never shown. Instead, the hero is permitted to change to dinner clothes before he sees the heroine and clasps her in his arms. The act, as it stands, is entertaining; but the critical spectator leaves the theatre with the sad consciousness of a wasted opportunity.

"THE LAW OF THE LAND"

Mr. George Broadhurst is an opportunist of the theatre. Having reaped large royalties from *To-Day,* he seems to have decided that it would be expedient to set before the public another sensational melodrama. *The Law of the Land* is the result of this endeavour.

The present piece is, in the main, a good play of its kind, and is much more worthy of consideration then *To-Day.* The heroine is married to a brilliant but brutal man, who treats her with intolerable barbarism. In the first act, she shoots him dead, and the audience is glad that she has done so.

The remainder of the play follows the course of the official investigation into the causes of the death of the husband. The theory of suicide is dismissed by the police. The private secretary of the dead man, the butler, the heroine's lover, and the heroine herself, are successively suspected of the murder; and many interesting passages result from the efforts of each of these suspected persons to divert suspicion from the others. In the last act a genial and large-hearted inspector of police discovers that the heroine is really guilty; but, aware of all the attendant and extenuating circumstances, he covers up his knowledge of her guilt and reports the case to the coroner as one of suicide.

The third act of this melodrama is psychologically false and is written with artificial rhetoric; but the other acts are theatrically tense and sufficiently true to nature to impose a momentary illusion of reality. The entire piece is interesting in its way. It successfully fulfils the purpose for which it was designed; and it would be impertinent for the critic to assert that the aim of the author, in this instance, was not so high as it has been before.

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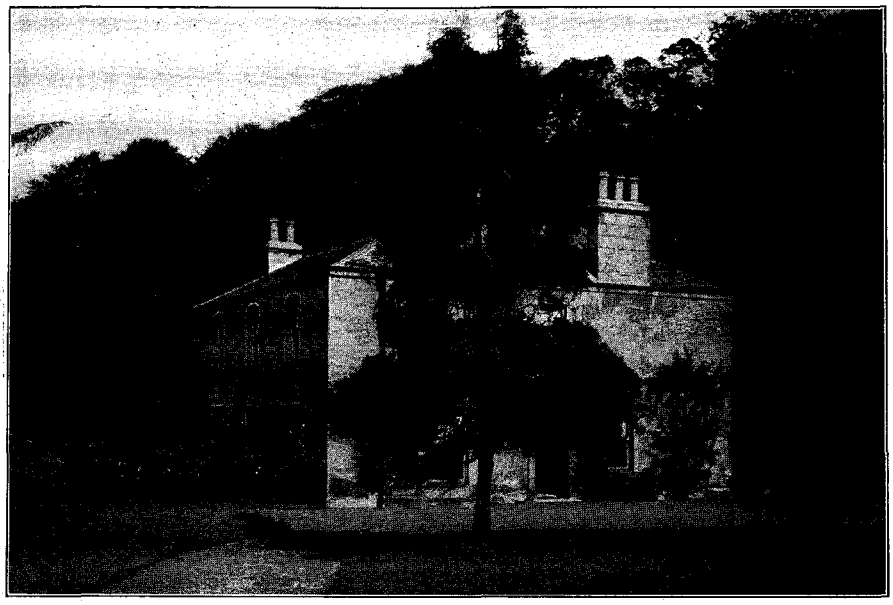

THE MANSE AT COLINTON

"Externally, the Manse is a sturdy and rectilinear edifice, a building, so to speak, with no nonsense about it. It is constructed staunchly of grey stone."

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

II—SCOTLAND

I

EDINBURGH is not only the most nobly seated of all European capitals; it is also the most charmingly surrounded. All guidebooks are agreed that, though the city itself may be seen in a couple of days, it is necessary to devote at least a week to the environs. If you climb to Edinburgh Castle, high-perched upon its precipice of rock, and look afar in all directions, you will understand the reason why. On every side except the east, where the sea melts into a mystery of grey, the sky is hedged with hills,—familiar, habitable hills that beckon you to wander; and as you gaze upon them, you recall that sentence of De Quincey's—the same De Quincey who is buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, deep below the bastions of the Castle where you stand—"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!" . . . There is an impulse that calls you to go winging over the hills and far away; but not so very far, neither,—for you would wish to fly home at evening to the lofty Castle, and watch the lights come out along the stately line of Princes Street, and a myriad other city lamps become illumined like a galaxy of stars beneath your feet, pricking out a map of Edinburgh through the dark.

Those who love Edinburgh love to roam among those hills and to return to Auld Reekie in the evening. Here is a city whose suburbs are not suburbs, but points of view from which you may look

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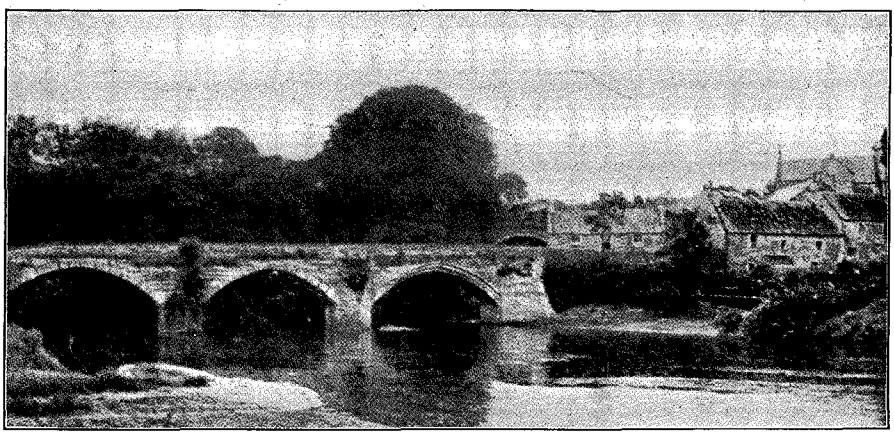

BRIDGE AT CRAMOND

The quiet town of Cramond is thus described in Chapter XXX of "St. Ives":—"A little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea."

back upon the crown of Scotland. Hill after hill you wander over, only to look back,—still loyal to that queenliest of cities while you visit the little towns-in-waiting that attend her.

Southwest from Edinburgh Castle, that line of hills which rises only three or four miles away, and curves so comfortably into a distance beyond the utmost verge of sight, is the Pentlands; and this very name reminds us that we are visiting Robert Louis Stevenson at home. His first printed work was "a page of history" on the subject of *The Pentland Rising,* which was written when he was barely sixteen years of age, and was issued as a little pamphlet in grass-green wrappers by Andrew Elliott, of Edinburgh. The book-shop of Andrew Elliott is still doing business under the old name at the same address, number 17 Princes Street; but no copies of *The Pentland Rising* can now be purchased there. Nearly all of the original edition was bought up by Stevenson's father; and the pamphlet, thus withdrawn summarily from circulation, has become one of the rarest items in the libraries of Stevenson collectors.

In the Pentland Hills are situated two of the best-belovèd homes of R. L. S.; and, since he always worked from recollection, it is not surprising that he set *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston* in this locality, and that he celebrated in his essays and his poems those particular places in the Pentlands which had registered the deepest impressions on his mind. In a single day, if the traveller be sturdy on his legs, he may trace the trail of Stevenson through the Pentland country; and the quickest way to launch himself upon this literary pilgrimage is to take a train from the Caledonian Station to the little town of Colinton, which is only four miles away.

II

Colinton is a modern-looking suburb, and most of it has lately been built up with those new-fangled villas which Louis cursed so heartily in his *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh;* but one of these villas is now the residence of Mrs. George W. Balfour, the widow of "that wise youth, my uncle," and this very courteous lady will direct you to the Manse.

The main highway of Colinton overhangs a wooded dell, at the bottom of which the Water of Leith ambles from mill to mill in a series of diminutive cascades. From this highway you climb down to Colinton Church, which is perched mid-way of the declivity and is surrounded by a sloping graveyard. The

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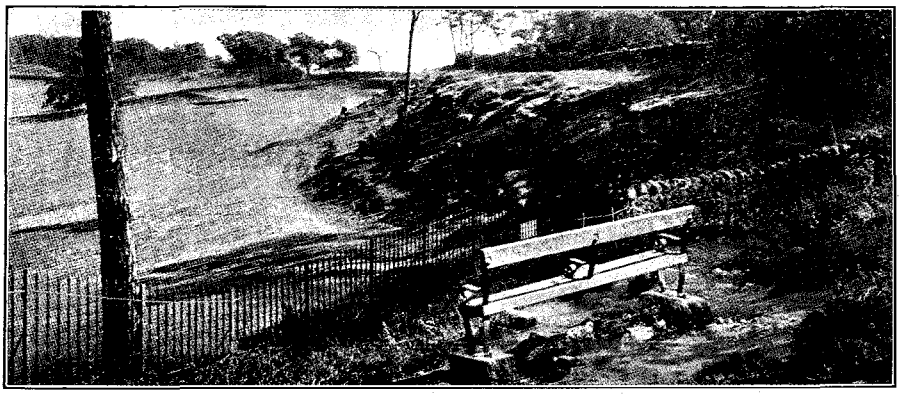

"REST AND BE THANKFUL"

It is at this famous point of view on the Costorphine Hill, to the west of Edinburgh, that Alan Breck and David Balfour say farewell to each other at the close of *Kidnapped.*

church, which was built so late as 1771, is inconspicuous; and nobody would ever pause to look at it, were it not for the fact that its apparently unimportant pulpit was occupied from 1823 to 1860 by the Reverend Louis Balfour, that maternal grandfather of R. L. S. who "moved in his blood, and whispered words to him, and sat efficient in the very knot and centre of his being."

The slanting graveyard is restrained by a stone wall from launching its gathered dead like an avalanche upon the level little plot below, where Colinton Manse, surrounded by its garden, is embraced within a wide curve of the stream. If you dangle your feet over this retaining wall, you can survey the entire garden, while you re-read the opening pages of the essay on *The Manse,* in which this garden is described. A comparison of the actual scene with Stevenson's description of it affords us an important clue to the process of his art. He has selected very few details; but these few are precisely those which produce the most vivid impression on the immediate observer and which are destined to be retained subsequently in the memory. The great yew-tree still makes "a pleasing horror of shade"; and the eye, after wandering elsewhere in the garden, insists upon returning to that pleasing horror again and yet again.

I was lolling on that wall, where "after nightfall 'spunkies' might be seen to dance, at least by children," when a gardener busy among the "flower-plots lying warm in sunshine" invited me to leap down into the garden. All at once, as I alighted in that sacred precinct, a throng of little lisping poems sang, remembered, in my ears; for here was indeed that Child's Garden, of which a lyric memory has been wafted, with our English language, over all the rolling rondure of the world, so that now "the children sing in far Japan" such originally local lines as these:

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

It has already been stated in these pages that Stevenson's habit was never to describe a place except in recollection. Nearly all the pieces that make up the *Child's Garden of Verses* were written at Hyères, in the south of France, or at Bournemouth, in the south of England; but many of them are localised in the actual garden of the Manse at Colinton, which he remembered through a mist of over twenty years. The water that "made music in his memory" was "that dirty Water of Leith" whose sand still "slopes into brown obscurity with a glint of gold."

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THE PASTORAL HAMLET OF SWANSTON

"Around Swanston Farm-house are clustered a dozen thatched-roofed, white-washed little cottages, where live the shepherds of those hills."

To appreciate the *Child's Garden* as a work of art, we must remember that the poems which Louis fluted on his "penny whistle" were not so much written *for* children as written *in recollection of* his own experience of childhood. He did not ask himself what children would like; he merely remembered what he himself had liked when he had been a child. His rhymes, as he stated in the *Envoy* to two of the cousins who had played with him at Colinton, were veritably "rhymes of old delight"; and this point will be impressed most vividly upon the traveller who, in the garden of the Manse, may identify the very trees and bushes that are commemorated in many of these poems.

The present incumbent of Colinton Manse was away upon a holiday when I dropped unceremoniously into the precinct of that "well-beloved house"; and the gardener, upon his own initiative, guided me through the empty rooms. The "many Indian pictures" and other "wonders of the East" which had made the Manse alluringly outlandish in the days of Doctor Balfour had been, of course, denuded from the walls; but it was still possible to imagine one's way backward to the early years of R. L. S. in the simple little chamber on the second story that used to be his bedroom. Through the open window one could hear the little river rushing to the weir; and the wooded cliff of the sky-assailing hill across the stream still seemed a proper hiding-place for pirates.

Externally, the Manse is a sturdy and rectilinear edifice, a building, so to speak, with no nonsense about it. It is constructed staunchly of grey stone. It does not look so large as it seemed to Louis "by the standard of his childish stature"; but it does present the aspect of a "roomy house." It has not been altered in the last half century, except that what was formerly a side door has now become the main entrance; and the Manse and the surrounding garden—not to mention the very friendly gardener—make the visitor so much at home that he is loath to leave that charmed locality, even to stretch his legs over a brief reach of Pentland country to the still more charmed locality of Swanston.

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JOHN TODD'S COTTAGE AT SWANSTON

The name of John Todd, whose voice "shook the hills when he was angry," was made immortal in Stevenson's essay entitled "Pastoral."

III

The pastoral hamlet of Swanston sleeps but little more than two miles southeast from Colinton; and, if you are really a lover of the best of all celebrants of *Walking Tours,* you will make this way afoot. The road leads past the Hunter's Tryst, in a little fold or wrinkle at the foot of the Pentland Hills.

It was in 1867, when R. L. S. was seventeen, that the Stevensons first rented Swanston Cottage; and, thereafter, it remained for many years their country residence. No other home, not even the house in Heriot Row, produced such deep impressions on the memory of one who was to wander over more than half the habitable globe. It is a far cry from Swanston Cottage to Vailima; but when, in the all-too-early sundown of his years, Stevenson dictated *St. Ives* to Mrs. Strong, his heart returned with a pang of recollection to this little house among his "hills of home," and he chose it as the scene of two of the most moving passages in the story.

Chapter VII of *St. Ives* is entitled "Swanston Cottage." It is to this hidden haven that the hero makes his way after his escape from Edinburgh Castle. Later, in Chapter XXVI, which is entitled "The Cottage at Night," the garden of this old home of Stevenson's is made the setting of one of the few successful love-scenes in his fiction. The description of the cottage, written at Vailima a dozen years since he had seen it last, is surprisingly exact. "The cottage was a little quaint place of many rough-cast gables and grey roofs. It had something the air of a rambling infinitesimal cathedral, the body of it rising in the midst two stories high, with a steep-pitched roof, and sending out upon all hands (as it were chapter-houses, chapels, and transepts) one-storied and dwarfish projections. . . . The place seemed hidden away, being not only concealed in the trees of the garden, but, on the side on which I approached it, buried as high as the eaves by the rising of the ground."

This description, from the seventh chapter of *St. Ives,* still serves the traveller to-day. Swanston Cottage is at first

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somewhat difficult for the foot-farer to find, because it is folded so aloofly in a little lap of the hills. As Louis wrote, in his descriptive poem entitled *Ille Terrarum,*

IN THE GARDEN OF SWANSTON COTTAGE
"The visitor may still discern the initials 'R. L. S.' cut proudly on a tree-trunk, with the accompanying insignia of the rising sun."

> Atween the muckle Pentland's knees,
> Secure ye sit.

Stevenson's little-read poems in Scots are among the most intimately personal of all his writings; and it is a significant fact that, in more than one of these poems, he has celebrated the locality of Swanston.

Swanston Cottage is now the summer residence of Lord Guthrie, who is one of the most eminent jurists in Scotland. Forty years ago, he was a fellow-student of Stevenson's in the law-classes at Edinburgh University, and a fellow-member of the Speculative Society. His love of R. L. S. is now a living virtue, and not merely a shadowy recollection from the years that were.

A legend on the gate to the grounds of Swanston Cottage warns unauthorised intruders that the place is private property; but an accredited student of Stevenson has only to send in his card in order to enjoy the generous hospitality of Lord Guthrie. He will be permitted to wander all about the lovely little garden, and to re-read at his leisure that youthful essay on *An Old Scotch Gardener* which recalls to life the sturdy Robert Young who used to tend "the garden in the lap of the hill, with its rocks overgrown with clematis, its shadowy walks, and the splendid breadth of champaign that one saw from the northwest corner." The poems, also, in praise of that locality seem to read more sweetly there; and the visitor may still discern the initials "R.L.S." cut proudly on a tree-trunk, with the accompanying insignia of the rising sun.

The interior of Swanston Cottage is no less fascinating to the traveller on the trail of Stevenson. The little room on the second story which projects with a bow-window toward the garden was formerly the den of R. L. S.; and this room has been set apart by Lord Guthrie as a permanent memorial to his famous friend. Upon the walls are hung the originals of all but one of the letters that Steven-

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SWANSTON COTTAGE

It is thus described by Stevenson in Chapter VII of "St. Ives":—"The cottage was a little quaint place of many rough-cast gables and grey roofs. It had something the air of a rambling infinitesimal cathedral."

son wrote in his lifetime to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham; and the single missing letter is supplanted by a photograph of the original. Lord Guthrie looked after Cummy in her declining years; and she was frequently a visitor to the sweet, secluded cottage where she had lived so long ago as the second mother of the youth who now is noted through the world.

Only a few steps from Swanston Cottage is situated Swanston Farm-house; and around this are clustered a dozen thatched-roofed, white-washed little cottages, where live the shepherds of those hills. One of these is pointed out to travellers as the former residence of John Todd, whose name was made immortal in Stevenson's essay entitled *Pastoral.* It is pleasant to re-read this essay "perched on a hump of the declivity not far from Halkerside," and to recall that former giant of this slumberous locality whose voice "shook the hills when he was angry" and who was wont to go "winding up the brae, keeping his captain's eye upon all sides, and breaking, ever and again, into a spasm of bellowing that seemed to make the evening bleaker."

The traveller who wishes to push further into the Pentlands may identify several other places that are celebrated in the works of R. L. S. Glencorse Church, for instance, which is the scene of Chapter VI of *Weir of Hermiston,* is only a few miles southeast of Swanston. This church is described in some detail in a letter addressed to Mrs. Sitwell from Swanston Cottage in June, 1875; and it seems also to have served as the setting of the poem entitled *A Lowden Sabbath Morn.* From Vailima, while he was composing *Weir of Hermiston,*

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THE HAWES INN AT QUEENSFERRY

"It is from this town that David Balfour sets forth in the brig 'Covenant' at the outset of 'Kidnapped.'" This interesting inn is also described in "A Gossip on Romance."

Stevenson wrote of it again, in a letter addressed to the late S. R. Crockett:—"Do you know where the road crosses the burn under Glencorse Church? Go there, and say a prayer for me: *moriturus salutat.* See that it's a sunny day; I would like it to be a Sunday, but that's not possible in the premises; and stand on the right-hand bank just where the road goes down into the water, and shut your eyes, and if I don't appear to you! well, it can't be helped, and will be extremely funny."

But the most vivid description of that portion of the Pentland Hills which Louis had explored so intimately in his rambles with the Swanston shepherd occurs in the following lines, which were written at Apemama in the South Sea Islands, and which prove that, however far he wandered, his heart was ever faithful to his "hills of home":

The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.
Far set in fields and woods, the town I see
Spring gallant from the shallows of her smoke,
Cragged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort
Beflagged. About, on seaward-drooping hills
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,
And populous Fife smokes with a score of towns.

IV

Another brief excursion from the capital will lead the pilgrim to the little town of Queensferry, which is situated on the Firth of Forth, about eight miles northwest from Edinburgh Castle. This trip may most conveniently be made in one of those sight-seeing motor-cars that drag bewildered tourists in droves to gape at the great Forth Bridge, which, as a work of engineering, is justly celebrated among the wonders of the modern world.

This gigantic bridge now overhangs an ancient, inconspicuous little tavern, which was famed in literary annals many years before the railroad was invented. I have watched American tourists turn their backs upon this tavern while they gazed upward to admire the steel structure overhead; and yet, before this bridge had been begun, Louis Stevenson had noted, in *A Gossip on Romance,* that Americans were wont to seek the Hawes Inn at Queensferry "for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of the *Antiquary.*"

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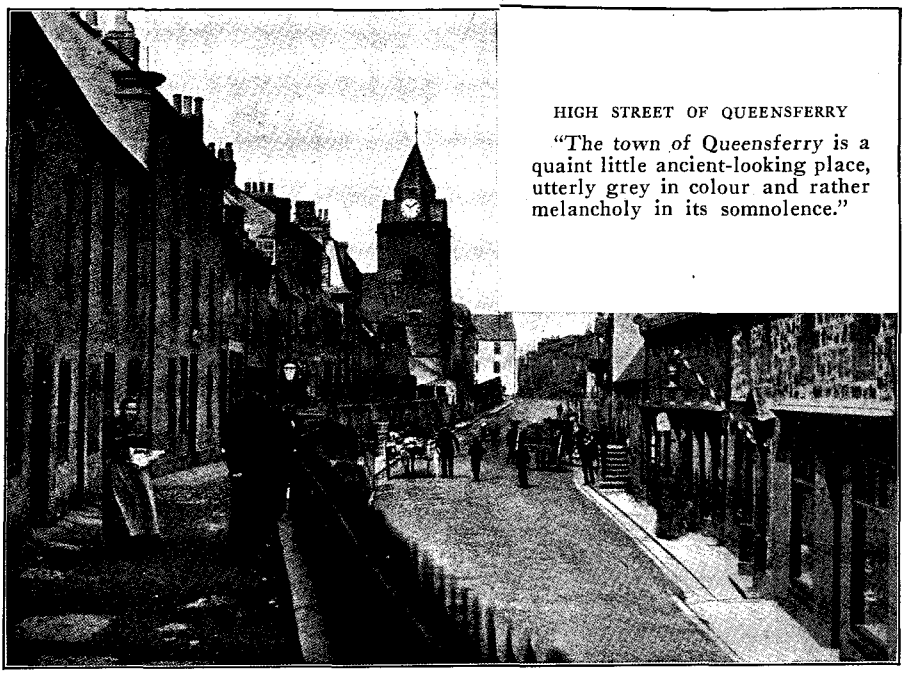

HIGH STREET OF QUEENSFERRY

"The town of Queensferry is a quaint little ancient-looking place, utterly grey in colour and rather melancholy in its somnolence."

The Hawes Inn, as he tells us in this essay, made always a strong call upon his fancy. "There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine—in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. . . . I have lived . . . at the Hawes . . . in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me . . . worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo. . . ."

This passage was originally written in 1882. When the essay was reprinted five years later, in *Memories and Portraits*, the author added this interesting note:—"Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hands in *Kidnapped*." The Hawes Inn still answers, in every detail, to the description that has just been quoted; and the traveller of to-day will find it very easy to re-enact, in his imagination, the scenes of *Kidnapped* that are set there.

It is from this tavern that David Balfour sets forth in the brig *Covenant* at the outset of the story; and it is to this tavern that he returns at the end of his long and perilous wanderings through the heather. The town of Queensferry straggles westward from the Hawes Inn, along a single street that follows the curving of the firth. It is a quaint little ancient-looking place, utterly grey in colour and rather melancholy in its somnolence; and the visitor will note the aptness of David Balfour's description of it in Chapter XXVII of *Kidnapped*:—"I was in the long street of Queensferry before the sun was up. It was a fairly built burgh, the houses of good stone, many slated; the town-hall not so fine, I thought, as that of Peebles, nor yet the street so noble; but take it altogether, it put me to shame for my foul tatters."

Four miles eastward from Queens-

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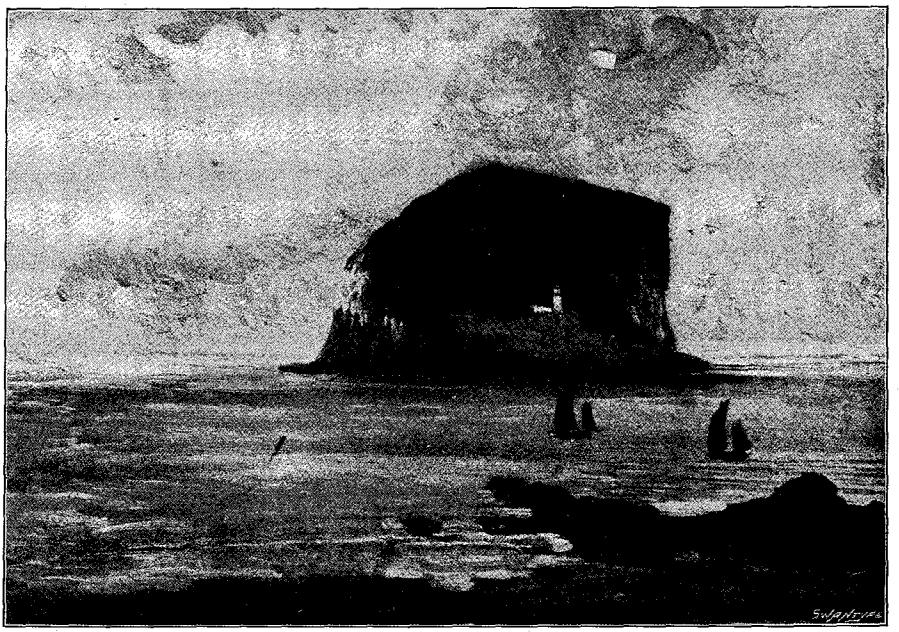

THE BASS ROCK

"The Bass Rock is the scene of Black Andie's tale of 'Tod Lapraik,' which is told in Chapter XV of 'Catriona.'" It is also celebrated in "The Lantern Bearers."

ferry, on the Firth of Forth, is the quiet town of Cramond, which is thus described in Chapter XXX of *St. Ives*:—"A little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea." Here the traveller may visit Cramond Church and Cramond Inn, "a hostelry of no very promising appearance" which is the scene of the convivial adventures that are narrated in the chapter to which reference has been made.

V

The student of *Catriona,* or *David Balfour* as we call it in America, will wish to wander eastward from the capital along the sea-shore. His wanderings will lead him past the Gullane Sands to the jagged promontory where the ruins of Tantallon Castle look seaward toward the Bass. The Bass Rock, as the reader will remember, is the scene of Black Andie's tale of *Tod Lapraik,* which is told in Chapter XV of *Catriona.* This locality had haunted the imagination of Stevenson since his childhood. In his autobiographic essay called *The Lantern Bearers,* he tells us that "The Bass in the eye of fancy still flew the colours of King James, and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still rang with horse-shoe iron and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat." The "certain easterly fisher-village" that is so eloquently celebrated in this famous essay is North Berwick, a little to the west of Tantallon. The town is now somewhat overgrown with seaside hotels, which are haunted by ardent practitioners of the national game of golf; but the points which are selected for description at the outset of *The Lantern Bearers* may still be picked out and identified by the literary pilgrim.

It was from this particular stretch of sea-coast that Stevenson apparently derived those impressions which he has recorded with such thrilling vividness in

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The Pavilion on the Links. This novelette, which was written when the author was only twenty-nine years old, is seldom spoken of, even among people who regard themselves as ardent Stevensonians; but I remember now a conversation with Sir Sidney Colvin, in his hospitable study at "the Monument," in which this most authoritative critic expressed an admiration of this story which struck me at the moment as extreme. I had evinced a temporary preference for the essays of R. L. S. and had suggested that *Pulvis et Umbra* was perhaps a greater work than any of his narratives. Sir Sidney disagreed with this suggestion. It appeared that he had never quite approved of that dark Darwinian sermon which I regarded as Stevenson's supreme achievement; and, in pleading for the preëminence of Stevenson's fiction over his essays, he requested me to reread *The Pavilion on the Links,* which he considered as one of the very greatest masterpieces of his friend. I state this little point at present without argument, because it seems to me exceedingly suggestive.

VI

To follow, chapter by chapter, the adventures that are chronicled in *Kidnapped,* the traveller would have to circumnavigate the whole of the peninsular of Scotland. It will be remembered that the *Covenant,* with the hero unwillingly trepanned on board, sets sail from Queensferry to the north, turns westward round the Orkney Islands, and in the perilous channel between the mainland and the Hebrides runs down an open boat and rescues from the wreckage a man who turns out to be no other than Alan Breck Stewart. The author made shift to navigate the *Covenant* along this intricate course, because he could recall a tour of those waters which he himself had made, at the age of eighteen, in the steam yacht *Pharos,* which was employed upon the service of the Commissioners of Northern Lights. The *Covenant* is ultimately wrecked upon the coast of Mull; and the hero is cast lonely on the Isle of Earraid. This little island played a singularly prominent part in Stevenson's career; and all faithful students of his work should visit it.

To reach this tiny isle from Edinburgh, the modern traveller may be advised to proceed to Glasgow through the Trossachs, and to follow thence the common track of tourists through the Crinan Canal to Oban. Oban, which is not unjustly celebrated as a sort of little Naples of the north, is the most convenient centre for a series of excursions on the trail of Alan Breck and David Balfour after they are cast ashore in *Kidnapped.*

In Oban you will hear no word of Earraid, for the little island has no fame outside the works of R. L. S.; but if you will entrust yourself to the excursion steamer that sails daily around the island of Mull, calling for an hour at Staffa and for another hour at Iona, you will be transported within a few hundred yards of the unhomely coast of Earraid and will be enabled to observe it at your leisure.

"The little isle of Erraid lies close in to the southwest corner of the Ross of Mull; the sound of Iona on one side, across which you may see the isle and church of Columba; the open sea to the other, where you shall be able to mark, on a clear, surfy day, the breakers running white on many sunken rocks:"—it is thus described by R. L. S. in his *Memoirs of an Islet.* The island is at present denuded of any human habitation; but it had a temporary population of one hundred and twenty-two when Louis spent three weeks upon it in the summer of 1870. The Dhu Heartach light-house, "fifteen miles away to seaward," was at that time being constructed by his "family of engineers"; and R. L. S., who had not yet renounced the profession of his forebears, was serving at this temporary post of Earraid as a sort of amateur apprentice.

This whole experience is detailed, with even more than his accustomed felicity in sheer description, in the *Memoirs of an Islet;* but, in the introduction to this essay, R. L. S. reminds us that he had

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already written of Earraid twice before. "I put a whole family there," he says, "in one of my tales; and later on, threw upon its shores, and condemned to several days of rain and shellfish on its tumbled boulders, the hero of another."

The first tale referred to in this sentence is, of course, *The Merry Men.* In this novelette, the actual island is fictitiously named "Aros" and the Ross of Mull is called the "Ross of Grisapol"; but the forlorn and terrifying aspect of the sea-beleaguered islet repeats exactly the impression produced by Earraid on the traveller to-day. The "great granite rocks" may still be noted, from the deck of the excursion steamer, to "go down together in troops to the sea like cattle on a summer's day. . . . On calm days you can go wandering between them in a boat for hours, echoes following you about the labyrinth; but when the sea is up, Heaven help the man that hears that cauldron boiling."

In *Kidnapped,* Stevenson has called the island by its actual name; and the traveller will poignantly appreciate the tragic loneliness of David Balfour as he picked his way among those barren boulders, since the aspect of Earraid is to this day intolerably desolate.

From this thrice-celebrated Isle of Earraid, David Balfour makes his way, across the adjacent island of Mull, to Loch Aline in Morven; and thence, traversing the Linnhe Loch, is set down in the Appin country. This trail may be clearly traced upon the map that is bound up with the tale of *Kidnapped;* but only a very hardy adventurer would attempt to follow it on foot to-day.

It is easy, however, to proceed by boat or coach from the tourist-centre of Oban to Duror in the Appin country, which is close to the scene of that historic murder which cuts so large a figure in the tale of *Kidnapped;* or else, the general region may be explored approximately enough if the traveller will follow the usual tourist-route by steamer to the head-waters of Loch Etive and thence by coach, over the pass of Glencoe, to the slate-grey town of Ballachulish.

To follow afoot the subsequent wanderings of David and Alan through the heather, the traveller must be willing to undergo considerable hardship. The mountains of the Appin country and of the neighbouring district of Glencoe are neither very high nor very harsh; but the whole locality is unutterably lonely. You may tramp all day through the inhospitable heather without encountering a single human habitation; and to plunge into that Highland wilderness, with the nearest food and shelter nearly thirty miles away, requires a daring that is not demanded of a foot-farer over the more closely populated trails of Switzerland.

VII

A separate excursion must be made, from either Inverness or Edinburgh, in order to visit the three remaining towns of Scotland whose names are written with the largest letters in Stevenson's biography.

Readers of the reminiscent essay entitled *My First Book—Treasure Island* will naturally wish to visit Braemar, where "on a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window," he began that classic book for boys that made his fortune and his fame. It was here, at the close of the inclement summer of 1881, that, in a high "tide of delighted industry," he "turned out fifteen chapters" of *Treasure Island* at the rate of a chapter a day; and it was here that the tale was first read to Mr. Edmund Gosse, and to Dr. A. H. Japp, who ultimately sold it to Mr. Henderson, the editor of *Young Folks.*

Braemar is a comfortable hamlet in the Grampians, not far from the royal residence of Balmoral. You take a train from Aberdeen to Ballater, and complete the journey by coach. The River Dee roars rushing through Braemar; and as you linger on the little bridge at night and watch the lamplight flicker from the windows of a hundred cottages that are scattered haphazard over the surrounding hills, you will tell yourself that here was

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indeed a fitting place to imagine a tale of "all the old romance, retold exactly in the ancient way." It is thoroughly characteristic of Stevenson that the chapters written at Braemar were set in the southwest of England; since, as the reader has already been reminded, he never could see any locality with artistic clearness unless he was writing at a definite distance from it.

It is a long but lovely drive from Braemar to the railway that will lead the pilgrim to Pitlochry. Here, in a wooded incision through the Highlands that is carved by the River Tummel, is situated Kinnaird Cottage, where Stevenson lived for two months in the summer of 1881, before moving onward to Braemar. It was here that he wrote *Thrawn Janet, The Merry Men,* and *The Body Snatcher,* all three of which were first intended as contributions to a volume of supernatural tales in which the tone of terror should be emphasised. It is not difficult for the traveller to imagine how a rainy summer at Pitlochry might turn an author's mind to brooding on the mood of terror, for the aspect of the neighbourhood is wild and dark and haunted; but that Louis saw it sometimes in another mood is indicated by a passage in his *Letters,* in which he describes the locality in these lyric terms:—"A little green glen with a burn, a wonderful burn, gold and green and snow-white, singing loud and low in different steps of its career, now pouring over miniature crags, now fretting itself to death in a maze of rocky stairs and pots; never was so sweet a little river. Behind, great purple moorlands reaching to Ben Vrackie."

The next summer, 1882, Stevenson spent a full month at Kingussie, a little mountain-resort upon the River Spey, which is situated about forty miles northward from Pitlochry. It can be reached directly from the latter town by rail. "The golden burn that pours and sulks in the den behind Kingussie" is particularly singled out for celebration at the outset of the essay entitled *Pastoral.* The month that Louis passed within hearing of this burn was the last full month that he ever passed in Scotland; and it was here that, according to his habit of heeding the poet's precept that "distance lends enchantment to the view," he wrote the merry tale of *The Treasure of Franchard,* whose scenes are set in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

Kingussie is now overgrown with many monstrous villas of recent erection, and Sir Sidney Colvin has assured me that the place has utterly been spoiled since that summer of 1882 which he spent there in company with Stevenson; but the pilgrim who will wander toward the golf-course through the wooded and secluded den where the lisping burn still "pours and sulks" over the ineffectual stones that seek to dam its course may still catch some echo of that far-off music that made melody in the ears of R. L. S., when he lolled and dreamed by Speyside over thirty years ago.

In the next paper of this series, Mr. Hamilton will trace the trail of Stevenson through England, analysing the author's method of recording London in his fiction, and describing at first hand the various localities in England with which Stevenson became especially familiar. Particular attention will be devoted to the three years of the author's residence at Bournemouth; and an account will be rendered of an important interview with Mr. Henry James concerning Stevenson's mental habits at this period.

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THE RELATION OF THE NOVEL TO THE PRESENT SOCIAL UNREST

I—Anti-Militarism. II—The Passing of Capitalism. III—The Feminist Movement. IV—The Æsthetic and Moral Renaissance. V—Social Dissaffection. VI—The Religious Revolt

I

Anti-Militarism

The subject is timely. All the world, on this side of the Atlantic, is reading anti-war novels. At least, so it would seem to one who attempts to obtain a book of that class in the more frequented libraries. And judging by advance announcements many printing presses are working at speed limit to supply new books along the same lines or to issue new editions of old favourites. But a demand created by conditions that may soon be only a matter of historical record cannot be taken as a fair standard of literary evolution. We must look back beyond the catastrophal events of this summer of 1914 to judge in how far the fiction of the past three decades reflects the thought of the epoch regarding warfare. Or, if you will, to judge whether the growing revulsion toward war as a function of civilised society is strong enough to have made a lasting impression on our literature.

But first of all it is well to note a distinction which the average reader (and also the peace advocate who chooses his fiction for its theme) is apt to overlook. Anti-war fiction is not necessarily anti-military fiction, nor is anti-military fiction necessarily anti-war fiction. They can both be discussed under our chosen heading without offence to logic, but still they have notable points of difference. They both deal with the life of the soldier, it is true. But anti-war fiction deals with the soldier in war-time, while anti-military fiction occupies itself with his position, and the ethics of his profession, under peace conditions.

Anti-war fiction may deal indirectly with the evils of militarism in themselves, or in their results in shaping a nation's policy. But it deals primarily with war and war must furnish the background for the story. The individual or group of individuals for whose fate the reader's sympathy is asked, are shown to us suffering from the horrors of actual warfare, or crushed and broken by the economic disaster that follows in its wake. An anti-war novel with a background of peace conditions only would be an unthinkable thing—or, what is worse for fiction, . . . it would be a pointless thing. Whereas true anti-military fiction can, or indeed *must* have a background of peace conditions. It has no interest in war as such at all, it aims at portraying the effect of the military spirit on society and the individual during times of peace.

However, if this article is to be written at all, or at least, if it is to interest readers of fiction written in the English language, we must stretch a point and include anti-war fiction as well as that which is strictly anti-military. For—and in view of recent events the fact is not without considerable interest—there is little or no anti-military fiction in the narrower sense written anywhere except in Germany. Some of the great Russians, notably Tolstoy in *Resurrection,* touch effectively on the theme. And some French writers give striking glimpses of conditions which tend to make the reader think in these channels. England and America, while furnishing much notable anti-war fiction, have nothing at all of purely anti-military tendency to show. A line or two in some book

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or play, as in the *Warrens of Virginia,* by W. C. DeMille, for instance, and the echoes of German militarism touched on in Beulah Dix's charming novel, *Mother's Son,* are all that come to mind for the moment as showing the evil influence of army ethics apart from war.

But the effect on the development of the individual, and through him on society at large, of the growth of the military spirit in Germany has long allured some of the best and keenest literary observers of that nation. It is only natural. The thing is there and is not to be avoided by any one who dwells under the German flag. Militarism forms a colourful background for life and literature in Germany—the usual magazine story could not get along without it. But among the finer type of writers there are many who do not merely accept and admire this big factor in the national life. And any one courageous enough to voice his opposing opinions in fiction finds a wide and eager circle of readers, showing that he has given expression to the thought that was in many minds. But it is a dangerous thing to do, for while it may bring much approval it will also bring down the wrath of official opposition on the head of the venturesome poet. He must therefore use the very finest art and the widest human appeal would he escape condemnation or excommunication.

Arthur Schnitzler, the clever Viennese dramatist and novelist, has shown his anti-militarism beyond a doubt, and at considerable risk to himself, in several short stories and notably in the play *Freiwild.* This play so keenly characterised the danger into which the spirit of militarism is leading the individual that before the date set for its performance the very thing that was the theme of the play, the deliberate killing of a civilian by an officer on a point of "military honour," occurred in actuality and made the play the sensation of its season. Otto Erich Hartleben in *Rosen-Montag,* and A. F. Beyerlein in *Zapfenstreich,* have both chosen daringly to portray the conflict of a man's military training and position with the instincts of common decency which might be supposed to actuate the ordinary mortal. In human stories that touch the heart, they show how it is impossible for a man to be a soldier and an honourable man, according to the human conception of the term, at one and the same time. Hartleben's play possesses the greater literary distinction of the two. But Beyerlein's play, crude in some ways, has tremendous acting value. It is characteristic for our—fortunate—lack of understanding of the dangers of militarism that when this play was given in New York under the title of *Taps* the adapter calmly lets the old Sergeant kill his daughter's betrayer. This harmless little alteration completely invalidates the entire sense of the drama. For the author intended to point home to us the fact that a father who is a soldier cannot do what nine out of every ten other fathers would have done in his place—kill his daughter's betrayer—because the man in the case is his superior officer.

A book which made a sensation at the time of its appearance and is possibly the most complete revelation of what militarism means, is the story *In a Little Garrison,* by Lieutenant Bilse. It is a loosely constructed story of very little literary value, but the truth of the pictures it portrays aroused the country. The writer, a young officer of noble birth (Bilse is a pseudonym), had already resigned from the army knowing what the effect of his book would be. Hermann Sudermann, in *Fritzchen,* touches this dangerous theme lightly but surely, and a line or two, or a character or two, in his other works show us his point of view.

The most famous example of anti-war fiction was also written by a German. Baroness Bertha von Suttner won the Nobel Peace Prize for her book, *Die Waffen Nieder,* which has come to be looked upon as the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the peace movement. She does not touch on militarism except in its influence in keeping a war spirit alive in a nation, but her book still remains a classic description of the effect of war upon the individual and society. Emile Zola's

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great book, *Le Débacle,* will also remain a classic of anti-war fiction. There was at the time of its appearance possibly no novel which so plainly showed the attitude of the man in the ranks in a conflict between modern nations. When one has read it, the picture of the men blundering onward through a mist of deadly fatigue, ill-fed, ill-clothed, never resting, welcoming the rain of bullets as a relief from the continual marching, and not knowing what in the world it is all about or why they are doing it, . . . remains in the mind with a haunting insistence that does not dull for weeks. The thinking ones among them realise as a further thrust of agony that after all if there are any benefits to be gained by what they are going through, they will be the last ones to feel them. The intoxication of awakening primitive savagery, which is the only thing that makes the hell of an actual modern battle possible to endure, is shown in all its brutality, unadorned by any of the stereotyped ideas of the "fervour of patriotism," or whatever the beautiful phrases are which we hear so proudly uttered by those well out of the firing line.

Stephen Crane, a writer too soon forgotten but not deserving that fate, gives us in *The Red Badge of Courage,* a picture of our own Civil War which reproduces with astonishing vigour the point of view of Zola's book. In spite of many novels of that class written since then, Crane's book still comes nearest to Zola's in its virility and honesty. Alfred Noyes, in a recent epic, *The Wine Press,* does not in any way improve on the pictures drawn by these two writers. But through his chosen medium of verse he has been able to sum up in quotable lines the thoughts that are coming to every one now. One of the finest of his phrases is

> Out of the obscene seas of slaughter

and again he expresses in a single stanza the thing which gives the main theme of both the Zola and the Crane books.

> It seemed that some gigantic hand
> Behind the veils of sky
> Was driving, herding, all these men
> Like cattle into a cattle pen,
> So few of them could understand,
> So many of them must die.

Katrina Trask has given us in the verse-play, *In the Vanguard,* a picture of the battlefield and at the same time a picture of the courage that it takes for one man, when he has realised that what he is doing is nothing but a legalised form of murder, to turn out of the "obscene seas of slaughter" and refuse to add to them. H. G. Wells, in a recent book, *The World Set Free,* deals with the horrors of a super-modern armed conflict at the end of the twentieth century when engines of destruction yet undreamed of are in use. It is all too fantastic and too far away in spirit, however, to bring the lesson home. But it gains a superficial actuality through the fact that the operations of the, not further designated Central European Power (which, however, is plainly Germany), lead over the territory between Louvain, Longwy and Namur, now actually occupied by the German army.

This same sense of actuality gives an added interest to a little book just published. It is a translation under the title of *The Human Slaughter House,* of the work of a German school-teacher, Wilhelm Lamzsus. It was written two years ago, but it foresees a conflict between France and Germany and portrays the fate of a simple little clerk drawn into the army. It is a short but very telling picture of human suffering and misery, with a very human understanding of the brutal hypocrisy of it all. A rather amusing touch is given to the book, however, by the fact that the writer seems to approve of war in its old-fashioned man-to-man type of fighting, but abhors the cruel inconsistency of it with machine guns and bomb-dropping aeroplanes.

A new American book published last April gains an added interest through the developments of this summer, although it is strong enough as a piece of writing to stand on its own feet. This

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is the story *The Last Shot,* by Frederick Palmer, a veteran war correspondent. A long lifetime of dealing with war and military matters has shown this man what an anachronism they both are in a civilisation which would claim to be civilised. With his knowledge of the subject, he too can point to the present conflict as having been foreseen in his story. To the thoughtful reader, knowing something of how the press can be manipulated, and the public aroused to a screaming enthusiasm, that part of the book which deals with the unseen pulling of wires to prepare for war is fascinating. Anybody who knows anything of the effect of modern guns, and of the new forces in the air upon human flesh and blood, might have written some of the other parts of the book. Although this is no belittling of the tremendous picture as drawn by Mr. Palmer.

But the conversation in Chapter VIII between the Chief of Staff and the Premier of the nation which is waiting to take the aggressive, is unique in its fearlessness and in its revelations of the personal ambition of one or two; ambition which is still, in some of the civilised countries, powerful to send hundreds and thousands of men to a horrible death and plunge a whole country into economic disaster. One wonders whether some of the sentences, expressing the thoughts and designs of the two men concerned, might not have been actually used by the rulers of the powers now at war. After discussing the use of the press as a power to manipulate public opinion and bring about enthusiasm for a war which the people do not want at all—only they must be made to *think* they want it—the Premier asks the Chief when they shall time the declaration of war.

"Declarations of war before striking, by nations taking the aggressive, are at a disadvantage," Westerling exclaimed, "they are going out of practice. In these days declarations are not necessary as a warning of what is going to happen. They belong to the etiquette of fencers."

"Yes, exactly. The declaration of war and the Ambassador's passports will be prepared and a wire that fighting has been begun will release them," agreed the Premier. "Another thing, there is the question of the opinion of the world as represented by The Hague and Peace Societies. This government has always expressed sympathy with their ideas."

"Naturally," Westerling put in. "We shall use hand grenades, explosives from dirigibles, every known power of destruction. So will the enemy, you may be sure. In such a cataclysm we shall have no time for niceties. The Peace Societies will have hardly formulated their protests to The Hague before the war is over. Our answer will be our victory.

This is only a part of the finesse of intrigue, the keenness of understanding —for everything except the fact that in the end it is human flesh and blood that has to stand the brunt of it and the economic loss no matter which side wins. A charming little sentence which will appeal to the newspapers is the following:

Our very liberality in giving news to the press will help us to cover the military secrets we desire to preserve.

How much the so-called "heroism" we hear so much of in war counts for, is shown by the giving of the Bronze Cross to little Peterkin, the valet's son, and the story of how he won it. There is a little of anti-militarism in this book, too, in the narrower sense. It is shown in the attitude of a thinking man, forced into military life by family tradition, toward his profession, and also in the description of its effect on the mind of a brilliant youth lacking mental balance to coördinate his many good qualities. The former objects to the profession chosen for him because of its unreality, "All your work waits on war, and you don't know that there will be any war. It waits on something that nobody wants to happen."

There is no doubt that Mr. Palmer's book will have an increased sale from the pressure of momentary events. But even had these events not happened it would still be included as a notable re-

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cent example of the class of books we are discussing.

Like the soldier's work, anti-war fiction waits on war. For it is very hard to get the average reader to realise conditions that are not likely, as he sees it, to take place within his lifetime. And anti-military fiction, as we have seen, needs the pressure of an overbearing militarism as the most conspicuous factor in the national life to bring it out. But in spite of these limitations, there is a growing tendency in our fiction to deal with this subject and to point out that war and militarism are anachronisms fraught with danger to the modern state. While works of non-fiction touch on all sides of the subject, the tendency of fiction seems to be the endeavour to prove the fallacy of certain stock phrases used as conversational crutches by those who have done no thinking at all about the matter. But these phrases can be more dangerous than most of their kin among mental props. And so all this fiction we have been discussing, when we come to the heart and core of it, trains all its guns on the "ennobling influence of war" idea, on the suggestion that a military life "brings out the manly qualities"; on what the press and official pamphlets term "the fine fervour of patriotism actuating our people," on the "Rally round the flag, boys" doctrine and all the rest of it. It aims to show the hollowness back of these high-sounding phrases, and to prove that they are used by a few to intoxicate the many who must pull the chestnuts out of the fire for these few. This is the keynote of the anti-military fiction, in both its subdivisions. And there are some examples of the class which possess a literary value that will ensure their outliving the decade of their creation.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II

The Passing of Capitalism

Extraordinarily confused is the question of what we are going to do with this world to make it a comfortable place of dwelling for all of us. You find quite amiable people who look forward with genuine satisfaction to the coming of a revolution which shall change everything. You find quite courageous souls who are perfectly satisfied with the manner in which things in general improve from year to year. But almost all of the people who do think are agreed that things are not as they should be; that education is either absurd or weightily inefficient; that under the present economic system—technically called "capitalism"—products do not get distributed as they should. Only—what is to be done?

Such is the condition of most earnest after-dinner talk—and such, precisely, is the condition of fiction, in the cases where individual dramas are seen against a background of general change.

Aside from *Tono-Bungay* of Mr. Wells, *The Iron Heel* of Mr. London, *The Jungle* of Mr. Sinclair, *The Chasm* of Mr. George Cram Cook, and a very few other novels, there are none that say out boldly, "Capitalism must pass, indeed already is passing, into collective ownership." But it is truly astonishing to find the number of slaps, tiny or resounding, at the vast monster of poverty which occur in even the lightest of modern novels, though often these are accompanied by a rather wistful bewilderment on the part of the slapper. No longer is there a Meredith to whom a mild feminism is thrillingly "advanced"; no longer does one take very seriously the belief of Hardy that his wretchedly beset characters are victims of inexplicable blind forces. The pure individualism of Wharton and James and Howells is out of the trend. It is Wells, Dreiser, Herrick, Walpole, to whom one turns for a complete criticism of life to-day—and in them one finds back of all the individual's actions a lowering background of People—people with clenched fists, people saying a great many impolite things, people highly discomforting the cultured and the nice by raucously demanding that they have some share in the purple and fine linen.

That Mr. H. G. Wells should be named first will be no surprise to a large

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number of connoisseurs of fiction. The somewhat perilous title of "the greatest living novelist" belongs as much to him as to any man living. And Mr. Wells terrifically sees this human spectacle in the group.

Tono-Bungay reveals to the reader to whom his own little tuppenny-ha'p'ny shop is still the centre of the universe a world that is composed entirely of just such short-sighted shopkeepers. His young man comes up to the Titanic London timidly believing that this great network must needs be governed by some supreme intelligence. How otherwise can there be a London County Council and innumerous homes? And he finds that the whole enormous city is simply a hodge-podge of clumsy inefficiency, with every man sharing that youthful faith that there is some central mind which takes care of everything—and consequently blithely leaving the care of Things in General to that beautifully omniscient (and quite as beautifully non-existent) Central Mind.

Tono-Bungay looks upon High Finance, upon Large Production and Keenly Competitive Industry and the Initiative of the Entrepreneur as nothing more or less than chance and inefficiency and intolerable cruelty to those upon whose chests Chance sets the lucky. Without ranting, without saying very much about Socialism, Wells goes the whole journey and convicts Capitalism of puerile cruelty to most people, leaving in the reader's mind a strong feeling that men are about done with leaving the conduct of things in general to little men in woollen undergarments who have made a fortune by the manufacture of injurious patent medicines. He leaves a strong desire to see men get together and act like men; try seriously (at least with some part of the seriousness which an office manager puts into the selection of rubber erasers) to find out what is the matter with the economic system, and remedy it.

Behind all the charming faults and painfully fatal little virtues of *Mr. Polly,* also, Mr. Wells shows Things in General being misconducted or not conducted. The foolish haberdashery where Mr. Polly accumulated poverty and indigestion is frankly the symbol o fall the State's activities. The barren shops which figure now as laundries, now as stationery shops, now as chemists' establishments, are pitiful makeshifts for a modern system of distribution, Mr. Wells assures us.

And when an author begins to attack the Modern System of Distribution he is head over heels in the strange heresy of Socialism, even though his diabolic intentions are veiled. If it were not now quite as lacking in smartness to quote Omar as it is to quote Tennyson, one might remark that Mr. Wells desires to "grasp this sorry scheme of things *entire.*" He should have sermons preached against him, for certainly his plan would stop nowhere short of taking every single man of us from our ruts—whether we be editors or oil magnates or floor-scrubbers—and turn us into part of a smoothly and consciously co-ordinated State. Which would doubtless be good for oil and editing and floor-scrubbing, but smack of Socialism and enmity to Capitalism.

Finally, in *The World Set Free,* that truly panoramic book, Mr. Wells shows the world doing just this thing; consciously co-ordinating the activities of the States; and Capitalism, the private control of manufacture and distribution, disappears with the Theory of Armaments, and all the rest of the good old belief that the best way to keep peace is to encourage large armies to fight.

Nor is *The World Set Free* any Utopian Romance; any echo of *Looking Backward,* or *News from Nowhere.* It is founded on real life as it is, at the time of this writing, being so desperately played out in Europe. There is one thing to be said for Capitalism. Under it, an H. G. Wells can be produced.

Tono-Bungay, as an intimate study of what finance means to the financier is, however, but a brief Christmas booklet compared with the work of our own Theodore Dreiser. The very fact that this admirable novelist sees in business an adventure, a romance, quite comparable to all the crusading and hand-kissing

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of hackneyed fiction, is an indication that men are no longer regarding business as "shop-keeping—unfit for a gentleman" but a very big emprise worthy of admiration or bitter attack.

To Frank Cowperwood, whose experiences so continue through Mr. Dreiser's *The Financier* and *The Titan* that these books are really one, there was adventure in collecting pictures and beautiful rooms and houses, greater adventure in collecting amorous experiences, but greatest experience in collecting varieties of financial power. He experimented with stocks in Philadelphia and, pioneering in Chicago in the days before it was a commanding metropolis, cornered gas, then traction. But never did he genuinely realise that his suave skill in controlling great industries meant life and death to a very large number of men. He paid his employees well enough—but only to avoid strikes; and that tribute he easily got back from "the people" by his professional skill in bribing legislators. He never considered them as a body of followers to whom he was in any wise responsible. Indeed, it is to be doubted if Mr. Dreiser much realises such a situation, himself. He very deeply, very dramatically, sees Frank Cowperwood as a man fighting and loving and winning and losing. But he very shallowly sees him as a part of a system. Nevertheless he cannot help so seeing him, to some extent. It stands upon page 519 of *The Titan:*

> But against (Cowperwood's supporters) were the preachers—poor wind-blown sticks of unreason who saw only what the current palaver seemed to indicate. Again there were the anarchists, socialists, single-taxers and public-ownership advocates. There were the very poor who saw in Cowperwood's wealth and in the fabulous stories of his New York home and of his art-collection a heartless exploitation of their needs. At this time the feeling was spreading broadcast in America that great political and economic changes were at hand—that the tyranny of iron masters at the top was to give way to a richer, freer, happier life for the rank and file. A national eight-hour-day law was being advocated, and the public ownership of public franchises. And here now was a great street-railway corporation, serving a population of a million and a half, occupying streets which the people themselves created by their presence, taking toll from all these humble citizens to the amount of sixteen or eighteen million dollars in the year and giving in return, so the papers said, no universal transfers (as a matter of fact, there were in operation three hundred and sixty-two separate transfer points) and no adequate tax on the immense sums earned. The working-man who read this by gas or lamp light in the kitchen or parlour of his shabby flat or cottage . . . felt himself to be defrauded of a portion of his rightful inheritance.

It is to be suspected that, throughout this long passage, Mr. Dreiser is speaking out his own mind only in the parenthesis which defends the generosity of the almost philanthropic company in granting transfers. It is probable that he genuinely admires Frank Cowperwood, quite as much for his rather perilous faults—such as a confusing carelessness with his neighbour's wife—as for his virtues of courage and good taste. But this same growing tendency on the part of the people to demand something for themselves is precisely that tendency which they who approve it call the "beginning of the downfall of capitalism" and which the comfortably propertied call "the growing unrest and ingratitude of the masses." The type of person who writes to a newspaper that he hopes no student-waiter will lose the caste mark of the collegian gentleman by taking a tip would deplore this tendency. But there it is, if the biggest, vitalest current fiction truly mirrors the hour, and you may do what you like—only do not overlook it.

It is quite essential for the capitalist to read *Tono-Bungay* and behold how blithely Mr. Wells conceives the great financier as a clumsy player of ping-pong. It is quite essential for the Socialist to read *The Financier* and *The Titan* and see how romantic a figure is the pirate of finance to Mr. Dreiser. And it is quite

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essential for the reader too unimportant to have either label to read both and discover that fiction is no longer like the home life of our dear Queen.

Next to Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Robert Herrick has most interestingly pictured finance—though in the picture of industry-in-general doubtless Mr. Frank Norris surpassed them both. In his very latest book, *Clark's Field,* Mr. Herrick fascinatingly traces the rake's progress which is society's reward to a family for the social virtue of holding a field which they could not sell. That field, once an inferior pasture near to Boston (which city Mr. Herrick remarkably disguises by calling it "B———"), becomes a nest of tenements, worth thousands a front foot. The accruing money enables a very inferior type of young heiress to buy a parasite husband, spoils her life, and her husband's, and every one's whom it touches, and never brings happiness to one of the bedraggled workers who toss at night in the airless tenement rooms over the old "Clark's field." After a close-knit chronicle of the gradual awakening of the heiress to the fact that she had neither right to, nor joy in, the money from the field, Mr. Herrick does not suggest any very deep-reaching solution of that oldest of questions regarding sociology, "But what can we do?" He would have her erect a market, give the tenement-dwellers something of a chance. But nothing more.

Despite this failure to suggest a wider solution (which is probably quite intentional on Mr. Herrick's part; he has long dwelt in Chicago, and such solutions as single-tax and Socialism are not, we may safely conclude, unknown to that city) he does place the problem strikingly before the reader. And not for the first time.

Already, in *A Life for a Life* he had burningly declared that the ingenious capitalists, with their cleverness at forming companies and their stupidity at being human beings, had no conceivable right to their mines, their banks, their railroads, and no real skill in their conduct. He—the efficient university instructor—had mocked bitterly the complacent university president who lets his right hand know precisely what his left is doing in order that both hands may be busily gathering in funds from rich philanthropists. He—the well-received—had in *A Life for a Life* presented wealthy society as stupid and inexcusable. Again, there is no real solution presented; no propaganda urged; but a terribly earnest picture of capitalism as a thing that should, must, will pass.

And in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen* Mr. Herrick finds a pork-packer, a would-be sincere and honest financier, blind to the rest of the world and its needs; giving up all human interests for ambition. Very cleverly, he tells the story in the first person, but wherever he gives the pork-packer's own version of his philosophy of finance, the sharp watcher may spy Mr. Herrick's mocking smile behind the pork-packer's broad shoulder.

Into *The Memoirs of an American Citizen,* as also into his *One Woman's Life* enters a remembrance of the Haymarket Riot. That incident seems to haunt every writer who mentions Chicago. It appears in *The Bomb,* by Mr. Frank Harris, of course; in Mr. Dreiser's *The Titan;* and a low echo of its explosion is heard in half a dozen other books. It was an expression of this movement which threatens the passing of capitalism—whether or no it shall effect that passing.

These novels of Chicago seem nearly all of them to be tinged with a thoughtfulness about real life. Take, for example, that very excellent recent novel, *The Precipice,* by Miss Elia W. Peattie. Take *The Pit;* which brings one to Frank Norris.

Unlike Mr. Herrick, Mr. Norris did, apparently, have a definite solution of the social confusion. As expressed at the end of *The Octopus,* his solution is that we must take all the apparent injustice of the world as necessary friction of progress. Now that is, of course, a quite tenable view. It is comforting to the capitalist. But in general *The Octopus*

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is not at all comforting to the capitalist. It makes us believe that injustice is everywhere prevalent and not at all to be tolerated as necessary friction. It shows men battling for fields properly theirs. It makes us rage at the power given dirty little agents of the bigger powers. Broad and visualisable as is its picture of the great San Joaquin valley, it is broader in its picture of the human men and women who are crushed in order that the San Joaquin may have a railway.

Probably Frank Norris was not essentially what is called a "radical." Probably he could find capitalism the system that its fortunate adherents claim it to be—the only sensible means of getting things really done. But nevertheless he takes one into the hearts of crushed men so successfully that one stops to think what the meaning of capitalism is—a process equally recommended as favourable and fatal to capitalism.

Gone is Frank Norris; McTeague has staggered to his death; the tentacles of the Octopus are still; but to-day, in the year of Tagore and the siege of Liège, young men are still discovering *The Octopus,* and, reading it, asking themselves the why and how of Society-in-General. And if enough young men do that we shall have something—it may be a new capitalism, it may be an autocracy, it may be a complete anarchism, but it will be a condition of society in which such men as they of the San Joaquin shall not reap thistles.

Gone, perhaps, is Mr. Upton Sinclair, too, for to-day one hears of him not as a novelist but as an experimenter in diet, and as a revolutionist who is either a complete traitor or a quiet hero, depending on your economic theories. But Mr. Sinclair did one novel which first gave an almost painfully brilliant picture of life in brogans, and unhesitatingly suggested Socialism as a remedy—*The Jungle.* (Note, by the way, that *The Jungle,* too, was a tale of Chicago.) It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon either the strength of his presentation or the terms of his solution. They are classic. And his later novels, such as *The Millionaire,* followed their example.

Less well known, perhaps because it is very new, is *Midstream,* by Will Levington Comfort, published this year of international disgrace, 1914. Here is a criticism not merely of the poverty-producing economic system but of all the phases of life. Society as we make it, declares Mr. Comfort, who dares to give his own real experiences as an example of what society can do, is the most perfectly inefficient thing that could be conceived by a great diabolic philosopher. The schools teach vacuity; the offices, crudeness; the army, brutality. The conception of capitalism scarce enters *Midstream,* however; and Mr. Comfort's profoundly believed solution lies in one's own development of a creative will, and in the love of good women.

But Mr. George Cram Cook, whose *The Chasm* is not so widely known as it should be, and as it certainly will be when Mr. Cook follows it with another so good a novel, joins with *The Jungle* in a perfectly definite declaration that Socialism is the solution. He does not, like Mr. Sinclair, dwell greatly on the misfortunes of the poor, except at the end of the book, where the American heroine finds herself mixed up in the Russian revolution. Rather, it is his purpose to show what is technically known as the "class-conscious worker"; the man of strong hands, not afraid of overalls, who reads wise books and speaks out his demands. *The Chasm* has been condemned as propagandist; it has been defended as significant; has been praised for the splendour of its picture of love between a girl of the classes and a real man; but no matter how it is taken, one is not likely to forget, after reading it, that there is a group of men who, right or wrong, demand social co-operation with a voice that shall be heard.

With *The Chasm* one associates Miss Susan Glaspell's second novel, *The Visioning.* Here, too, is the growth of class consciousness. The particular point of attack on the social system is in a picture of the army as a perfectly useless body of men who might—as foresters or canal-builders, say—be very useful.

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And, curiously, Chicago again enters into these thoughtful romances, though most of the action in both books transpires in the Tri-Cities—Davenport, Rock Island and Moline. Both show the Midwest as a place of ferment—ferment intellectual and material. Both are in delightful contrast to the knights and artists and motorists of average fiction. For both show real life.

And does it not by now seem that practically every writer—certainly in America and to some extent in England—who is gravely seeking to present the romance of actual life as it is to-day, must perforce show capitalism as a thing attacked, passing—whether the writer lament or rejoice or merely complain at that passing? Few of them have any very clear idea of how the passing is to occur; as to what is to take its place. And now more than ever, with the European war shaking all the belief of the International Socialists in their might, one wonders what and how and why and when. Yet there it is, in nearly every seeing writer of to-day—an attack on capitalism.

Naturally, the few writers just mentioned are but a tiny proportion of the men and women doing significant work, and reacting to this matter of changing economics. Take the sharp convictions of Leroy Scott and Ernest Poole, who add, both of them, to a delightful dramatic sense a stern belief in the coming revolution (a revolution probably bloodless, they believe). Take that marvellous picture of the new class-conscious woman *Comrade Yetta,* by Albert Edwards.

There is in *Comrade Yetta* no vague and rambling picture of a "new woman"; no yearning presentation of a woman who wants to go away from any particular Here to some magic and mythical There, to study painting or do anything else that shall keep her from housework. *Comrade Yetta* is no pleasantly illusive picture of a lady with a "temperament" written by a lady who hopes that her own divine restlessness will be recognised in the heroine. Rather, Yetta is a fighter; one who talks not at all about temperament, but a good deal about the conditions of industry, and does that talking not in scented studios, but on the hard streets during a strike. Little Yetta is a Jew of Jews, a revolutionist of revolutionists, yet a woman of women; leading her girls in the shirtwaist strike, and loving her Jewish journalist husband like a real woman.

Mr. Edwards in his picture devotes no great amount of space to a discussion of what the result of all this struggling is to be. But it is apparent that he believes some form of co-operation to be the only final solution. He presents the sweat-shop proprietor as being quite as much a victim of conditions as the girls who work for him. And, best of all, he presents both sides as real human beings. But no matter how he presents them, no matter how little he says of "capitalism," that word is the half-visible water-mark on every page of the book.

Jack London's is a name which, of course, must be thoughtfully remembered in a consideration of this sort. Though adventure is the thing for which most of his books are remembered, in such novels as *The Iron Heel* and *The Valley of the Moon,* in such short stories as "South of the Slot" one finds an unflinching opposition to large private ownership; a wonderful feeling of companionship with the man in his shirt sleeves; a grateful lack of patronage toward what even the most sympathetic writers are very often inclined to regard as "the lower classes."

In the new writers, the men of one book, the problem is not neglected. Take, for instance, Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien, in whose *New Men for Old* is a keenly felt abhorrence for tricky business. Take still more the young English writers.

There is Hugh Walpole who, after a series of such charming novels as *Fortitude* and *The Gods and Mr. Perrin* and *The Prelude to Adventure,* novels with the magic of beauty, impregnated with a love of the sea beating on the Cornish cliffs, has at length in his latest novel, *The Duchess of Wrexe,* found his great-

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est task in watching the changing social condition, watching the fires they're building in the Grand Duke's woods. There is Mr. Oliver Onions—who attests to the importance of the present struggle by opposing it. In his trilogy, concluding with *The Story of Louie,* Mr. Onions devoted himself to the individual drama; but now, in *Gray Youth* he is seen turning all his attention to the forces that demand change. Socialism—feminism—eugenics—he attacks them all, with a vigour which indicates their importance. Such changes Mr. Compton Mackenzie sees in *Youth's Encounter;* such does Mr. Gilbert Cannan portray in *Old Mole.* Of all that remarkable group of young Englishmen there are scarce two who do not watch—sometimes anxiously, sometimes with bewilderment—the social drama which is so much greater than the individual drama, and find in it matter to colour all their pages. (Yellow, some call the colour, and some find it an inspiriting red; but there it is!)

This catalogue would, of course, be ludicrous without a consideration, direct or implied, of Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad, Hardy, Kipling, Shaw, Chesterton, George Moore. And, except for Hardy and Moore, there is not one of these men who has not seen the matter of the power—and the possible future downfall—of capitalism as a tremendous factor in their characters' individual lives. Even Conrad, the seafaring, writes of anarchists. Even Kipling, the god of the cold bath and morning gallop and other imperialistic habits, by his very anxiety in defending the soldiers of the empire, betrays a belief that there is rather a large number of strange persons who are interested in no empire short of an international one.

As for Galsworthy, with his *Strife* and the uneasy interest of nearly every character in the changing world, and Bennett with his great gallery of plain working people, to both of them the glory of the Classes is gone; the time of the Common People has come. Marvellous is the picture of the "average man" in *Clayhanger.* And the recognition of the average man is bound to give that man a desire to try his hand at running things. And that desire, carried far enough, is likely to be disastrous to capitalism.

When, near the beginning of *Clayhanger,* Mr. Bennett suggests that Clayhanger's education has been an entirely useless and worthless training in non-existent theories, he is going very far in attacking Things as They Are.

Naturally, any one with a little time for reading and a certain amount of ingenuity can find many giant names to back up an assertion opposite to my thesis, and declare as plausibly as Chesterton that most important writers regard the passing of capitalism as a Utopian dream. Bennett himself, in a little book just published, called *The Author's Craft,* strongly advises the literary-minded to keep away from circles where the discussion of reform is the chief business of life.

But summing them all up, going from real observer to real observer, it may be contended that practically every thoughtful writer of to-day sees behind the individual dramas of his characters a background of coming struggle which shall threaten the very existence of this status called capitalism. Approve or disapprove—there's the struggle, mirrored in fiction.

Sinclair Lewis.

III

The Feminist Movement

Ambroise Thomas, the distinguished French musician, poet and critic, upon hearing one of Chaminade's compositions, said, "This is not a woman who composes, but a composer who is a woman." It was a real tribute and a clever phrasing. But that was back in the eighties. To-day such a remark would fall somewhat flat. The women have educated us into thinking of them first as human beings—as artists, musicians, teachers, clerks, stenographers, factory workers, or what not and only secondarily as specialised sex factors. It is a change of attitude to which perhaps only those in the centres of the disturbance—in the big cities, in the more progressive communities of the

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Far-West, and in the co-educational universities—are as yet in any degree accustomed. But the idea grows apace and with a rapidity in the last few years that probably surprises even the most sanguine of its promoters. It is, however, only superficially a rapid change. For many decades the world in its obstinate way has been preparing for the new idea, and to those early pioneers, Fanny Wright, Julia Ward Howe, Olive Schreiner, and many more comparatively unknown heroes, the struggle of those long, unyielding years must have seemed disheartening enough. But at last feminism, in all the gathered strength of cumulative disappointment, has come upon us somewhat in the manner of the roaring lion of scriptural fame. For like all great changes in human thought, it is more of a revolution than an evolution, the Fabians to the contrary notwithstanding. And that this great movement, this changing human attitude, is reflected in the novel writing of the day is a fact that is forced upon the most casual fiction reader. Indeed, novel after novel has appeared dealing with the feminist question, some purely emotional in their appeal, some written obviously as propaganda. The books mentioned in the following discussion have been selected mainly with the view of considering the woman question in fiction from as many different angles as possible and one who reads these authors will see the feminist agitation in many of its diverse phases.

Like all great movements for human betterment, the feminist movement has had and is having its victims as well as its martyrs, the former composed of the old, conservative element, immune to progress, their whole lives devoted to maintaining that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them. Many of this latter class, failing to adjust themselves to the march of progress, find themselves adrift in a new world that seems to them without standards and without honour—a world in which they are derelicts, intellectually, socially and sometimes economically. And they present one of the tragedies of our time. *Hagar,* by Mary Johnston, a book of the deepest sincerity, is a good and interesting exposition of this tragic side of the feminist movement. Colonel Ashendeyne, of the pronounced Southern gentleman type, the apotheosis of the best in the old order, fights unrelentingly and uncompromisingly for the ideals of his race. His daughter-in-law, Maria, is a victim of this old order. Forced into dependency, into inaction and apparent submissiveness under a cruel, unjust position, she feels at the same time the early promptings of rebellion. But, bred under the mediæval conception of "woman's sphere," she lacks the strength, the force of character to free herself, and between the Scylla of the Ashendeyne compulsion and the Charybdis of her own unrelieved impulses to rebel, she goes under. In contrast is her daughter, Hagar, a rebel from her early youth and a regretful source first of extreme annoyance and later of bitter sorrow and grief to the Colonel and his family. For Hagar with her inquiring mind, her discriminating sense of morality, her spiritual vision, determines to become self-supporting, develops into a famous writer and suffrage worker and lives independently and freely in her own establishment. The Colonel, unyielding to the end, disowns her and all her family reproach her bitterly; but economically free, socially a part of another world, Hagar rises on the tide of progress, a success and a leader toward the new social order, while the Colonel and his family without physical (other than Hagar) or moral issue, become a sacrifice to the progress of the race. It is a true tragedy—not physical of course, but moral, spiritual—occasioned by the Colonel's very being and wreaking itself out upon the Colonel's existence, his happiness, his hopes, and all the things to which he gave his life. The Colonel is a very pathetic and a very real character (more so than the other people in the book) and Miss Johnston has succeeded, through him, in depicting one of the results, one of the phases of the feminist movement as well as one of the causes of the women's rebellion. As such, and

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outside of the story-interest, weighted down with propaganda though it be, and with an obvious effort to force her characters to prove her ends, her book has undoubted value in creating sentiments in favour of the cause she espouses, and value in a lesser degree as an exposition of a present condition in social life. While the Colonel and his kind, however, have been found ever in the past as barriers to progress, they are in their particular variation but a passing phenomenon and with their passing will probably go Miss Johnston's book. Before putting the volume down, the present reviewer cannot but express a regret that Hagar, the heroine, should have married. Under present conditions, especially as described in Hagar's case, it took a woman of extraordinary force of character, ability and idealism to break away from her environment and assert her individuality. Indeed, she is described as being this peculiar kind of woman and so she would seem to belong to that class for whom their altruistic impulse finds expression in their work and accomplishments rather than in family life. They are sometimes known as "chance variations," sometimes perhaps more accurately as the "intermediate sex," and from their ranks are drawn the social leaders, poets, priests, and dreamers of the race. As one of this class, it seems unnecessary, inharmonious, that Hagar should marry. Miss Johnston might well have devoted another book (for which we should all be glad) to her effort to show that the "new woman" is quite ready for marriage!

As a presentation of the obstacles before the feminist, of the suffering, inhumanity and martyrdom awaiting the suffrage leader *Julia France and Her Times* is an illuminating illustration. Of course the most virulent phase of the movement is handled—militancy in England—and for those who know little of the militant movement and sympathise with it less, *Julia France* will explain many things. Unfortunately a great amount of the book is devoted to getting Julia into the right frame of mind to become a militant leader, and the author takes this opportunity of relating many of the social and legal wrongs under which English women are labouring. But if we can keep the main purpose of the book in view through the preliminary, loose-jointed chapters, the *motif* of the work will finally develop to full satisfaction and we find Julia plunged into the midst of the militant mélee, going through all the experiences, vividly described, which have shocked and to a large measure disgusted the civilised world. Mrs. Atherton takes the matter most seriously and does her best to arouse sentiment in favour of the women "martyrs." There is a strong plot, and after Julia undergoes enough tribulations for several melodramas there is a supposedly happy ending. Notwithstanding, however, the virility of the story, its earnestness and sincerity, its scope and depth, the unprejudiced reader must feel on the whole that the case for militancy is not seriously strengthened by Mrs. Atherton's book.

A book of quite another type is *The Salamander,* by Owen Johnson. It would seem to have little to do with the feminist movement, and yet this book is an indication, a symptom, of a public attitude that bears directly on the position of woman. Mr. Johnson says that his public will resent being told of an ugly truth even though they are quite aware of it, but that his character of the Salamander is true and a real type of the city's femininity. Whether it is a true type or not (and it would seem a vastly exaggerated "truth") the fact remains that Mr. Johnson and a multitude of his readers as well as many who have never heard of his book, believe that such a type as the Salamander exists and flourishes, and because of their belief and because of the increased activity of women they have taken a decidedly unfavourable view of the whole woman's movement. A large part of the thinking world is in the pitiable condition of having lost its cherished illusions of womanhood in the mass, the illusion fostered in the age of chivalry and hugged in smug satisfaction ever since—that woman is a superior,

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fragile, angelic thing to whom all homage must be paid, a being unfit for a share in the toil of the world, unfit to lend a hand in the great occupations of guiding, guarding and promoting the activities of mankind, an ethereal creature, gentle, kind and always noble, always honourable. This conception reached its climax in mid-Victorian literature; it has attained its anti-climax in Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*. Now there is little doubt that the author of *Stover at Yale* has "written down" in doing a thing like *The Salamander*. Be that as it may, Mr. Johnson is the first modern writer to give us a heroine without idealisation —a woman with her soul bared to the world, stripped of the cloak of illusion with which our heritage from chivalry has clothed her. And so this book indicates that there are many people in the world to-day thinking and believing as its author thinks and believes, and in so far as Mr. Johnson has brought into terms of consciousness a vague and generally sub-conscious attitude, he has performed a service to society. Doubtless while woman's position continues in its present transitional stage there will be many more books as disgusting as *The Salamander,* true and justified or not as the reader may believe, but it is quite possible to hope that when women have "found themselves" in the new world and have definitely established a new basis, there will be little justification and less demand for fiction of the Salamander type.

Idle Wives, by James Oppenheim, is a sympathetic, truly artistic and charmingly human story such as we have learned to expect from Mr. Oppenheim. But it is more than that: it is a plea for freedom for development for the modern woman, married or unmarried. The theme of the story is that a woman should have social approbation and support in developing her own personality and gifts to their fullest powers, and negatively stated, that she should not be regarded as property in the marriage relation or disgraced by errors committed outside of marriage. This theme is developed along two contrasted lines: first, the idle wife of the upper middle class who succeeds in breaking through conventions, discovering and developing her capacities for social service and finally in winning back her happiness on a sound basis of mutual growth; and secondly the girl of the slums who, oppressed by poverty but eager for the joys of living, lives her life in the only way possible to her—the common one of tragedy—until with assistance she breaks through her environment to find happiness. Mr. Oppenheim's familiar theory of blaming the ills of the world to poverty is outlined in the observations of one of his characters, put into the book largely for that purpose. In its relation to the feminist movement the book may be regarded as an emotional expression of the growing demand among the "idle wives" for a place in the world, an individuality of their own, an opportunity to take a vital share in the world's work. It does not go deeply into fundamental causes, it does not deal much in philosophies, yet it presents a picture of struggling humanity, of passionate and groping longings, that arouses one's sympathies and is likely to enlist one's support.

Of an analogous theme, in that it is a plea for "self-expression" of the modern woman, is *The Precipice,* by Elia W. Peattie. A much larger canvas, a variety of figures, a variety of colours, it yet results in much the same thing—freedom for woman to develop her own individuality. The author seems to understand the problems that confront all kinds of young women of to-day, and she seems also to have tried to put into her work a separate character for every problem with which she is familiar; and when her characters become too intricate, their problems too deep, the interposition of fate kindly puts an end to their activities and disposes of the matter for the perplexed author! It is a book of problems and a book of tragedy; it is frank and fearless and thought-provoking, but it leaves the reader with a mass of ill-assorted impressions and with few definite opinions. The one problem that seems carried

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through to a conclusion is the solution of the conflict in the heroine's mind between the temptation of a great career and the call of married life. This is the big lesson of the book, and the solution of these two opposing appeals rests in the heroine's deciding simply—to combine them! It does not seem a satisfying conclusion, especially as the husband is to live in the Rockies and the wife in Washington, D. C. However, we are led to understand that later circumstances may improve in this respect. *The Precipice* is like the woman movement of to-day: it is uncertain of its ground, its problems have not as yet been solved, its theories are untested, its stage is one of transition with all the tragic that such a period involves. *The Precipice* is significant of to-day; to-morrow it will be antiquated.

So from whatever side we view "feminism"—the tragic as in *Hagar,* the disillusionising as in *The Salamander,* the prophetic as in *Idle Wives*—the one salient fact that forces itself upon the observer is that feminism is fundamentally a sincere effort for human betterment, the result of an economic and social shift perhaps, but all the more necessary and sincere because of it. And because of its sincerity and fundamentally sound basis, it will accomplish its work, possibly in its result far different from anything anticipated by its promoters; yet we can know that in the human drama it will play its allotted part in bringing the race one step further in the unfolding of its better nature.

G. G. Wyant.

IV

The Æsthetic and Moral Renaissance

Every hundred years or so an inspired leader or group of leaders penetrates to the extreme boundaries of human life and draws a new circumference. Life has overflowed its old limits; they break down, and a new morality is necessary. A sense of intrinsic rightness—the æsthetic sense—demands a destruction of false barriers. For a while the new boundary represents aspiration; when in turn the expansion of life makes it an obstruction another renaissance takes place, a still wider circle is drawn.

Our innate sense of what is right and beautiful in life is now forcing us to such an expansion. The relations of men and women to each other, to the creation of beauty, to the race life itself, are assuming wider forms. Three novelists have given particularly significant interpretations of this tendency. It would be difficult to sense the new flood of life more keenly than in their creations. Galsworthy, Wells, Rolland—these men especially are giving expression to our new force of art and living.

Nobody ever wrote a book with less social or moral purpose than Galsworthy's *The Dark Flower.* It turns no argument, it attempts to prove nothing. It stands there, a perfectly designed piece of sculpture in emotion. To call it immoral is as futile as to call it moral. It is æsthetically right, that is all. Why, then, discuss it in an article on social changes?

Imagine the mood of a man who could have written the novel. He must have laid aside temporarily all rancours, all haste, all the pettiness and dust of the world. He must have broken that shell of cares and small obligations which insulates the consciousness of the busy man. He must have become quite simple, quite open to true impressions, like a child on a mellow October afternoon. Then the character of Mark Lennan could have come to him, since it is so like his own mood. Without arrogance or deception of any kind, here is a man of generous spirit, one who sees shapes and loves them for what they are—a sculptor of animals. How vivid are the things of the senses to Mark, yet how far from the merely sensual is his reaction to them! There is a holiness like the holiness of calm, deep music about him. Whether he is loving the smell of a clove pink, or the outline of a mountain, or the magic of a woman, he has the reverence that the great of spirit have for reality. There is a trueness in his sense of things, a sureness in his use of them.

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To write the love-life of this man must have aroused all the artist in Galsworthy! The three episodes are infinitely moving, infinitely tragic, and yet infinitely joyous to the reader, because they are so true—not in the sense of being "true to life" in a meticulous way, but true like a tone from a Stradivarius played by a master. Each of the women is as genuine in her nature as is Mark. There are no creakings of machinery in them, no partial functionings of a stunted spirit, none of the sordid contractions of insincerity or servility to ready-made standards, that mar most love affairs. The women are not alike in external ways, each is individualised and interesting. But like instruments tuned, they make harmony with him.

Yet the book does not exist to relate three idyllic loves, to prettify passion. In each episode there are terrific storms, tragic defeats. External conditions intervene between the lovers. The first woman is married; also she is mature, while he is a boy. In "summer" he loves a woman of his own age, but she is, too, through a queer turn of fate, the property of another man. And in the last episode he himself is married, and nearly old enough to be the father of the flame-like little pagan who appeals to him so irresistibly.

What is the resultant feeling from the book? Hardly one of tragic futility; there is too profound a beauty in it. Nor does it arouse a very strong rebellion against artificial social conventions which prevent happiness, because inevitable conditions have their share in the prevention. No, it is that sense of æsthetic rightness about the whole book, about Mark, about the women he loved.

And that is just where the book touches our subject—touches it very closely. We appear to have learned again to value æsthetic rightness. It is fine that we should do so in art, tremendously hopeful that we should do so in life. The feeling that Mark's trueness, his genuine reactions to things, are infinitely greater and more worth while than the petty oppositions and restrictions which thwarted him, that Mark's way was richer in ultimate joy than non-spiritual selfishness and devotion to the thumb-rules of conduct—this feeling may work genuine miracles! Æsthetic rightness in human action is the great vision of *The Dark Flower*.

Wells attacks a subject in an utterly different way. He is inquiring, full of hypotheses and abstractions, occasionally argumentative. His sense of recognition, keen as it is, makes but a basis for experimentation and conclusion. Where *The Dark Flower* is the work of the sculptor, *The Passionate Friends* is the work now of the experimental scientist, now of the philosopher.

In this novel Wells uses his favourite formula of putting two characters in a situation typical of a modern problem, and then working out the situation as truthfully as he can, to see what light it throws on the problem. Instead of regarding conditions as fundamental, and focussing the attention on the drama produced by human action in those conditions, he regards all conditions, even human nature itself, as subject to change and improvement, and uses his drama merely as a means of finding out what that change should be. In the beginning a boy and girl, apparently perfect mates, are in love with each other. Neither is a fully developed personality, neither knows very much of the world as it is. And there is between them an unrecognised difference of temperament. His love, like the love of most men, contains a strong desire of exclusive possession, bodily and spiritual ownership. Mary and Stephen are fundamentally perfect comrades, free equals, but across this clear element blows the stormy gust of his grasping jealousy. To her their comradeship is the principal emotion.

He wishes to marry her, but he has no resources, and if he is to accomplish anything in the world beyond the importance of clerical drudgery, he must wait years for a marrying income. She sees, rightly, that to marry him under these circumstances would be to restrict both of them hopelessly, to destroy the

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very basis of their beautiful comradeship in hopes and expensive ideas. Bodily possession would be all they would get out of it. She would become his squaw, he would become a drudge.

In order to save them from that she marries an older man whom she does not love, a man who protests that, now he has attained success, he wishes an ornamental wife to preside over his domestic realm. He promises not to take bodily possession of her. She thinks that this is a solution of the question. Now she can continue her fine comradeship with Stephen, inspire him to success, and forego only the relatively unimportant possessive relationship. She thinks that she is free of both of them.

But Stephen, of course, cannot understand. He passionately resents what he calls her treachery, and goes away to war, where he remains several years.

When he returns, he has grown a good deal, and attempts to come to her terms. They try her way. But it does not work. In order to restrict their relation to friendship, he is encouraging himself to marry a younger girl, whom he loves as one would love a child. Mary also begins to encourage the plan. Then her jealousy breaks out, and they are swept away in a storm of physical passion. Possession, again, spoils comradeship. She can no more come with him this time without ruining his career than she could before. So their love remains an intrigue, and they are, of course, discovered.

From this point the struggle between the two men for the possession of Mary becomes intense. Mary, in order to save the finer part of her love, can never voluntarily run away with her lover. They would be hounded to a retired, profitless existence which could only embitter both. But Stephen is always the last to see this. Eventually Mary is torn between them; she comes to an impasse in which suicide is the only possible course.

Given the premises, the action of this novel is inevitable. We wish the action could have been different. Very well, then, let us destroy the most undesirable of the premises.

The finest, most beautiful thing in the book is the comradeship of Stephen and Mary. How could that have found its perfect expression? The first obstacle was the artificial state of society which at the same time made it necessary for Stephen to have so much money in order to marry Mary, and condemned him to such long poverty. If Mary could in some way have supported herself, either in marriage or out of it, she need neither have married the man she did nor refused Stephen. But she was an inert economic object, she must be bought and owned, like a beautiful vase. As she herself said later, her husband had "collected" her. First then, we must cease to regard women as objects of ownership, and we must cease to make them so in fact.

And the first obstacle is the last. In one form or another, this attitude toward sex relationships twists and wounds the best in people from one end of the book to the other. It makes love a matter of bodily jealousy rather than one of free and glorious giving and receiving. It informs public prejudice, so that a union of love cannot be substituted for a union of mere legal possession without public enmity and the ruining of lives. It makes the women who bow to it profoundly irresponsible. It creates a social poison which prevents a straight view of labour problems and other great questions. It makes of modern society an anomalous monster—in one way a vast family closely interdependent, in another way a vast number of mutually hostile men, each owning or wanting to own a woman, and fighting ruthlessly either to get her or to supply her with luxuries.

The Passionate Friends brings the æsthetic rightness of human relationships into sharp contrasts with the ugly things which our present morality often makes of them. It is a profound indictment of the morals of the outgoing state of society. The fact that this novel exists, the fact that it is seen to be true by great numbers of people, proves that we are in the beginning of a great moral change—a renaissance.

Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* is

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immensely wider and deeper than either *The Dark Flower* or *The Passionate Friends*. It is epic, it makes an attempt to include all life, all problems. In places it has the sensitive truth of Galsworthy, in other places it has the relentless logic of Wells. But behind that is a magnificent vitality, the force of life itself, which goes on destroying and creating without ever simplifying a problem or isolating an emotion. Its complexity seems to include the entire flux of the modern world, its vitality seems to have been drawn from the reservoirs of the ages. It pictures the whole process of which the other two novels are parts.

Rolland's own account of the genesis of the book is enlightening. "I was isolated, stifling like so many others in France in a world of moral enmity. I wished to breathe, I wished to react against an unhealthy civilisation, against opinion corrupted by a false minority. I wished to say to that minority: 'You lie! you do not represent France.' For this I needed a hero with clear vision and a pure heart, whose soul was unsullied enough to give him the right to speak and whose voice was strong enough to make itself heard. I built this hero patiently. Before deciding to write the first line of my book I carried it within me for years; Christophe did not start on his journey until I had seen his road to the end."

Well, the book is even bigger than the one its author planned. It speaks not only to a French minority, but to artificial men and ideals throughout the civilised world, and it says to them "You lie! you do not represent humanity."

Who is this hero who is thrown into the world to carry the torch of life and truth? Not a moralist, not a philosopher, not a priest—but a musician. That is thoroughly characteristic of the new view of things. For our salvation we must look to the artist, to the man who feels things greatly and truly, to the recognition of æsthetic rightness and its vigourous expression. And because Jean himself is a character conceived fully and truly, he is never a mouthpiece for opinions, he is a great personal force reacting in the welter of life, and his whole life is his expression.

A sensitive German boy, with music in him, and stirring in his veins the passion and turmoil of powerful vitality. To recount his adventures with life would be to rewrite a three-volume novel. But the motive of it all is this—in the many false and artificial forces of the world, in the few genuine and big ones, he always responds vigorously and truly. He never denies that seething, passionate love of life which is in him. Does the way to musical recognition lie in a cowardly acceptance of the academic judgments of his elders? He attacks them vehemently. Always he rejects comfort at the cost of vigour. If he loves, he loves with all his heart; the searing flame of his passion and tenderness burns away all possibility of petty vice. He cheerfully accepts all unpleasantness except the surrender of his spirit. The music he composes dwarfs on one side the imitative work of master-worshippers and on the other the abortive product of those who attempt to substitute a school for native sincerity. How can a man write a poem if he first has consciously to be a futurist or an imagist or a vorticist? Let him say what is in him in the one way which seems to him true, and leave his classification to the critics. If he is really big, he will defy classification. And likewise, how can a man feel or act truly if he first must think that he is a Catholic or a Presbyterian, or a subscriber to any mechanical code of morals? First let his emotion be big and æsthetically true, then let his expression of it, his action, be sincere and vigorous. He will not be comfortable, but he will know the only true joy in the world.

And though Christophe is mountainous, this picture of him does not fail to show the rapturous delicacy of his valleys, the holy joy of his dawns and sunsets. It is not a symphony for the brasses and tympani alone; the rich emotional value of the tender violins and 'cellos has its place.

This novel brings into relief a fundamental conflict which always underlies

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the beginning of a renaissance, and the shifting of the power from one side of the conflict to the other must accompany the new birth of life. It is the conflict between those who are searching for comfort and rest, those who believe the course of mankind is a sort of settling down from violent action to peace and fixed passivity—between these people and the others, of heroic mold, who believe that the progress of humanity consists in the development from dull formlessness and vague gropings to quickened and vivified emotion and thought, that spiritually informed violence has often been and yet may be an essential means of that progress, and that eternal change and the pain of growth are amply justified by the heightened quality of life which they bring. The ill-natured or ridiculing protests of conservatives against the new are often the whines of the spiritually lazy when they are disturbed. But when the heroic virtues seize the current of an age, there is no stopping them!

In the course of the novel things are said which bear on almost every problem of modern life. It would be possible to quote many pages directly bearing on our subject. We cannot overlook a few.

Schools and coteries only express some superficial fashion or manufactured theory. But the independent men who stand apart have more chance of really discovering the ideas of their race and time.

Art is no common ground for the feet of all who pass it by. Why, it is a pleasure, the most intoxicating of all. But it is a pleasure which is only won at the cost of a strenuous fight: it is the laurel wreath that crowns the victory of the strong. Art is life tamed. Art is the Emperor of life. To be Cæsar a man must have the soul of Cæsar. . . . Lovingly do you cultivate the diseases of your people, their fear of effort, their love of pleasure, their sensual minds, their chimerical humanitarianism, everything in them that drugs the will, everything in them that saps their power for action. You deaden their minds with the fumes of opium. Behind it all is death: you know it: but you will not admit it. Well, I will tell you: Where death is, there art is not. Art is the spring of life.

He could not understand writing for the sake of writing, or talking for the sake of talking. He never said words; he said—or wanted to say—the things themselves.

All you whom I love though I know you not! You whom life has not sullied; you, who dream of great things, that you know to be impossible, while you fight for them against the envious world,—may you be happy—it is so good to be happy! . . . Oh, my friends, I know that you are there, and I hold out my arms to you. . . . There is a wall between us. Stone by stone I am breaking it down, but I am myself broken in the labour of it. Shall we ever be together? Shall I reach you before another wall is raised up between us: the wall of death? . . . No matter! Though all my life I am alone, so only I may work for you, do you good, and you may love me a little, later on, when I am dead!

Error struggling on toward the living truth is more fruitful and more blessed than dead truth.

If a man would feel more that he is the brother of a woman, and not only her prey, or that she must be his! If both would shed their vanity and each think a little less of themselves, and a little more of the other!

An artist like Christophe, in his inmost conscience, could not but be on the side of the working classes. What man more than the spiritual worker has to suffer from the immorality of social conditions, from the scandalously unequal partition of wealth among men? The artist dies of hunger or becomes a millionaire for no other reason than the caprice of fashion and of those who speculate on fashion. A society which suffers its best men to die or gives them extravagant rewards is a monstrous society: it must be swept and put in order. . . . There is no relation between a sum of money and a work of art: A work of art is neither above nor below money: it is outside of it. It is not a question of payment: it is a question of allowing the artist to live.

The public had spoken: that was the supreme law of art! It never occurred to anybody to impeach the evidence of a debauched public in favour of those who had de-

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bauched them, or that it was the artist's business to lead the public, not the public the artist. A numerical religion—the number of the audience, and the sum total of the receipts—dominated the artistic thought of that commercialised democracy. . . . Who is there so devoted to duty that he would dare stand out against opinion, fight the imbecility of the public, expose the mediocrity of the successes of the day, defend the unknown artist who is alone and at the mercy of the beasts of prey, and subject the minds of those who were born to obey to the dominion of the master mind?

If art for pleasure's sake is the prostration of art, Christophe by no means opposed to it the short-sighted utilitarianism of art for morality's sake, that winged Pegasus harnessed to the plough. The highest art, the only art which is worthy of the name, is above all temporary laws: it is a comet sweeping through the infinite. It may be that its force is useful, it may be that it is apparently useless and dangerous to the existing order of the workaday world: but it is force, it is movement and fire: it is the lightning darted from heaven: and, for that very reason, it is sacred, for that very reason it is beneficent. The good it does may be of the practical order: but its real, its Divine benefits are, like faith, of the supernatural order. It is like the sun whence it sprung. The sun is neither moral nor immoral. It is that which Is. It lightens the darkness of space. And so does art.

Where, then, are we going? From service of the material to service of the spiritual. From authority to individual recognition of intrinsic rightness. From mechanical thought to true emotion. From an outworn moralism to a liberation of the spirit. From weakness to courage, from denial to will. We are labouring to bring about the day when society shall say to itself, "Our industrialism, our commerce, our mechanical triumphs, our accumulations of wealth and empire, our moral systems—these are nothing unless we make them serve the spirit for which and by which we exist. The fundamental beauty of the human spirit, its tremendous and dangerous vitality, these must not be dwarfed and thwarted. We shall change mankind from a body of slaves dragging a car of juggernaut around the world to a victorious army assaulting the stars!

George Soule.

V

Social Disaffection

Until recently people have been content to call the molten lump of social laws and human prejudices, which we are now calling social environment, Fate and the gods. This is why the revolt of the individual against personal environment and social law is pictured so hopelessly in all old drama and romance. The rebel may have been a splendid sinner, but he was a sinner; he had dared to steal the fire of the gods, and though his personal need of it was admitted by his puny fellows and the gods themselves, the fire was sacred to the Sacred Order, and the law of possession equalled ten-tenths. The Prometheus who dared to say: "I and my brothers also need this elemental thing," though he spoke with truth and acted with courage, was a rebel to fate, and doomed to the working of fate which is Nemesis. The moral has been direct, and for thousands of years humanity acted in crawling accord with it: Do not tamper with the fire that belongs by divine right to the gods, and, though you may freeze, you will not be burned; to endure is better than to defy, though the end of both is death.

It has become much the literary fashion of late among novelists to dip into the troubled waters of what are lightly known these days as "social problems," or even as "economic determinisms.' As a result an unfortunately drab lot of "social studies" has been achieved, as sentimental and insincere as the Victorian attitude toward morality. Far more than the artist, the propagandist is using the novel to-day as a means to a highly moral and theoretical end, showing no essential truth of life, but proving glibly the fallibility of what is and the infallibility of particular theory.

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But we are also achieving a group of novels that indicate not only the revolt of the individual against society, but the cumulative and, in a sense, passive revolt of the misery-environed masses, the bored bourgeoisie, and the detached intellectuals against a social order that has clearly failed. When that heavy lump of age-old social law and taboo came to be called social environment instead of unescapable fate, and when science crushed out the life of sentimentality, the rebel became no longer a victim to the inevitable, but merely a victim to a social morass that should be and can be destroyed. Turgenev, in *Fathers and Children,* sensed the changing spirit of the world about the middle of the last century, and gave us its essence in Bazarov. Because *Fathers and Children* stands supreme as the first great novel interpreting the coming revolution before it had come to be, Turgenev's own words regarding the living prototype of Bazarov are worth quoting here. Of that young doctor who lived and died before 1860, Turgenev said: "In that remarkable man was incarnated to my ideas the just rising element, which, still chaotic, afterward received the title of Nihilism. The impression produced by this individual was very strong. At first I could not clearly define him to myself. But I strained my eyes and ears, watching everything about me, anxious to trust simply to my own sensations. What confounded me was that I had not met a single idea or hint of what seemed appearing to me on all sides." Later, in reply to the violent attacks made upon Bazarov—as if he had been living flesh—he wrote: "The whole ground of misunderstanding lay in the fact that the type of Bazarov had not time to pass through the usual phases. At the very moment of his appearance the author attacked him. It was a new method as well as a new type that I introduced—that of Realising instead of Idealising."

Bazarov was so revolutionary a character indeed as to have been made to stand, since his creation, for anything and everything that Darwinism and the microscope and Higher Criticism and science generally dragged into the glare of day. Never has been so deep a gulf between the generations as the new science tore in those early days between fathers and sons. Bazarov was the new science, casting aside the sentimentalities and impediments of love and duty, mistress, parents, church, all that was then law; he doubted all things, accepted nothing, denied nothing. He was the seeker after a new way of life, if there was a new way of life. Whatever was, was wrong. He was embodied Social Disaffection. And is, for the world has not moved on so fast in half a century as to have caught up with him.

It is easier to deal with the victims of an old order than with the prophets of a new dispensation that has not yet come to be; perhaps this is the reason that novels dealing with social rebels of the generation of their authors treat the background—the old order—more effectively and authoritatively than the new personality thrown forth by it. Turgenev's straining eyes and ears and his trust in his own sensations to catch the overtones of his time, are not common to many of his predecessors or followers. Perhaps it is as well that the crimes of society rather than the dreams of its rebels should be dwelt upon strongly for a time, for the social order is always with us and our personal conflicts and reluctant readjustments to it are things more vital to us then a prophet's dreams are quite likely to be. At all events people's minds are fairly well prepared to admit that because the social scheme is so inelastic and faulty, it is admissible that a rebel against the old morality may steal the fire and dynamite of the gods, not for his own use so much as, dangerously doctored, to hurl it back among the gods for their destruction, and still be glorified. Frank Harris, for instance, in *The Bomb,* drew real men behind the bogie scarecrows that the courts and the police and organised society called the eight Chicago anarchists responsible for the Haymarket riot of 1886. "As Lingg says," writes the simple narrator of the Harris tale, "the

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bomb thrown in the Haymarket put an end to the bludgeoning and pistolling of unarmed men and women by the police. The effect of Lingg's desperate self-murder was prodigious. In some dim way the people in Chicago came to realise that Lingg and Parsons were extraordinary men, and confessed in their hearts *that there must be something very wrong in a social state which had driven such men to despair.*" The italics, not Harris's, emphasise the favourite point of attack of this modern group of novelists.

The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists, a recently published novel, written from the inside out, by Robert Tressal, an English house painter, who wrote his book and died, is by all the old art canons merely propaganda. It holds of a surety no Bazarov, no dynamic prophet; its pages are filled with the victimised exploited. But here is the last paragraph, preceded by the burning record of Owen's first hemorrhage, and the realisation of his swift-coming death:

> So this would be the beginning of the end! And afterwards the other two would be left by themselves at the mercy of the world. In a few years' time the boy would be like Bert White, in the clutches of some psalm-singing devil like Hunter or Rushton, who would use him as if he were a beast of burden, to be worked, driven, and bullied. His boyhood would be passed in carrying loads, dragging carts and running here and there, trying his best to satisfy the brutal tyrants whose only thought would be to get profit out of him for themselves. As the vision of the future rose before him Owen resolved that it should never be. He would not leave his wife and child alone and defenceless in the midst of the "Christian" wolves who were waiting to rend them as soon as he was gone. If he could not give them happiness he could at least put them out of the reach of further suffering. If he could not stay and protect them, it would be kinder and more merciful to take them with him.

Humanity never accepted any gift of the gods more passively than the gift of "inevitable" poverty. All the Christs have preached its virtues; and the churches and states have commanded submission to it. A quarter of a century ago, however, two novelists, Gissing and Arthur Morrison, took whetted lancets and cut the festering thing to the bone. They suggested no remedy for what they found, but they dared to look into the sore of the world, and to set down what they saw, until decent words failed them and the censor must have intervened. *The Nether World, The Unclassed, New Grub Street,* show poverty eating alive the bodies and minds and souls of humanity, the cultured and delicately reared, together with the illiterate and nerve-hardened. Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago* are horrible tales that will not, unfortunately, be read by that type of Christian citizen who sings with Pippa as she passes, that "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world." *A Child of the Jago* is not art—it is so relentlessly something else that it is preceded by a map of The Old Jago, with its squares and streets and stenches: " . . . there the Jago, for one hundred years the blackest pit in London, lay and festered; and half way along old Jago Street a narrow archway gave upon Jago Court, the blackest hole in all that pit. A square of two hundred and fifty yards or less—that was all there was of the Jago. But in that square the human population swarmed in thousands." The Child is a boy who stole and lied, but who never "narked"; who kept the law of the Jago, which is the law of the jungle, and only got into trouble when the East End Elevation Mission laid hold of his fears and superstitions and turned his eyes from the facts of life in the Jago to the contemplation of an ideality to which the Jago must climb or be damned—a horrible jest of God, if it was God's jest, and not man's mistake, for the Jago was already damned and Dicky Perrott with it. The Mission tried to make Dicky and others hold themselves victims of their own excesses and original sins; they preached glibly the sin-hoodoos as the cause of Jago's distresses, and ignored hunger and cold and disease and famine that stalked through

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the black court and forced the dwellers in it to break all the shall nots of the decalogue.

The terrific indictment of the general social scheme by science within the past half century has been inevitably reflected in the novel, not by any means profoundly and too often coloured through and through by the bourgeois point of view. But in addition to this general indictment have arisen also ruthless criticism and questionings of all the creeds and codes upon which men have based their conduct of life, which have also been mirrored in the novel and which have swung from a background of society as a whole to the seemingly impregnable institutions of society, marriage, divorce, religion, imposed authority, the family.

The great novel of one of the cancers of the world, the Family, has yet to be written; it may never be written, for the imagination falters and fails as it tries to reach down to the deep sunk root and at the same time to embrace all the spreading, grappling tendrils. *Fathers and Children* touched one aspect of it—the pathetic loneliness of the older generation when confronted with the hard, relentless strength of the younger that refuses to be submerged in tradition and duty and waste. Samuel Butler, in *The Way of All Flesh,* touched another side; the wanton cruelty inflicted on the younger generation by the hard, relentless strength of the older. Ernest Pontifex, through his childhood and adolescence, and, in a way, through all his life, is as clearly a victim to his family's tenacious and pernicious influence as Dicky Perrott to the Jago.

It seems to me (said Ernest to his chronicler after he had fought the fight and won his freedom from undecent authority) that the family is a survival of the principle which is more logically embodied in the compound animal—and the compound animal is a form of life which has been found incompatible with high development. I would do with the family among mankind what nature has done with the compound animal, and confine it to the lower and less progressive races. Certainly there is no inherent love for the family system on the part of nature herself. Poll the forms of life and you will find it in a ridiculously small minority. The fishes know it not and they get along quite nicely. The ants and the bees, who far outnumber man, sting their fathers to death as a matter of course, and are given to the atrocious mutilation of nine-tenths of the offspring committed to their charge, yet where shall we find communities more universally respected.

But this was after he had brought forth his own personal freedom and had perhaps had time to forget the long birth pangs. Ernest was arrested, through his own profound ignorance of life, on a frightened girl's charges, and was put into an English jail for six months. His father Theobald was shocked and deeply triumphant. At last Ernest was delivered into his hands for all time. He did not know that during those six calendar months Ernest was to conclude to sever his family relations for all time.

Theobald wanted to be rid of his son, it is true, in so far as he wished him to be no nearer than the Antipodes; but he had no idea of entirely breaking with him. He knew his son well enough to have a pretty shrewd idea that this was what Ernest himself would wish, and perhaps as much for this reason as for any other he was determined to keep up the connection, provided it did not involve Ernest's coming to Battersby nor any recurring outlay.

When the time approached for him to leave prison, his father and mother consulted as to what course they should adopt.

"We must never leave him to himself," said Theobald impressively; "we can neither of us wish that."

"Oh, no, no, dearest Theobald," exclaimed Christina. "Whoever else deserts him, and however distant he may be from us, he must still feel that he has parents whose hearts beat with affection for him, no matter how cruelly he has pained them."

"He has been his own worst enemy," said Theobald. "He has never loved us as we

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deserved, and now he will be withheld by false shame from wishing to see us. He will avoid us if he can."

"Then we must go to him ourselves," said Christina. "Whether he likes it or not we must be at his side to support him as he enters again upon the world."

"If we do not want him to give us the slip we must catch him as he leaves prison."

"We will, we will; our faces shall be the first to gladden his eyes as he comes out, and our voices the first to exhort him to return to the paths of virtue."

"I think," said Theobald, "if he sees us in the street he will turn round and run away from us. He is intensely selfish."

"Then we must get leave to go inside the prison and see him before he gets outside."

His mother's easy tears affected Ernest when he met them on his release, but he stood firm—it was now or never, the open road. "Tell them," said Ernest, with his back to them, "from me that they must think of me as one dead, for I am dead to them. . . . If they write to me I will return their letters unopened, and if they come to see me I will protect myself in whatever way I can." Upon the whole scene Ernest's chronicler comments: "Giving up father and mother for Christ's sake was not such an easy thing after all. If a man has been possessed by devils for long enough they will rend him as they leave him, however imperatively they may have been cast out."

In *A Man of Property* Galsworthy has touched hard upon another deep set root of the Family, in that insistence upon the bond of blood, regardless of congeniality or hatreds, that bind brothers and sisters and parents and all the ramifications of relationship together—as well as the final bond of property in marriage that binds an unwilling to a demanding mate. In *Fraternity,* he touches on it again, this time the aching recognition between parents and children of an impassable gulf. As Mr. Stone worked one night on the great book of Brotherhood, Bianca, his most unhappy daughter, crept into his room. She came and sat upon his bed and suddenly he realised the bed was shaking. Mr. Stone sat silent before her violent noiseless sobbing. He knew not what to do. From his frosted heart years of Universal Brotherhood had taken all knowledge of how to help his daughter. He could only sit touching her tremulously with thin fingers. Suddenly he said, "I want her mother," and finding out an old, forgotten way, his arm slid about the quivering body. "I do not know what to say to her," he muttered and slowly began to rock himself. "Motion," he said, "is soothing."

In this swift survey of novels touched with the realisation of the wrongness of life to-day come the marriage novels, the divorce novels, and that swift and more swift flood of romance known as "feminist" fiction. Robert Herrick and Edith Wharton, Henry James, James Oppenheim, Wells again and Galsworthy have all shown the tragic or the comic failure of marriage as it is defined and lived to-day, when interpreted by the new science instead of old duty and creeds. And the swift changes in the lives of women in much less than a century, that are just now coming to the surface and creating surface havoc in the relations of women and men have brought out a vast array of novels touched with the flame and the dire confusion of the immediate hour. Wells's *Marriage,* Herrick's *Together,* and his later novels, Mrs. Wharton's *The Custom of the Country,* Albert Edwards's *A Man's World,* are examples of the more serious efforts to bring order out of the discomfort and bewilderment that permeates the lives of men and women just now.

And there is another group of novels that is in a sense born of the new interest in interpreting the background of life, those smaller novels that deal primarily with the ridiculous, commonplace individual, misplaced, set to the pace of the treadmill, without initiative to break out and away, held to the cold cheek of duty, but with a groping mind touched by a great sense of the futility of things as they are, and by the brush of dreams of what they might be. Wells does this sort of thing always with humour and tender-

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ness. Young Mr. Hoopdriver for instance, in *The Wheels of Chance,* who took his vacation on a bicycle and was a hero for a day; or little Mr. Polly, tied to a shop which smelled of fried fish until he discovered that the paper walls of every-day circumstance that hold so many of us securely from the cradle to the grave could be broken. That if the world does not please you, *you can change it.* That, determined to alter it at any price, you can change it altogether. *George Meek, Bath Chair Man,* is another Wellsian study of the perfectly commonplace, tinged with the pathos and the glory of yearning and desire and with failures interpreted in terms of environment. Galsworthy in his briefer sketches, and Neil Lyons in his several books, notably *Cottage Pie,* turns this same double trick, of condemning the social structure by sight of its human flotsam, and refusing condemnation to the human failure because society first failed him.

Perhaps the fiction of the next decade, too overburdened with the propagandic note perhaps, not fine art except for some sensitised impression here and there, is to have a share in making the coming of the social revolution that is at hand a little more recognised as imminent, the resistances against it a little less. Perhaps through this method of interpreting the social background of our lives to-day, the sleepers will rouse slightly at the red reflection of the world-wide unrest, will realise the lie in Pippa's passive song, and will come enough into contact with reality to make their latter days genuinely uncomfortable.

Edna Kenton.

VI

The Religious Revolt

But now you'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men and women who come demanding books on religion—all sorts and conditions. They're beginning to miss it out of their lives; they want to *know.* If my opinion's worth anything, I should not hesitate to declare that we're on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen.

So speaks the librarian, Mr. Engel,—one of the minor characters in Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*—and his sentiment doubtless voices Mr. Churchill's own idea on the religious reawakening. Also the sales of Mr. Churchill's book would seem to strengthen this statement. The story of *The Inside of the Cup* is by now familiar to most readers. It has for its theme the emancipation of a strongly religious man, a clergyman, from the orthodox, authoritative, literal view of Christianity to a more modern, freer translation of the spirit of Christianity into present living conditions. Mr. Churchill's emphasis in denunciation is placed against the vast power and corrupt methods of modern high finance—a power that according to one of his characters is "gathering strength, stretching its arm little by little over our politics, our government, and even over our courts . . . poisoning business honour . . . reëstablishing a slavery more pernicious than that which millions died to efface." Mr. Churchill's constructive effort is laid in the channels of social work and of revitalising the spirit of Christianity in everyday living conditions and everyday actions. The construction and handling of his characters bespeak all the author's high talent as a novelist; the groping religious theories, the immature views of life described in some instances, the superficial philosophy, and the inconclusive constructive theology are calculated to strike quick and widely, but not deeply. Mr. Churchill has written a book of consummate art on a middle-class intellectual plane.

The popularity of *The Inside of the Cup,* however, is an excellent indication of the trend of the general thought to-day on the status of Christianity. It is an age of great faith in our institutions, in our ability to meet problems and in our destiny; but it is an age of transition from the mental habit of looking to the past to the gradually forming mental habit of considering the future. Not so long ago mankind judged its actions by the authority of history; to-day we are

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just learning to weigh our activities in the light of the future welfare of the race. And with this point of view we are applying the test of reason to our institutions, particularly to those whose operations are based upon the authority of the past. In this class is of course included the Christian Church and it is meeting to-day a widespread and general inquiry and criticism, not of a hostile nature, as Mr. Churchill's book shows, but rather of an intelligent, constructive kind aimed at putting the church in harmony with the conditions of modern life and making it again the leader in humanity's forward movements. This widespread and generally felt dissatisfaction with the position of organised Christianity is ably crystallised in *The Inside of the Cup*. Coming at the critical time of greatest ferment both in and out of the church, it brings our feelings into terms of consciousness and expresses our ideas far better than we ourselves could have put them—and so the book is a "success." But it is also more than that: it is a bit of contemporary life, a work to which future sociologists may turn when they want to learn of an important aspect of the attitude toward religion in the opening years of the twentieth century.

Speaking of this as an age of faith, we have only to turn to the work of Pierre de Coulevain, the popularity of whose books almost rivals the previously discussed volume, to learn the truth of this assertion. The one dominant note in all the work of this popular writer is an unquestioning, all-solving faith in the perfect wisdom that is guiding humanity to its ultimate destiny. Among her books published so far, *On the Branch* is the best and most characteristic. A new book, her last and completed shortly before her death, will be published this month: *The Wonderful Romance,* a work rivalling *On the Branch.* In this last mentioned book we find several of the rules of good taste in novel writing violated, continuity and economy of construction in particular, but we also find some startling revaluations of ideas. The story of *On the Branch* is briefly this: Madame de Myères, who tells the story, has, in her earlier years, been betrayed by her husband. The knowledge comes to her at her husband's death-bed and the shock renders her deeply embittered against her old friend, the cause of her husband's infidelity, and against her social connections and all the world. In seclusion, she wanders, lonely and alone, about France and England, observing life and studying the mysterious workings of Providence until at the point where she begins the story we find her with a mellowed optimism, a fatalist to be sure, but believing that every incident in the world is a necessary part of the unfolding of the divine plan. With this attitude toward life, we follow her travels and observations along with the development of her past story until she meets her old friend, the mother of her husband's son, together with this son, a boy of beautiful body and mind. Their lives harmonise and become inextricably woven together, and through the influence of Mme. de Myères the young man finds his complete happiness and takes his destined place in the continuity of the great human stream. From the development and handling of this story certain definite philosophical attitudes stand out—attitudes that must be a part of the mental equipment of the great mass of Pierre de Coulevain's enthusiastic admirers. Mme. de Myères (who no doubt represents the author's ideas) is a fatalist so far as the individual is concerned (based on what psychology, evolution and the discoveries of science have given us), but instead of the depression and resignation characteristic of Oriental determinism, she feels rather the exaltation of destiny, as that she herself is a part of Providence and does her necessary, allotted work in the unfolding of the divine plan; in which, of course, we recognise the idealism of the Josiah Royce school. Mme. de Myères, early embittered, with her future ruined, recognises moreover that "poetic justice" to the individual is not a true element of life—that "brute fate" interposes sorrow and misfortune into the most innocent of

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lives. But upon finding herself an instrument and a necessary factor in accomplishing the life happiness of other individuals and in so playing a definite part in the human drama, she develops into an appreciation of the fitness and rightness of all things when viewed in the sum total of the life progression rather than in their direct bearing upon the single existence. Fate has been unfair to her, but she sees that Nature has done the best for the race, although in her ruthless path She destroys Mme. de Myères's own little happiness. She comprehends that in the Grand Symphony of the Life Progression individual discords have their place—so we grasp and enjoy a Mozart melody in its entirety, so we appreciate a Turner in its completeness. And in her appreciation of this knowledge and in its beauty she finds her happiness and her inspiration.

This is in outline Pierre de Coulevain's fundamental philosophy which, as was mentioned above, is more characteristically disclosed in *On the Branch* than in any of her other published works. In her latest book, *The Wonderful Romance,* soon to be issued, she approaches the problems of life definitely and frankly rather than in the indirect method of the novel. For while the book is in novel form and she opens it with something of her own history, yet as she continues she devotes separate chapters to her ideas on the different human questions of the day and definitely states her attitudes and beliefs. This book was published in France shortly before the opening of the present European war, and in view of recent events a quotation from the last pages will not be amiss.

> Thanks to the inspiration of the gods, we have manufactured the most wonderful engines of warfare. One of these days, they will want to see how these things work and we know what that means. If we are not to be staggered by this terrifying reality, we must be able to listen to what Nature cries out to us with all her voices. She tells us that she is a great transformer and that her work is Life's work. In that immortal struggle to which humanity seems to be doomed, material forces only serve psychical forces. In reality, the real combat is between passions, sentiments and ideas. . . . When I think of the weak who must have failed on the way, of the conquered who have been killed, mutilated or taken into captivity, my heart swells with pity and with anger.

Pierre de Coulevain (or Mlle. Fabre as she was really) wrote this work as her last message to the world. In concluding, conscious of her approaching end, she takes her leave of her public, and all those who have followed her in love and sympathy and who find in her work an inspiration will feel a direct loss as of a close and helpful friend.

The Damnation of Theron Ware, by Harold Frederic, is often spoken of as one of the earlier novels (it was first published in 1896) of the modern scientific phase of religious unrest. It would seem, however, more properly a study of a simple, weak soul of the intellectual type who found the complexities of modern thought too much for him to assimilate and his character too weak to withstand the effort. The religious atmosphere is selected for the setting, but seems secondary to the study of human nature. Theron Ware is a clergyman with a narrow, orthodox, sectarian training. On leaving the rural districts for a city of some size he comes into contact with foreign modes of life, strange thoughts and stranger characters. Largely fortuitously, as though it were a sport of fate, his theology is first assailed, then his character undermined by his misconceptions of the actions of more highly developed types and particularly of an exotic woman of the world. Agnosticism, the scholarliness and culture of the Catholic priesthood, the novel idea of a platonic, intellectual friendship between the sexes, open up new and wide ranges to his mental vision, and in his effort to adjust himself to his new and modern environment his essential weaknesses develop and behold, we have a cad, a half-baked "intellectual" than whom there is none

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worse. It is excellently well done. Some of the ultra liberal views upon religion, art and science are ably touched upon, while the best phase of the book is the description of the narrow sectarian religion and its followers. It is, however, predominantly the study of a tragic personality rather than of religions.

Another book of tragedy but of a somewhat different theme is Basil King's *The Way Home*. Instead of a weak character succumbing to new and bewildering influences, *The Way Home* portrays a strong man who is determined to master environment by any means, but whose very methods predetermine a life of tragedy. Charles Grace is the son of a rector of a fashionable New York church. His early years are embittered by comparative poverty and by the growing feeling that his mother is looked down upon by the fashionable parish because of her lowly origin. While at college his father is dismissed from his rectorship, and this with some other incidents determines the young Charlie to "have done with religion." He bases his decision upon his observations that all the mean things he has known have come from people connected with religion, that religion is useless in effecting practical character. With his former world cut out from under him, he enters a career of unscrupulous operations in the Far West on the principle of every man for himself with a blow or a kick wherever they come in useful, and he succeeds in building up a fortune. But the theory of life which he adopted undermines his character, alienates his wife, causes him to be unfaithful to her, ruins other men. It is a whimsy of fate that through the agency of a man he has wronged he should first suffer business reverses and later through this same man and the other woman in the case, his wife should be inspired to the action which reunites them. Grace in the meantime has come to a realisation of the utter failure of his life and of his thorough despicableness, and when, because of heart trouble, he is given a short limit of life, the way is paved for his spiritual regeneration. Not that he attempts to escape his medicine or accepts a coward's repentance, but we are given to understand that through the appeal to his spiritual emotion he returns to the light of his early years and grasps the faith of his fathers. This is a conclusion that seems weak, unsatisfying, inharmonious. Like *Theron Ware,* this book has for its theme the development of a personality with a background of conventional morality, rather than the theme of religious commentary such as is to be found in *The Inside of the Cup.* Like both *Theron Ware* and *The Inside of the Cup,* however, it is severe in its criticism of a phase of organised Christianity. These three books, whatever their intentions, are essentially destructive in their effects upon accepted religious conditions, and their value in the coming "religious era" is to accustom Christians to a sane criticism of their own organisations. The work of Pierre de Coulevain is, on the other hand, entirely constructive—she has a definite philosophy of life which she instils into all her writing. But whether constructive or the opposite, these books and ever so many more of a similar kind reflecting the life of to-day would seem to bear out Mr. Churchill's contention that we are "on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen."

Rex Glendining.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"SMALL SOULS"

THE publication in English of the first of the series of four Dutch novels by Louis Couperus, chronicling the annals of the van Lowe family, and known in Holland by the collective title of *The Books of the Small Souls,* is likely to be regarded by the discriminating few as an event of the first magnitude in the history of current fiction, while there would be nothing surprising if it should happen to catch the elusive fancy of the bigger reading public. The first impression conveyed is that of great simplicity, an almost over-insistence on the obvious, every-day facts, the trivialities of life. Yet before the end of the first chapter is reached, you feel, thanks to this conscientious minuteness, this carefully planned detail, that you are in the presence of a work of unusual distinction, wrought by a forceful personality. In a narrow sense, the work is Dutch in quality and spirit,—as it rightly should be, if it is to have real bigness, because if a story is to tell a broad general truth, it must begin by telling the truth about small, local things. Social convention is the main central theme of this story: the jealousies and rivalries and mean ambitions that find it a ready tool; and the cruelty, the heart-ache, the open shame that are its outcome. Subservience to convention, says Couperus, is a vice of small souls; there can be nothing big, or noble, or brave in committing an act of injustice, in refusing to lend a helping hand, simply from fear of ill-natured or careless gossip, or because custom decrees that such-and-such things shall be said and done, and such-and-such other things shall not. Holland, with its spick-and-span instinct, physical, mental and moral, is peculiarly adapted to serve as background for a story of pharisaical narrowness; yet the moral which Couperus proclaims is not limited to the land of canals and windmills; in specific detail it may be local; in spirit it is as wide as civilisation, because everywhere throughout civilisation it is human to err and equally human to cast the first stone. And this phrase is an apt one for our present purpose, because reduced to its briefest terms, *Small Souls* is metaphorically the story of a woman who is stoned, half a lifetime after she hoped that her fault had been forgotten,—stoned with the little, sharp, cutting stones of snubs and whispers and averted glances, of small civilities masking big neglects, of perfunctory attentions where she craved just a word or two of genuine sympathy and love. And side by side with this specific story of a woman who seeks to force society to forget her errors and receive her back, we have another broader general theme, that of the clan spirit of a big family, or rather, the inevitable weakening and dying out of that spirit under modern conditions. Women, says Couperus, cling longest to

*Small Souls. By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by A. Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Clean Heart. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston and New York: Little, Brown and Company.

Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Auction Block. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The City of Numbered Days. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hidden Children. By Robert Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.

The Lone Wolf. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston and New York: Little, Brown and Company.

Bambi. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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this delusion of family union; most men and some women recognise early that family ties, in the close, old-fashioned sense, barely outlive childhood; that with marriage comes a breaking away that no amount of pretence, of glossing over, of periodic visiting can bridge or heal. And he gives us a typical case by portraying minutely, through all its most distant branches and ramifications, the van Lowe family that for generations have been a social, financial and political power at The Hague, and in the slow course of years have married into such widely different social strata that any pretence of their still being a united and homogeneous clan is too obvious an absurdity to pass muster with any one excepting old Mamma van Lowe, who still cherishes illusions, and still keeps up her life-long institution of Sunday night reunions. And still the married sons and daughters, the grand-children and great-grandchildren continue to gather together in the stately old drawing-room with weekly regularity,—not, as Mamma van Lowe hopes and believes, because of a strong, invincible van Lowe spirit, presenting a solid front to the world in support of van Lowe interests and traditions,—but each for his or her own special and selfish end, with a keen eye to social advancement and a hope for rich inheritance. Even if there were no continuous story, no unity of purpose, nothing more than the successive glimpses of family interiors, that taken together leave the impression that you have been permitted to walk through a gallery of masterpieces of the Netherland school,—you still would be amply repaid for the time spent in reading. It is seldom in fiction that even the most careful workmanship can so galvanise a whole family into life, that each and every member unmistakably belongs, bears the hall-mark of the clan, is tarred with his or her own special share of the family foibles and vices, and at the same time is so sharply individualised that, after the first introduction you could no more confuse Tom with Henry than you could mistake your right hand for your left. There are no less than thirty of the van Lowe clan who gather at Mamma van Lowe's Sunday night reunion to welcome Constance on her return to The Hague after eighteen years of absence,—Constance whose early marriage to De Staffelaer, the minister to Rome, had crowned the van Lowes' highest social aspirations, and whose subsequent misconduct, discovery and divorce had banished her very name from the family circle, even after her quiet marriage to young van der Welcke, the secretary to the legation, had in a measure silenced gossip. Now, after all these years of exile in first one Continental town and then another, she has come home in response to her mother's urging, bringing her only son with her, while her husband van der Welcke, is soon to follow,—van der Welcke, who at command or his rigid, puritanical parents, resigned his career and atoned for his youthful folly by binding himself for life to a woman many years his senior whose attraction had already palled. Constance, living so long apart from the narrow social code of The Hague, arrives with no conception of the unseen barriers that she must storm; and the fact, first, that she shows too much self-assurance, and secondly that, despite her strange, irregular career, she has kept her youth and good looks better than her younger, stay-at-home sisters, tends to augment the family's resentment against her. In Constance, more than in any of her immediate kin, the family spirit is keenly alive; she has suffered bitterly from nostalgia and loneliness, she wants to take her old place, not only in the family circle but in the leading social set at The Hague, the set to which her father belonged, and to which she is determined to introduce her son. She has come to fight for her happiness and her rights,—but the reader sees only too clearly from the start that she must fight a losing battle, because every one of the Small Souls that make up the van Lowe family weighs sisterly affection against social ambitions or advancement in office, a husband's disapproval, or perhaps merely a miserly reluctance to set an extra place at table; and thus, little by little, stone by stone,

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the woman's spirit is killed, the truth is driven home that she is not wanted, that she has made a mistake, a bitter, colossal, irremediable mistake in returning home. And it is only her boy, Addie, clear-eyed, far-seeing, scornful of that smallness of soul with which he has nothing in common, who sees things in their true proportion, and witnessing the cruel and overwhelming Waterloo of his mother's hopes, ironically sums it all up as a "fuss about nothing."

"THE CLEAN HEART"

This new volume by the author of *The Happy Warrior* strikes here and there a delightfully whimsical note, and it contains just a few episodes in which the pathetic and the grotesque are blended in a way that seems to belong solely and inimitably to Mr. Hutchinson. Yet, having made these concessions, the present reviewer cannot honestly go further; indeed, he cannot honestly deny that the book as a whole was a good deal of a disappointment. It leaves the impression of being overstrained, it knows nothing of the value of moderation, its extravagance at times is almost an insult to human credulity, and if it has any definite unity of purpose, any logical and carefully planned sequence of cause and effect, the author has so successfully disguised it under a pervading atmosphere of the haphazard and the unexpected that the reader may well be excused if he fails to discover what the main underlying purpose really is. The volume deals with a man who at first sight seems to have been a victim of fate and his own sense of duty. At twenty-one, he had just reached the first round of the ladder in his chosen career of journalism, and was earning a bare three guineas a week, when the death by accident of his only brother and sister-in-law threw upon his young shoulders the burden of three orphan boys and an almost equally helpless young woman, the wife's sister. With unthinking generosity he surrenders two-thirds of his earnings for their maintenance, and thereby binds himself to long years of slavery; for toil as he may, his earnings never quite keep pace with the increasing demands of three growing boys, their pleasures, their doctor's bills and their education. And it is not until he himself is on the threshold of middle age, the young woman dead, and the last of the three boys on his way to join his regiment in India, that our hero finds a number of rather alarming physical symptoms have suddenly become greatly aggravated, and realises what any doctor could have told him long ago,—that he is on the verge of a physical and mental breakdown. And then, one day, when he has closed the last of the forms of his weekly edition, his mania takes acute possession of him, and he starts in a mad flight across London, with only one conscious purpose in his mind: namely, to escape from himself, that hateful evil genius of self, that he can plainly see dogging his footsteps and perpetually keeping just so many feet behind his shoulder. Death, he reasons with the lucid logic of insanity, would rid him of himself; death by drowning in the Thames, or by encounter with the wheels of a moter car. But fate wills it that he shall live; and that is how it happens that he presently finds himself far out in the remoter suburbs, still dripping from his immersion and bespattered with gutter mud, and casually makes the acquaintance of an equally tattered personage of monstrous girth and ludicrous proportions, who answers to the fantastic name of Mr. Puddlebox. To attempt to chronicle in a brief epitome the history of the days which follow during our hero's wanderings with this extraordinary tramp whom the author describes by preference as a "pear-shaped gentleman," would be a task beyond the reviewer's powers: Homeric contests, Rabelasian feasts, Quixotic tilts at stranger foes than wind-mills, all play their part in shaking a poor, befuddled journalist and author back into some semblance of sanity. Our hero himself sums up his adventures with commendable brevity:

> A week ago I was an editor in London and afraid of everything and everybody.

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Now I've been in the river, and I've stolen a ride in a wagon, and I've had a devil of a fight with a wagoner, and I've kicked a policeman head over heels bang into a ditch, and I've nearly been burned alive, and I've broken out through the roof of a barn and fallen a frightful buster off it, and I've slung a chap into a pond, and I've nearly killed a chap and half-drowned him in milk, and I've nailed a man to the floor by his night-shirt, and I've jumped out of a high window and been chased for my life, and I've stolen a ride in a motor-car, and where the devil I am now I haven't the remotest idea.

These varied adventures, which are even more extraordinary and unexpected in detail than they sound in condensed rehearsal, are not lacking in entertainment if taken in brief doses; but they pall sadly in a prolonged reading. Mr. Hutchinson has indeed achieved something of a triumph in taking such a down-at-heel vagabond, charlatan and inebriate as Puddlebox, and then in the end making him such a lovable old reprobate that his final taking-off leaves the reader's eyes suspiciously dimmed. But this isolated *tour de force* does not help the book's prevailing lack of cohesion, nor leave us with anything other than a sense of exasperation to think that two heroic souls, a man and a woman, should have sought to give their lives to save our lamentably unheroic hero,—who at best was so little worth the saving.

"GIDEON'S BAND"

One commendable feature among the many which distinguish the novels of Mr. George W. Cable, is that they leave you with a sense of having been in extremely good company, of having glimpsed through the medium of the printed page a number of people whom it would have been a privilege to meet in the flesh, ladies and gentlemen in the good, old-fashioned sense of the words. Such is the feeling left by Mr. Cable's latest volume, which bears the somewhat grotesque and enigmatic title of *Gideon's Band*,—a title that becomes pregnant with a tense and tragic significance as the tale progresses. The action, as the sub-title implies, takes place from the opening page until almost the closing chapter, on a Mississippi steamboat, some eight years before the outbreak of the Civil War. Little by little, we are allowed to become aware, through the broken fragments of speech exchanged by passengers, boat-hands, pilot and officers, that a feud of long standing exists between the owner of this steamboat, Courteney, and Hayle, the owner of a rival line, whose wife, daughter, and three sons are now on board. The feud has for some years been in abeyance; but now the two older Hayle sons, who are twins, have just come of age, and hot with the heat of youth, aggravated by intemperate indulgence on shore, they have come aboard determined upon mischief. As luck will have it, the captain of this new steamer, the *Votaress,* has unexpectedly been taken ill, and his place is filled by no less a personage than the owner himself, who takes alternate watches with his son, Hugh. Imagine the latter, a strong, grave, self-controlled young fellow, quietly refusing to be drawn into the quarrel which the Hayle twins are determined to thrust upon him; imagine their sister, Ramsey, a wilful, bewitching, fiery sprite of a girl, suddenly forgetting the feud and losing her heart to the hereditary foe of her house; imagine further the gentle, rather pathetic creole mother looking on, not ill pleased at this possible alliance which may put an end to hostilities,—for she knows many facts that the younger generation does not know, of a great river tragedy that happened some years earlier, when a big steamer was burned to the water's edge, and a heavy and perhaps justified charge of cowardice was made against the owner. And all the while that young hearts are flaming with passions of love and hatred, destiny is planning a complication so unexpected and hideous as to dwarf private feuds into insignificance: the lower decks are crowded to their limit with droves of immigrants, Germans and Scandinavians, who are on their way from New Orleans, up the river and on-

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ward to the western farming lands. And suddenly, without warning, the ominous rumour runs from lip to lip, that cholera has broken out among these foreigners. And forthwith the burning question is, Are these immigrants to be taken further or put ashore at the first landing? And as the hours lengthen into days, and one victim after another succumbs, until brief stoppages for hurried burials become a regularly recurring horror, panic seizes the passengers and crew alike, and open mutiny threatens at any moment. Picture the tenseness of the situation. The pestilence has not been kept confined to the lower decks; among the passengers, several bravely volunteered as nurses, and through them the contagion has reached the first-class cabins. To prevent open violence the passengers must be kept amused, must be made to forget themselves. So an amateur entertainment is arranged, and throughout the tedious hours of the last hideous night of the trip, young Courteney and Ramsey Hayle, who together have gotten up the programme, show a brave face and carry off their parts with a dash and vigour that win tumults of applause,—and all the time Ramsey's heart is breaking, because her youngest brother is dead and her brave little creole mother may succumb next. But the passengers must be diverted; so, when all other amusements are exhausted, first Ramsey and then Courteney keep up the merriment with improvised verses of that old revival doggerel, "Gideon's Band," consisting of such poetic gems as:

Den come de man-drake and de moose,
Den come de man-drake and de moose,
Den come de man-drake and de moose,
De hickory-pottamus and de goose,
Do you belong——?

Perhaps, on sober second thought, one feels that the story is a trifle thin, and its outcome a foregone conclusion. Nor is it free from melodrama, that seems a little out of keeping with the grim reality of the greater part of the volume. The coincidence of the presence of the runaway slave-girl, long supposed to have perished on the burned steamboat; and later the double suicide of the twins, are incidents that tax credulity. But the sense of human panic, the excitement of crowds wrought to desperation, the dim night scenes with an overwrought revivalist preacher stirring up his ignorant hearers to the pitch of frenzy,—all these are scenes which linger hauntingly in the memory and bear testimony that Mr. Cable's powers are still virile and his touch still sure.

"THE AUCTION BLOCK"

The shortest, easiest and on the whole, most accurate way to define Mr. Rex Beach's latest volume, *The Auction Block,* is to call it an understudy of *The Salamander,* by Mr. Owen Johnson. The comparison is made without the slightest intention to suggest a deliberate imitation; indeed, the present reviewer does not happen to have any knowledge as to where or when *The Auction Block* was written. But the points of similarity between the two books are so obvious that it is almost superfluous to catalogue them. In the first place, the scene of both is New York, and furthermore that particular side of New York that deals with the restaurants and cabarets, with tango-teas and midnight joy rides. Mr. Beach's Lorelei is, to be sure, in less precarious a situation than Mr. Johnson's Salamander; she has the shelter of a home, and her gorgon of a mother intends that she shall remain technically virtuous until disposed of to the highest bidder in the matrimonial market; what is more, her theatrical engagement is lucrative, while the Salamander's connection with the footlights was precarious and spasmodic. But the salient facts are that both girls eke out an inadequate income through the favours received from men, a specified fee for attending a bachelor dinner, a percentage from the restaurants to which they steered their hosts, and other sordid and secret means of profit too numerous to mention. They each know the thrill of reckless driving on lonely country roads, they both expose themselves to all sorts of compro-

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mising situations with men of millions, notoriously vicious and shamelessly inebriated. They both just escape the temptations offered by elderly admirers, both accept offers of marriage from young millionaires whom they do not love but intend to reform; and both end by falling genuinely in love with their repentant and remodelled spouses. So much for the points of resemblance. But they are more than offset by just one point of difference, a rather vital one. The Salamander convinces, and Lorelei does not. The Salamander was a real personage, lasting, unforgettable, a joy to remember. Lorelei plays her part, her make-up is careful and she knows her lines; but she fails to make you forget that it is just a story; she never comes to life, never gives you the thrill of reality; and that is why Lorelei and the Salamander are not in the same class.

"THE CITY OF NUMBERED DAYS"

This is a brisk, clean, breezy Western story, of the type that we have learned to expect from the pen of Francis Lynde. It is all built around an irrigation scheme, the plan of which is to construct a gigantic dam at a point where a canyon, after widening into a level basin several miles in extent, starts to narrow again. This dam, built under United States supervision, is well under way when a New York financier and promoter, accompanied by a very pretty and well-trained daughter, appears on the scene. The activity of the working force and the advantages of the situation appeal to the promoter's speculative instincts; and in the person of Brouillard, the young engineer in charge, he thinks that he sees a pliable and willing tool. His proposition is in brief: to start a boom in real estate, lay out and build a city, with magic speed, charge fabulous prices, drain the workmen of their salaries, and after an unprecedented orgy of mad speculation, either move out in time to avoid being drowned as the rising waters inundate the city, or else pull some private wire at Washington which will abolish the whole irrigation plan. Such is the essence of the story, which is refreshingly fantastic in its mad scheme of building only to be destroyed, revelling and dancing, gambling and feasting on a site foredoomed to destruction. And behind the apparently reckless speculation, the apparently inevitable bankruptcy that would seem to await the venture, there are hints of darker purposes, of hidden natural wealth, mines of fabulous value just waiting to be brought to light, in the very pathway of the river and dam and proposed reservoir. But for the further working out of the story the reader must, in fairness to the author, be referred to the book itself, with just this one parting hint: namely, that when Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright backed himself and his pretty daughter, Genevieve, to win out and make his "miracle city," Mirapolis, a permanency, he was unaware that the young engineer, Brouillard, was protected against him by the possession of a conscience, and against his pretty daughter, by being in love with another girl; and therefore could not be blamed for pulling in his turn certain private wires which he also had in Washington.

"THE HIDDEN CHILDREN"

Mr. Robert W. Chambers is so extremely versatile, that opinions naturally differ as to whether he is at his best or worst in the weirdly fantastic vein of the *King in Yellow,* the historical tale, whether of the American Revolution, or the siege of Paris, or pseudo-realistic chronicles of New York's younger set, vividly touched up from the convenient make-up box of exaggeration and popular credulity. It has always been a temptation to treat Mr. Chambers a little too indulgently, to say, here is a successful, popular entertainer, who must be far more keenly aware of the tricks and makeshifts of his *métier* than we are, and who, at the end of the entertainment, deserves a round of applause, even though a bit perfunctory, rather than a sneer, because we happen to see him palm the coin or pull the rabbit by its ears from his coat-tail pocket. All of which is simply a metaphorical way of saying that

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the present reviewer, while often unable to take Mr. Chambers seriously, has been willing to recognise his success with the public, has tried to understand to what this success is due, and has mildly deplored the opportunities which Mr. Chambers seems often to have missed by a narrow margin. All of which leads up to a very brief word anent Mr. Chambers's new volume, *The Hidden Children*. It would be easy, of course, to fill a page or two with a circumstantial analysis, scene by scene, of this romance of the late Colonial period, which the publisher's note describes as "A story of the life and love of a nameless girl, and a young soldier in the company known as Morgan's Rifles," while the setting of the narrative is "upper New York State, where the American colonists were waging a bitter war against the great Iroquois Indian Confederacy." As far as specific details go, let us agree to let it go at that, but let us add that here is a book which somehow is *different;* it is on the one hand different from Mr. Chambers as we know him; and on the other equally different from the too familiar, more or less idealised Mary Johnstonesque, primeval-forest, Hiawatha-Pocahontas type of fiction, which, Heaven be praised, of late has been on the wane. Yes, *The Hidden Children* is different, essentially different; it is many things in one. It strikes a lyric note and holds it, and then again it is for pages sheer savagery with a suggestion of concentrated horror rarely paralleled. Lastly—and this in itself is fairly high praise—it is obviously the work of a man who knows, chapter by chapter, line by line, that he is doing some of the sincerest and some of the best work of his life. Read *The Hidden Children:* it is quite likely you will set Mr. Chambers a little higher in the scale than you have previously. But, of course, it all depends on what kind of a book you like.

"PERCH OF THE DEVIL"

A reviewer should always, as a matter of elemental fairness, admit that he is out of sympathy with what he concedes to be the author's central theme. Now apparently Mrs. Atherton's central theme in *Perch of the Devil* is the infinite superiority of the American wife to the American husband, and her unlimited adaptability as contrasted with his self-centered absorption, his rut-like adhesion to his business interests. But in spite of the fact that the reviewer does not in the least agree with this attitude, and that whether true or false it has been preached and harped upon in current fiction to the point of weariness, the one really important little fact remains that in the character of Ida Compton, Mrs. Atherton has created a real person, a convincing person, one that deserves to stand in the galaxy of American heroines side by side with Robert Grant's Selma White, Dreiser's Carrie Meeber, and Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart. Here is a book which it would be a pleasure to discuss in a spacious, unlimited way; but since the limits are confined, one must necessarily keep down to the few vital issues. Here is the tragedy of an elemental untutored young woman of Butte, Montana, who, by sheer physical attraction, marries a man infinitely her superior, and furthermore, a man possessing in a high degree the qualities that stand for success. Compton soon wearies of her, and it is half good nature, half scorn, that prompts him to suggest that he is willing to pay for lessons to fit her for the position that his advancement is bound to bring her. Ida Compton takes him at his word; she awakens, and the history of her evolution under the tutelage of the woman who is destined to be her rival for her husband's affections, is one of the most searching, convincing and relentless pieces of sex-vivisection that it has been the present writer's good fortune to encounter. The book is uneven; certain portions of it which transfer the action to Europe seem badly out of key, while the final verbal duel between the women verges on melodrama. Nevertheless, the one little important fact remains that quite independently of the book as a whole, which is often exaggerated and amazingly uneven, Mrs.

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Atherton has given us one of the strongest, most consistent, most carefully developed women characters of which the last half century can boast.

"THE LONE WOLF"

Mr. Louis Joseph Vance would probably be the last person in the world to take offence at the implication that his stories are not to be taken too seriously. Indeed, it does no harm to confess that because his latest volume, *The Lone Wolf,* was approached in a mood of relaxation, it gave the reviewer a few hours of very genuine enjoyment. To be frank, *The Lone Wolf* is a quite preposterous story set in a circumstantially accurate environment—that is to say, accurate in the sense that whether drawn from life or from imagination every inch of the background has been minutely visualised. The hero of the title rôle is a waif who, on a certain stormy night, was flung as unceremoniously as one might fling a half drowned kitten—into Troyon's, a famous old, tumble-down, rickety labyrinth of a hotel—famous, even though "Baedeker knew it not." It was here, as unpaid drudge and *omnibus,* that the wretched lad acquired, little by little, his craftiness, his dexterity, his unrivalled nimbleness in pilfering. Neither windows nor doors could shut him in; and soon he was a familiar and much respected personage in the lower circles of the Apaches of Paris. And when in the course of time a really big thief, an Irishman by the name of Bourke, happens to find his way to Troyon's as a guest, and catches our hero in the act of purloining a ten franc gold piece, he takes the lad as an apprentice and incidentally gives him a lasting bit of advice, namely, to form no friendships: "It is the only safety for a thief, no friendships, and above all no women, no girls. That is the penalty which a successful thief must pay. The lonesome road has its drawbacks, lad—it's damn lonesome!"

Such is the opening of Mr. Vance's story, the substance of which deals with the history of the lad who chooses to become a *Lone Wolf,* and his adventures both before and after the time when he disobeys the warning against making friends with a woman, are full of surprises so varied and extreme that they make the ordinary flow of descriptive English look rather foolish. All of which is a roundabout way of saying that if in an idle hour you want simply to be amused with a tale of extravagant adventure, that does not suddenly jolt you out of your pleasant dream by an awkward blunder a break in the pleasant continuity of conviction, you will get about what you really want in *The Lone Wolf.*

"BAMBI"

And last but not least, we have *Bambi,* a refreshing, spontaneous little instalment of entertainment, clever, vivacious, essentially feminine, in that it has a whole lot of hidden strength beneath a soft and unaggressive exterior. In substance, it is a pungent little satire on men in general and the temperamental man in particular. Bambi, shortened from Bambina, the idol of her absent-minded old father the professor, takes pity on a young playwright, who is cursed with too much temperament and too little worldly wisdom, marries him almost by force and proceeds to take care of him. She remoulds his ideas, forces him to put his plays in something approaching an actable form, finds the money to bring him to New York, interviews the various managers and almost secures him a chance of production. Incidentally, extraordinary young female that she is, she secretly writes a serial novel that makes the hit of the year, accepts an offer to dramatise it, hoodwinks her husband into collaborating on the dramatisation, while he, simple soul, never for a moment suspects her identity with the author, until she spectacularly discloses it on the dramatic opening night. All of which is, of course, preposterous, impossible, and yet told with such unfailing assurance, such deft little rapier thrusts of irony and such tenderly human touches, that it simply disarms, and with all its faults we cannot help loving *Bambi.*

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SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION*

BY G. G. WYANT

BEFORE the literary market is flooded with books about the European War, a few works completed just before the war's outbreak or during the early weeks of hostilities afford some illumination upon the political, diplomatic and racial situation that led up to the opening of the fighting. To the American mind the present cataclysm seems one of the most curious and apparently inexplicable of the phenomena of history. Such reasons for the calamity as are given generally contain ideas about "racial prejudice," "economic rivalry," "Nationalism," "balance of power," "Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism,"—all of which are something too vague and one wonders *why* "racial prejudice," *why* "nationalism," etc. Isolated from any intimate political relation as we are, the significance and even the content of these abstract ideas seem to escape us and to leave us intellectually at sea with regard to any satisfying fundamental causes. It would seem as if *Problems of Power,* by W. N. Fullerton, had been written with just the purpose in view of elucidating this muddled situation and affording the reader a comprehensible and satisfying cause of the present situation. Mr. Fullerton (a former correspondent of the London *Times*) begins his book with the interesting theory that there are two forces determining the destinies of the world: the first is economic interests and the second is Public Opinion, the latter of constantly increasing efficacy during the last few years. From a broad outlook he expands this theory in its application to the development of the modern states of Europe, placing especial emphasis on money as the key to history. Indeed, with the development of economics as a science, historians have come to regard economic interests as more and more important to an understanding of the trend of historical events, and many of our ideas of history have had to be revised, the influence of money taking precedence over the part played by personal power in many of the upheavals of society. Public Opinion, on the other hand, according to Mr. Fullerton, has but recently become a conscious element and has not in the past been a constant determinant of historical events. There have been a few instances, however, in the past in which Public Opinion has played the dominant part—such as in the Europe of the Crusades, in France of 1789, in the American Colonies prior to the Revolution and in the Balkans of the autumn and winter of 1912. To-day, with the modern facilities for the dissemination of ideas, Public Opinion is fast becoming the most powerful factor to be considered. So we see the modern states becoming more closely bound by economic interests, less at the mercy of any individual or party influence.

How then account for the present situation? To quote Mr. Fullerton:

*Problems of Power. By William Norton Fullerton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Modern Russia. By Gregor Alexinsky. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

German Sea-Power. By Archibald Hurd and Henry Castle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

War! By W. Douglas Newton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The War and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Secrets of the German War Office. By Armgaard Karl Graves. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Nations of Europe: The Causes and Issues of the Great War. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

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The most salient reality of modern civilisation is the increasing predominance of economic laws, with the consequently interpenetration of peoples, a state of things that has multiplied zones of friction. The problem of the maintenance of national traditions, national characteristics, national integrity implies a constant compromise between world-interests, human interests in general irrespective of national classifications. A quarter of a century ago the ideal of the federation of the world and the parliament of man, a "passion for the planet," fired many a heart. To-day, throughout the world, the steady encroachment of the wave of imperialism would make Alexander the Great or Genghiz Khan feel at home in both hemispheres. Nationalistic concentration is general. Thus, the twentieth century tendency will almost uniformly be found to be toward a greater "national" activity. This revival of nationalism the world over is only the death-throe of the principle of nationality. It is a magnificent reaction, a pathetic convulsion of the principle of life, in each of these separate organisms, calculated, biologically speaking, to retard the disintegration with which they are menaced in a hostile environment. It is no doubt the drift of the time, but the drift of only a very brief instant of time; and it signifies, in reality, a general tendency of just the opposite character: national spirit is manifested only when nationality is menaced.

So in the opening years of the twentieth century we find the principle of nationalism making its last stand before the tide of a general human necessity, to result perhaps in a combination of humanity against environment to take the place of the warring interests of the different sections of the human family. And to-day we may be witnessing the climax of the nationalist idea—the predominantly nationalised people making its supreme effort in face of the combined human interests of the rest of the world.

With such a basis for his thinking the author takes up modern European history and diplomacy in detail, maintaining that the condition of affairs when he wrote (1913) was the logical result of certain definite acts which he enumerates combined with definite and world-wide tendencies. His study is perhaps in more detail than the American quite appreciates, his presumption of knowledge of events is not always warranted for the non-European reader, his style occasionally a little involved, yet on the whole his work is illuminating, even though we may not agree with his theories, and his knowledge of the situation is wide and thorough. The "fourth book" on the present outlook clearly foretells a European outbreak and places the burden of blame on Germany's policy of intimidation. That the United States must come forth from her isolation, that the probable outcome of the Panama Canal will be a Franco-Anglo-American pact for the peace of the world are the concluding ideas of the book.

Certain German apologists in this country have maintained that the European outbreak is the result of the clash between two great peoples of alien interests and ideals—the Germans and the Slavs. They declare that the force of the German people is opposed to the onrush of the Slavs for the mastery of Europe and that Germany should have the sympathy rather than the antagonism of the remaining European States. In this connection it is interesting to note that Germany's ally, Austria, has some fifty-two odd millions of people of whom about two-thirds are of Slavic derivation and sympathies, a condition somewhat invalidating the plea of the anti-Slavic crusade. Be that as it may, the Slavic peoples are destined to play a leading part in the Europe of the future, if indeed they do not do so in the present crisis, and they are to-day the least known and least understood of the races of Europe. *Modern Russia,* by Gregor Alexinsky, is an effort to explain impartially the character of his country and of his people by a former member of the Russian Duma. Like the work previously discussed, this book opens with the note of "the international quality of contemporary society.' Russia is analysed in relation to the other peoples of the world as well as described

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from the point of view of her internal development. The author has written a thorough, scholarly and conscientious work covering the topography of Russia, her various peoples, the "evolution of the national mind," her economic position, the social and political conditions of the Empire, the organisation of the government and the religious status of the country. A last section on Russian literature and poetry should prove of especial interest to BOOKMAN readers. The literature of Russia, according to Mr. Alexinsky, is far more *social* than the other literatures of Europe. The "intellectuals" of Russia are closer to the proletariat, are indeed in larger measure drawn from the proletariat, than in other countries. There is little capitalistic society to tempt the educated classes to economic achievement and "as absolutism forbids political activity to thousands of citizens, the intellectual members of the progressive stratum of society have only one resource—literature—if they would share, at least to a certain degree, in the social activity of the country." Russian literature is entirely the "direct reflection of the life of Russia" and to understand it one must understand the peculiarities of Russian life and ideals. Thus the evolution of Russian literature is the evolution of the racial mind, and to follow this evolution with the author from the "enlightened élite" of the early nineteenth century, dreaming impossible ideals, to the modern Gorky, the exponent of the Russian proletariat, is one of the most interesting phases of his book. Of Tolstoy he writes: "All Tolstoy's talent was devoted to the denunciation and criticism of evil. Tolstoy considered art and literature only as means of struggling against evil and to propagate humanitarian ideas." Speaking of the political and social value of Russian literature as propaganda, Mr. Alexinsky concludes: "Russian society, unused to seeing in literature only a source of distraction, as is the case with European readers, looks to it for social programmes, for the solutions of the 'accursed problems of life.' A beacon shining amid the darkness of the social night—such is literature to Russian society."

German Sea-Power, by A. Hurd and H. Castle, is an attempt to explain the policy, technique and history of German naval development. It is written by Englishmen for Englishmen, and the effort of the work is in large measure to dispel the German bugaboo that has of recent years crossed the English mind in intermittent waves of hysteria. The authors believe that the German naval policy is fundamentally a sincere expression of Germany's economic needs and that although German naval expenditure in recent years has been in excess of her financial resources, it has not seriously affected her economic strength. The question of the definite policy of the German navy is discussed at length in a chapter on the Kaiser and his naval minister, Admiral von Tirpitz. The character of the Emperor is rather favourably presented and allowances are made for the circumstances under which he is labouring. Surrounded by flatterers in a large measure dependent for their positions upon him, ambitious for Germany's ascendency among the nations, an idealist and frank in expressing his ideals, the Emperor is depicted as desirous of peace and of a peaceful industrial and economic progress rather than of aggrandisement by force of arms. The theory that his character is marked by duplicity and that he has always aimed at the supremacy of England is flatly denied: "The Emperor is essentially a man of warm impulse and frank utterance, and his professions of liking for England and the English are undoubtedly perfectly sincere." Nevertheless, these authors say that the Emperor "believes that the British nation is unnerved and effete, that it is losing both its martial and industrial vigour, that its energies have been sapped by too much wealth and prosperity, and that it is rapidly following the downward path." With this belief such a profession of friendship would naturally be under suspicion at least. To Admiral von Tirpitz, however, is laid the effective motive power of the German naval

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policy; this minister, quiet, urbane, attending strictly to his business, has accomplished far more for the German navy than all the Emperor's trumpet-like proclamations of his dreams of world-wide rule and maritime dictatorship (quite of the peaceful, economic kind, be it understood). The Admiral's control of the Reichstag, his publicity campaign and his methods of influencing the entire body of naval writers in the German press show that he approached his problem in a scientific and thorough manner, and the result was the second strongest navy in the world. *German Sea-Power* considers more than the navy itself; it discusses the economic status and the social life of the German people in their relation to maritime interests and it contains two nautical maps showing German and British naval bases, cables and wireless stations.

A book of an entirely different nature is *War,* by W. Douglas Newton. It is written in story form, and although no names are mentioned it is easily gathered that it is supposed to represent the effect to the people of the English villages of a German invasion. There are no economic or social discussions—it simply relates in detail the result to a quiet country-side of the passage of an invading army and all the horrors and ghastliness of modern warfare are intimately described. The book would seem to be written largely to stir up interest for an adequate defence of England and England's homes against possible invasion by the rival neighbour. It is introduced by Father Benson and further bolstered up by a word from Rudyard Kipling which would almost stamp the book as official propaganda. In view of the speed and efficacy of the recent mobilisation of the English army it would seem as if the author's fears were somewhat unnecessary. Nevertheless the book is absorbing reading if one is interested in following the details of modern warfare and it gives the reader some idea of the significance to the actual human beings involved of the present struggle in Europe.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg's book, *The War and America,* is dedicated to "all lovers of fair play" and is written with the purpose of combatting the anti-German spirit in this country and of explaining to Americans the German point of view and thereby justifying the German theory. The keynote of the book is struck early in its pages with the following:

> But, seen from the higher standpoint of cultural world history, it [the war] is exclusively a struggle between Russia and Germany.

Professor Münsterberg maintains that Germany is placed between powerful and hostile neighbours who have during all their history sought to overwhelm the German people. The Slavic culture, Asiatic in essentials, has been waiting patiently through the generations for the time to push its expanding hordes westward and southward against the rest of Europe—it matters little whether it be Germany or France or England; to the Russian spirit there are only Russia and the rest of Europe. Germany has felt this and in self-defence has built up a great war machine, thereby acting as the buffer state for the European civilisations. Professor Münsterberg also says that Germany's military activities are not in conflict with the spirit of the German people.

> Moreover, Germany has to a high degree overcome the apparent conflict which made the other enlightened nations suffer: the conflict between militarism and culture. It made the training in the army an educative schooling of the whole population for efficiency in every line of national work. The service in barrack and camp became a time of personal happiness, of social growth, of vocational advance. Army and nation became one as in no other land.

The war, according to this eminent writer, is not the result of an assassination in Austria, nor of the ambition of an Emperor or of a military caste, but is the inevitable result of the clash of two great and expanding races with fundamentally different instincts: the German

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and the Russian, and is therefore a just and moral war. That France and England have entered the conflict is due to an unhappy revenge spirit among the French for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine and to England's jealousy of the commercial expansion of Germany. Professor Münsterberg speaks particularly of the friendship for England which he claims has existed in Germany and he therefore feels it the more that England should fall upon her cousins in their hour of peril and cloak their jealous attack with the pious excuse of honour toward Belgium. For he upholds Bernhardi's theory of a treaty as a "scrap of paper" when he refers to the one with Belgium, though it is interesting to note that in the same sentence he refers to the treaty with Austria as "a pledge of international honour which no one breaks without moral humiliation."

Professor Münsterberg has written an able book defending his country, and though it opens with some bitterness there is on the whole little vituperation to antagonise the impartial reader. It seems, however, a little unfortunate that he should allude to America as "the gallery public of the western world" and in questionable taste that he should refer to the German as the "ideal civilisation of the world." There are a number of contradictory statements in the book, as, for instance, in one place that the military training is an essential part of the German culture, while later on there is the statement that if France had not refused to "forget", "Alsace would be perfectly German to-day, and the whole military machine of Germany would never have been built up." In this connection it would perhaps not be amiss to remind Professor Münsterberg that in 1898 Nicholas II, the young and idealistic Tsar of Russia, made his famous appeal to the nations for universal disarmament, and that in the years immediately following that date the French people, who had previously made their treaty with Russia, unquestionably in the hope of revenge against Germany, became resigned to their fate and decided to make the best of it with the result that for ten years the revenge spirit slept and might have been silenced forever but for the unfortunate Moroccan affair and for the great increase in German armaments in the last few years, every addition to which has affected the French as an insult and a menace. But be that as it may, and overlooking for the moment the immediate responsibility for the war, the particularly interesting phase of Professor Münsterberg's book to be emphasised is his contrast between the State philosophies of the Anglo-Saxon and of the German. For the Anglo-Saxon the State is an organisation which exists in the interests of individuals.

> What else is the purpose of science and knowledge, of art and literature, of culture and progress, but to aid and to strengthen the individuals, to make life comfortable and pleasant and efficient for as many persons as possible. The happiness of individuals is the last goal for the Anglo-Saxon.

In contrast is the philosophy of life which stands behind the German nation. In the German view the State is not for the individuals but the individuals for the State. "To fill one's life with the service of science and art, of culture and state, and when need be to spend one's life for them is an eternal value." Thus we see Germany a highly nationalised unit, symbolised in the person of the Emperor and seeking the goal of the expanse of its culture with complete recklessness of the life of the individual. *"Life is worth while only if we serve ideas and if we are ready to sacrifice everything for them."* (The italics are the reviewer's.) Does it not occur to Professor Münsterberg that here is an essential, fundamental cause in the attitude of Americans toward the struggle? The first philosophy of the State, that of the Anglo-Saxon and of Americans, predicates universal peace; the second philosophy of the State, that of the Germans, predicates eternal struggle. The greatest happiness to individuals means tolerance for all, helpfulness

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among the human brotherhood against its common environment and respect for the ideas of others. On the other hand, the submergence of the individual for the welfare of the State with eagerness to sacrifice everything for the State means intolerance of other civilisations, contempt for the ideas of others and a return to a condition among nations where the law of the survival of the fittest must hold unbroken sway. Which philosophy of life does the world want to see predominate? We in America can answer in but one way: the philosophy of the greatest happiness to the individual. As was suggested in the discussion of *Problems of Power* in an earlier part of this paper, we are to-day witnessing the conflict of two ideas—the idea of nationalisation and the idea of a common human interest to include all western nations; and in the titanic struggle in Europe we have on the one hand the predominantly nationalised people making its supreme effort in the face of the combined human interests of the rest of the world. That Russia should be drawn up on the side of the economic, social and cultural interests of a common humanity may seem incongruous, but much of the feeling in America is that Russia is awakening and will eventually fall in with the philosophy of a universal peace, or that failing to do so, she will at some future date, alike with Germany, arrive at a day of reckoning and readjustment.

One of the most stimulating of the recent books on Germany is *The Secrets of the German War Office,* by Armgaard Karl Graves. Dr. Graves (identity unknown) was for a number of years in the employ of the German Secret Service until, because of his important knowledge of political and military secrets, he was betrayed as he claims by Germany to England in the hope of keeping him bottled up in an English jail. His trial and conviction occurred in Edinburgh in the summer of 1912. Subsequently he was released on its being proven to him that Germany had betrayed him and on his promise to serve the English Secret Service for the remainder of his sentence. This he did, and on the expiration of his term of service he resigned, in New York at the time, and now he tells the public much of his experiences in the German service. The first part of his book is composed largely of unrelated incidents in the life of a spy, to be sure making entertaining reading. The latter part of his story develops about the political agitation in Europe beginning with the Moroccan affair in 1911. The picture he draws of the Kaiser, worn and grey and labouring far into the night over the diplomatic tangle in his efforts to conserve the peace of Europe in the face of pressure at home from the militarists, the Krupps and the feudal aristocrats and with hostile menaces on all sides, is somewhat appealing and contrary to foreign impression of the Emperor. As for his own activities, Dr. Graves's account of them would make himself appear as supremely clever and miraculously infallible —so much so that we must perforce admire his ability to tell a good story. To Americans unaccustomed to the intrigue and adventure of a political Secret Service, Dr. Graves's book must, however, prove a revelation of the method pursued by European governments to obtain information on each other's movements, military and political, and to influence the destinies of nations. And his book is unquestionably interesting reading.

A book largely of historical incident, recent and for a century back, is *The Nations of Europe: The Causes and Issues of the Great War,* by Charles Morris. A summary of the immediate incidents leading up to the war with quotations of current opinions is followed by a lengthy resumé of European history from Napoleon's era to the trouble in the Balkan States. A concluding chapter on "Methods in Modern Warfare" is rather incomplete and hastily prepared. For one, however, who wishes to go over the events of European history, especially of the last few months, and to study the statistics of the warring nations, this rather lengthy volume would serve adequately.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

F. Lauriston Bullard's "Famous War Correspondents"*

Exactly sixty years ago, the Duke of Cambridge, commander of the British force encamped at Varna on its way to the Crimea, observed one evening during a tour of inspection a lonely little tent standing in the middle of a deserted camp ground. He sent an aide to investigate, and was much astonished when the officer returned with the report that it belonged to the correspondent of the London *Times*. The Duke passed on without interfering with the tent or its occupant, but he offered no assistance. And his attitude was characteristic of the attitude of the other British generals toward the man who is usually considered to have been the first war correspondent —they permitted him to follow the army on sufferance, but they gave him no aid —neither rations, nor quarters, nor recognition social or official.

Nevertheless, clinging to the coat-tails of the army as a species of camp-follower, William Howard Russell managed to accompany it to the Crimea. Eventually he came into possession of a little hut at Balaclava, where he lived during the terrible autumn and winter that followed. From here he wrote a series of letters to the *Times* in which he strove to tell the exact truth, but told it with such fire and force that there were consequences of more than passing importance. His accounts of the suffering of the British soldiers from privation and disease, so that in nine months the number of sick increased from 503 to 23,076, moved Florence Nightingale to the wonderful mission which was the direct precursor of the Red Cross. His graphic description of the charge of the Light Brigade inspired Tennyson to write the poem which a million school-boys since have "volleyed and thundered." And he established the profession of a war-correspondent.

Incidentally he made a name for himself. It was a vastly more important Russell who came to this country in 1861; observed the rout at Bull Run; wrote a scathing description which brought on him the bitter hostility of the North and the nickname "Bull Run" Russell; and departed with a contemptuous sniff, prophesying that the war would soon be over and the South triumphant. It was a distinguished Russell who "did" the Franco-German War in 1870-1, travelling with the headquarters staff on cordial and even intimate terms with Bismarck. It was a distinguished and successful Sir William Russell to whom King Edward whispered, as he slipped over his head the ribbon of the C.V.O., —"Don't kneel, Billy, stoop." Such are a few salient features in the life of the man upon whose tomb in St. Paul's is inscribed "The first and greatest of war correspondents."

The greatest of war correspondents Russell may have been, but when we come to the question of priority a certain American, George Wilkins Kendall, now little known but celebrated in his day, has a claim to be heard. Seven years before Russell went to the Crimea, Kendall accompanied the American armies in the invasion of Mexico, first with General Taylor, and later with General Scott on the march to the City of Mexico. This pioneer war correspondent, who represented the New Orleans *Picayune,* not only got the news and made excellent "copy" of it, but he succeeded in delivering his despatches to his paper with remarkable promptness when one considers the absence of the tele-

*Famous War Correspondents. By F. Lauriston Bullard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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graph, railroads and any postal system. Kendall's letters were carried to Vera Cruz by daring riders who travelled day and night by relays of horses, across mountain trails, through the jungles, in a country infested with Mexican guerrillas. From Vera Cruz to New Orleans they went by steamer; and here again was an evidence of American enterprise. A fast steamboat equipped with printers and type met the steamers at the mouth of the Mississippi, and during the run up the river Kendall's despatches were made ready for the extra editions of the *Picayune* which soon appeared. By such means Kendall scored many "beats," and in more than one case his account of an important battle was published before the Government despatches arrived.

The qualifications of a war correspondent differ in degree but not in kind from those of the everyday reporter. Each must possess a "nose for news"; know how to tell a story; and gets the news to his newspaper office ahead of his rivals. But a battle is a vastly greater theme than the grist of ordinary reporters—murders, accidents, etc.; and the dangers and difficulties of reporting a battle and getting the news to the home office are such that only men of unusual determination, fertility of resource and endurance have succeeded as war-correspondents.

One conclusion to be drawn from reading Mr. Bullard's book is that England has produced the greatest war-correspondents; while this country has excelled in building up a system for collecting and forwarding war news. Such men as Archibald Forbes and such a display of superhuman energy and determination as he showed in getting the news of the battle of Shipka Pass to London are products of the English system of letting the war-correspondent depend upon his own resources. Forbes was at Shipka Pass, far up in the Balkans, where the Turks were slowly encircling the Russian position, until a Russian relief column came into view. Although the battle was not ended, Forbes guessed, and rightly, that the Russians would be victorious. And although he had been in the trenches for thirty-six hours, without sleep and almost without food, he decided to leave the front with his news. For a day and a night he rode pony express fashion, stopping only at relay stations for fresh horses and travelling at a furious gallop. Thus he came to the Russian headquarters, and narrated to the Imperial staff, and to the Czar, an account of the battle before any of the official couriers had arrived. Thence onward, another weary day's journey, until at eight o'clock in the evening he arrived at Bucharest and a telegraph office after three days and nights without sleep, almost without food, and after thirty-six hours spent in the saddle.

"I was dead tired," Forbes says of this incident. "Not a word of my despatch was written, and I had news for which I knew the world was waiting—news on which the fate of an Empire and the fortunes of half Europe depended. And it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open, or sit up in the chair into which I had dropped. . . .

"I told the waiter to bring me a pint of dry champagne, unopened. I took the cork out, put the neck of the bottle into my mouth, drank it with all the fizz, sat up and wrote the four columns you read next morning in the *Daily News*."

Such is the stuff a famous war-correspondent must be made of. Forbes duplicated this terrific ride at another time in the Russo-Turkish War; and again, in South Africa, he made a wonderful journey, single-handed through a country swarming with murderous Zulus. This is to mention only a few of his remarkable exploits.

MacGahan's ride to Khiva is another instance of war journalistic enterprise. This young correspondent set out into the wilds of Turkestan, alone, to follow the Russian expeditionary force to Khiva. The authorities forbade him to go, and he went; they sent Cossacks to bring him back and he eluded the Cossacks; he hobnobbed with natives who were interested in him as one whom they hoped

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to murder and rob; he went into the desert expecting to overtake the expedition in five days, and he wandered about in it for twenty-nine days, suffering frightfully from heat, thirst, hunger and fatigue. But he finally overtook the Russians and entered Khiva as their honoured guest.

Bennett Burleigh in the Soudan, once helping a broken square to reform against the mad rush of "Fuzzy-Wuzzies"; more than once in a desperate fight giving orders to the troops, and having his orders obeyed, is another war-correspondent whose adventures make lively reading. And the exploits of Villiers, of G. W. Steevens, and others are thrilling tales of exciting hours.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war there came to London an American newspaper man with a method of war correspondence which was considered revolutionary in the extreme. His plan was simple: to send a number of correspondents to the front, who were to cover the field with both armies; and who, whenever they had an especially important bit of news to tell, were neither to write nor telegraph, but to return in all haste to the home office. There was much sniffing by the veteran correspondents of many wars at such an innovation. But it worked. Smalley's methods scored a "beat" over such men as Russell and Forbes, at Saarbrück, at Gravelotte, and again at Sedan. They were the outgrowth of our methods during the Civil War, when the *New York Herald,* the *Tribune* and the *Times* kept a large force of correspondents in the field, and developed the style of war-reporting which Smalley afterward taught to Europe. And they were the precursors of our methods during the Spanish-American War, when newspaper rivalry and our Yankee curiosity for news resulted in the greatest outbreak of war-correspondents the world has ever seen. Fleets of newspaper boats; tremendous bills for cablegrams; an army of reporters, including several "lady journalists" and the special for an agricultural paper, fighting to accompany our expedition to Cuba; these were a few of our contributions to the science of war-corresponding.

It looks as if the lives of famous war-correspondents has been written. There is a war in progress now which is a giant beside the struggles which men, from the days of Kendall and Russell on, have reported. But where are the war-correspondents? One reads of the arrest of one and another, now in France, now in Germany, and of their trailing in a kind of honourable captivity far in the rear of armies and safely out of sight of battles. One hears of them, at London, Paris and elsewhere, champing the bit, as it were, in their impatience to start to the front. But they keep on champing and champing. One hears of them mildly objecting because they are directed to go to the back door of the British War Office to get the official bulletins. Shades of Russell and Archibald Forbes, war-correspondents nowadays object to getting their news at the back door!

Arthur M. Chase.

II

"Parnell's Love Story"*

No doubt Mrs. Katherine O'Shea, afterwards Mrs. Parnell, had some justification in her own mind for publishing this singularly frank account of her relations with the man who for so many years led an apparently hopeless fight for Irish Home Rule. But it is difficult to imagine what this justification was. Perhaps she was anxious to show that she did not wreck his career, that he found in her love the comfort he needed to sustain him through the heat and burden of the day. From the very beginning they were fascinated with each other. O'Shea was a member of the Irish party, and both he and his wife were determined to get Parnell to dine with them. With this end in view, she and her sister drove down to the House of Commons and asked for him. "He came out, a tall,

*Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life. By Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: Doran.

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gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. . . . His curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: 'This man is wonderful—and different.'" He picked up a rose which she dropped, and put it in his button-hole. And years after she found it among his private papers, and when he died laid it on his heart.

Such a story ought to be appealing; but somehow it is not. The reader of the narrative thinks more of the sordid shifts, the long deception, that their love involved, than of the romance or pathos of it. We need not act the Pharisee and preach a sermon about it. In this case the husband played a rather wretched part, and deserves no especial pity. If he did not know, he ought to have known. His wife did no great wrong to him in loving another man. Possibly she did the man a great good. Cold, impassive, self-contained to the outer world, he yet craved sympathy in an almost childish fashion. How or where Parnell declared himself to her we are not told —a reticence as grateful as it is surprising. But within three months he was addressing her as "My own Dear Love." It is not indicated that either made any struggle against fate. Indeed, both quickly sought to make excuses for themselves. She was his wife and he her husband, despite the inconvenient existence of Mr. O'Shea. When he does not call he "Queenie" he calls her "Wifie." Many of the letters, indeed, seem almost too intimate for publication. Ought love letters ever to be published? Does it not indicate a defect in judgment, if not in sensibility, if the woman to whom they were written publishes them? It is difficult to believe that the cold and self-centred Parnell would have approved this revelation of his intimate and tender side. His widow might have justified her relations with him before the divorce that set her free by other means than this betrayal of what he himself kept resolutely secret.

The ethical question involved need not be debated at length here. It is more to the point to note that the publicity which O'Shea's suit for divorce gave to those relations was the ruin of Parnell. His associates in politics, and every one else versed in current gossip, had understood very well what they were. But it was a part of the hypocrisy—perhaps the necessary hypocrisy—which binds society together that every one should pretend not to know. When this was no longer possible outraged morality had to speak. Mr. Gladstone, for example, had repeatedly used Mrs. O'Shea as a means of communication with Parnell. Yet when the storm broke and the Nonconformist conscience was aroused he demanded of the Irish Party the immediate retirement of its leader. This was the tragedy of Parnell's life. Deserted by those he had thought his friends, the work of years undone, his health already failing, what had he left to live for? The most interesting chapters of the book are those that deal with this episode. In its earlier portions it is too much drawn out, too exclusively autobiographical. Mrs. Parnell's interest for the world depends on her connection with Mr. Parnell. She has given the facts about this without reserve. The frankness of the narrative is more obvious than its good taste.

Edward Fuller.

III

Lady Newborough's "The Secret of Louis-Philippe"*

There is promise of great piquancy in the rest of the title of this book—"The Suppressed Memoirs of Marie Stella the Rightful Heir, By Herself." But, alas! whatever the justice of her claims, Marie Stella has no events of a sprightly nature to ventilate, and she exhibits no admirable or interesting qualities of mind or heart. The chief reason for accepting her not unlikely tale is that somebody thought it worthy of suppression, for both the author and the gentleman who introduces it to her present public have contrived to invest it with suspicion.

*The Secret of Louis-Philippe. By Maria Stella. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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The introduction, which manages to say nothing in a lengthy and noisy manner, praises the elegance and polish of Marie Stella's pen; but unless the translation has greatly wronged her, its only idea of a sentence is to stop when it gets tired. On the other hand, the letter which her supposed father, the ignorant jailer, wrote her on his death-bed informing her of her exchange at birth for his new-born son, is a literary gem. Her style throughout is of the sort calculated to impress a French jury, but ineffective without the full repertory of feminine appeal in gesture, pose, and voice. Had her case come to trial, the charming face and figure which she reveals on the frontispiece would doubtless have been employed to advantage.

The case itself can be briefly stated. Philippe Egalité and his wife while travelling in Italy under the name of de Joinville, became friends of a Count Borghi, in whose household was a jailer by the name of Chiappini. Learning that the jailer had received an addition to his family, Louis—whose predilection for low companions is well known—arranged with him to substitute this son for the daughter with which Madame had again disappointed the possible heir to the French throne. The Countess Borghi, knowing of the secret substitution, did her best to atone for it by giving the little girl what education she could; but at the age of four she was taken by Chiappini to Florence, and the rest of her childhood was committed to the rough mercies of her violent and rapacious foster-parents. She was placed in the ballet school of the theatre, apparently in the hope that she would attract some rich admirer. One soon appeared in the senile and drunken Lord Newborough, to whom they married her in spite of her passionate protests. In the years to come she was several times on the point of leaving him, but being—as she afterwards abundantly showed—entirely lacking in initiative, she remained with him until his death; and, later, married Baron Sternberg, a Russian nobleman visiting in England. On the death of Chiappini, who with his whole family had been fleecing her for years, came the letter announcing that he was not her real parent but imploring her to take no steps to learn her identity.

Very early in childhood the difference in appearance and bearing between herself and her people had been forced upon her; and now she no sooner started her inquiries than she discovered that none of her old friends had ever believed her a Chiappini. Hearing from two ancient maidservants of the Borghis the story of the de Joinville parents, she proceeded to France to look them up. Here she met with some mysterious obstacles and discovered on visiting the Court that the royal portraits greatly resembled herself or her children, while the portrait of the Duke of Orleans strikingly reproduced Chiappini. Meeting rebuff in her next step, she returned to Italy to collect more authentic proof. Then she successfully applied to the Episcopal Tribunal to rectify her baptismal certificate, and was declared a de Joinville by birth. But it still remained to establish the identity of these mysterious travellers.

From now on comes the record of her exploitation by one swindler after another—some of them ingenious but all so barefaced that the conclusion which has been growing is at last forced upon you that Maria Stella, born de Joinville or not, was born a fool at any rate. Her advertisement in the French newspapers for information naturally attracted sharpers, and they found her an incredibly easy prey. Her hand was forever in her pocket and no sooner had she secured what seemed to be an important document than she let it go out of her keeping, with a fatuity which if it actually happened vindicates the methods, hitherto deemed artificial, of some early Victorian playwrights. Even her husband, scarcely less a fool, became out of patience with her and took refuge in distant Russia. But Maria continues till the end of her memoirs to disburse francs and valuable documents without success. During her entire career she seems to have been un-

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able to interest any reputable person in her story. Yet it may all easily have been the truth; for if her manner resembled her memoirs there must have seemed something fishy about her. She was not the stuff of which adventuresses should be made, one may admit, but no person confident of the merits of her case—not even a French woman!—poses so before her jury. In attacking the character of Louis-Philippe her gestures are particularly amusing. Only when she has delivered an itemised account of his vices some pages in length, does she permit herself to blush and the pen to drop from her fingers in shame.

Graham Berry.

IV

Kenyon Cox's "Artist and Public"*

Seven agreeable and discriminating essays make up this book. Six of them survey, from one angle or another, the thoughts which cluster around its title. The divorce between the artist and his public is the cause of nearly all the shortcomings of modern art, runs Mr. Cox's thesis. The French Revolution destroyed the aristocratic public, and modern machinery has destroyed popular art; before the advent of either there was no such thing as a misunderstood painter. When artists, even sincere, merely seek to express themselves, they are likely to be chaotic and convulsive; but in so doing there is a constant tendency to insincerity, and under this, even the great talent of Rodin has steadily deliquesced. True art has always been the artist's expression of the ideals of his time and the world he lived in; and it can exist only through the mutual understanding of the artist and his public. There is little room for progress in any of the arts, for they are capable of progress only so far as they depend on exact knowledge. Great men, who alone can produce great art, are to be found anywhere in history. Millet is likely to have the most enduring reputation of the last century, not because he was sometimes a revolutionist or a sentimentalist, but because he is the one modern exemplar of the grand style, a classicist who sought to impart to everything an air of universality by eliminating all non-essentials. Similarly, the American school of art is more distinctive to-day than any other school largely because it has not been swept away by the prevailing madness for novelty. To Mr. Cox cubists and futurists and post-impressionists are all diseased intellects seeking like spiders to spin something out of themselves. Great artists express themselves in the language of the spectator; and if they falsify life in one respect, it is only to bring out the truth more clearly in another—a mark of their greatness is that they sacrifice no more than is necessary to their chief purpose. The little volume closes with a glowing appreciation of the personality and work of Saint Gaudens, who proved himself a classicist and conservative by his avoidance of the besetting sins of naturalism and the scientific temper on the one hand and of virtuosity on the other. He is the greatest artist our country has produced; for though there are a few who are as technically accomplished, they do not possess his vigour and loftiness of imagination.

A. de Vivier.

*Artist and Public. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

V

Gustav Pollak's "International Perspective in Criticism"*

This unassuming book selectes four men—Goethe, Grillparzer, Sainte-Beuve, and Lowell—to illustrate its suggestive title. Besides being great critics, these men, says the author, are eminently fitted to do so since all four rose to high public station in their own country and were accused of lack of patriotism because they were citizens of the world. They sought to foster an international appreciation of the master works of all time and protested against national onesidedness. Mr. Pollak thinks that their protest against

*International Perspective in Criticism. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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provincialism in literature is one which should be heeded particularly by Americans—which seems strange when one considers that modern foreign authors are probably more commonly read in America than in any other country.

To each of his exemplars the author devotes an introductory chapter, surveying them in those aspects which are germane to the subject. Perhaps the most cosmopolitan of the four is Goethe. Though he sought to impart to his countrymen his own remarkable universality of interest, he warned them to beware of the uncritical and good-natured tolerance of the German mind for a wide variety of mediocrity. The great creative work of Goethe never prevented the proper recognition of his critical achievement, as it does with Grillparzer. The latter's equipment for an international critic was the product of an even wider study than the other three, but it in no way confined his native originality. This was doubtless because he was always on his guard lest it might do so. "Shakespeare is perhaps the greatest product of the modern age," he said, "but he tyrannises over my intellect and I want to be free. I thank God he exists, I absorb him, and try to forget him." The most unique place among critics is occupied by Sainte-Beuve. His achievement is as vast and erudite as it is graceful, and he laid down no critical canons; to a supreme degree he possessed the art of dreaming, book in hand. He was constantly telling Frenchmen that the world did not begin and end with them, and counselling them to survey their literature from a distance. He ranks Montaigne with the wisest, for instance, precisely because the wisdom of the essayist is not distinctively French. Like Goethe, he distrusted new creeds and admired the ability to retire from the moment into the permanent things of the past. Lowell's critical fame has, like Grillparzer's, been obscured by his eminence in other fields and also by the wide range of his accomplishments. Yet his critical faculty was paramount, and it had a peculiar significance in that though he was essentially a citizen of the world he was essentially a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts. As deeply imbued with the classic spirit as the others, he pleads also for the moderns.

Having thus introduced his men and noted their resemblances and differences, the author devotes the remaining two-thirds of his book to letting them speak for themselves on common topics drawn from the world's literature. Variously equipped and influenced by differences of race and temperament, therein they all strive to found an international point of view upon the basis of classic ideals. We get their mind upon Shakespeare and Scott and Byron, upon Molière and Béranger and Hugo, upon Lessing and Schiller, upon Dante and Calderon and Cervantes.

The idea of this book will be thought a good one or not precisely as it satisfies the needs of the individual reader. The opportunity for easy comparison of these four men's minds and methods will doubtless be of value to some; others will commend this little larder of choice morsels chiefly because it may tempt to a wider table. The intention of the author in this rather pedestrian volume is in either case realised.

Algernon Tassin.

VI

Jack London's "The Mutiny of the 'Elsinore' "*

Versatility in a writer proves his artistic sincerity and his inability to rest on the commercial success any one particular line of work, if well done, will bring him. But sometimes it is the good qualities of our friends that we find more annoying than their faults. Jack London's friends will think so when they read this book. By some over-hasty reviewers this latest London novel has been classified as a return to the *Seawolf* style. Nothing could be further from the truth. The setting is a ship on the high seas, and the chief character, who tells the story, is a man

*The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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of cultivated leisure, a successful playwright, a philosopher and essayist (it's good to find an American who thinks a playwright can be successful and a philosopher at one and the same time), in these superficial details the two stories may be alike. But the manner of treatment and the underlying current of thought, render *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* a greater contrast to *The Seawolf* than to many another of this prolific story-teller's later works. In *The Seawolf* all is action—action first, then some little thinking on it afterward, is the colour of the book. Here all is thought, character-study, motivation. In the one book "show me what a man does and I will try to read you his character"! here "let me study a man's character and I will tell you what he is likely to do."

It is interesting because it is a new phase of Jack London's development. Whether a successful one, it is not yet possible to tell. There are moments when we are quite ready to deny it as we read this latest book. We are not always enthralled by John Pathurst's philosophy (or Jack London's), we find him a bore with his essay style and his eternal seeking to express things rather than to feel and do them. We want to get on with the story, for we feel somehow that something is bound to happen and this certainty interests us more than do Pathurst's imaginings. But the slow days drag on, until the very modern mutiny occurs in the last third of the book. And John Pathurst, man of cultivated leisure, becomes conscious that he is one of the Blond Masters of the World—Neitzsche again, he called them Blond Beasts—and takes command of the *Elsinore* as she drifts through the Southern Sea carrying her load of hate and murder. And then when we have closed the book we realise that the slowness of the earlier chapters, of the greater part of the book, indeed, has helped to fix the pictures more firmly in our mind. And we realise that we have discovered a new Jack London, who has discarded the bold brushstrokes of his earlier days and has adopted a mosaic method, carefully fitting bit by bit with infinite slowness and infinite precision, but in the end making a picture just the same. John Pathurst is a bore, but the two mates and the types among the sailors are bits of mosaic so much worth while that we forgive the excess of philosophy indulged in by the chief protagonist. The ship *Elsinore* is a modern world in miniature, and the outcome of the struggle for mastery, as viewed by John Pathurst, is more startlingly unlike Jack London's hitherto loudly proclaimed standpoint than anything else in the book.

J. Marchand.

VII

Ridgwell Cullum's "The Way of the Strong"*

Written with the easy facility of a practised writer who knows his own particular public, this book is nevertheless strangely uneven. It is as if it were written by two different people, and yet the difference lies neither in style nor any detail of craftsmanship. It lies in that intangible but all-important quality, sincerity—a quality that counts heavily, when one would judge a book by the better literary standards. The first eight chapters, with their setting of the grim North wilderness and their few but definitely drawn human characters, ring true. The man called Leo, who fills the canvas, seems really the Nietzsche Superman his author declares him. He is the Blond Beast who imposes his will on all around him, not because of privilege backed by man's law, but because of the force within him to which he bows as he compels others to bow. The others exist but by his will. Audrey, the woman, is only the Female, his mate. There is an epic simplicity about it that compels admiration. And, just to mention one episode, the picture of the dogs around the lonely campfire, sensing in some strange way the passing of the spirit as a man dies, compares well in strength and vividness with the treatment of similar themes by some of our

*The Way of the Strong. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company.

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best writers who have made the North their field.

But when we follow the author down from the North to the haunts of law and order, where men seek gold by commercial ways, we come indeed into another world. We come to a melodrama, so utterly insincere, so seemingly written with an eye to the "ten-twenty-thirty two-a-day stocks," that we fancy it would defeat its purpose even there. For in this day and generation, the simpler the audience, the greater their demand for some reality, some breath of sincerity. With a most ultra-modern setting—the crowded marts of trade or the great wheatfields of that youngest world, Northwest Canada; with a plot that concerns itself with speculation on the Exchanges; with commercial war; with labour troubles—modern in every way, the author has yet managed to confine the story to the old stock tricks of the melodrama of a decade or so back. Not one of them is missing, and not a single character misses doing or saying exactly what the characters in an old-fashioned melodrama with a modern setting ought to say or do. And not one of them ever forgets him or herself sufficiently to talk or act like a human being. Leo, now become Alexander Hendrie, the Wheat King, is no longer a real man, but a puppet. He marries his secretary, "bucks" up against a deliciously stagey Union, and an equally melodramatic railway strike, but as befits a hero of melodrama, he is willing to let it all go hang that he may bring a noted surgeon into the wilderness to help his sick wife. And Monica, the wife, the heroine, also behaves exactly as the leading lady ought to do. Her speeches are the same old stock dialogue, her comings and goings allow her to show the audience all sorts of gowns from a frontier riding habit and an office shirtwaist to a fetching black chiffon affair in which she has the big scene with her husband—for of course it would be rank heresy for the heroine to have the big scene in anything but black! All of which is vastly amusing—but disappointing after so auspicious a beginning, cruelly so. *Grace Merchant.*

VIII

Percy J. Brebner's "Christopher Quarles"*

The fascination about a detective story, which makes it the favourite light literature of men of large affairs . . . according to their own frequent confessions, casts its spell also over writers who have made themselves felt in other fields. Mr. Brebner, whose work hitherto has shown no leanings in this respect, comes into the arena with a new detective. As the aim of each new detective—or of his creator—is to be as unlike the conventional idea of a detective as possible, Christopher Quarles may easily be said to distance those already in the field by several lengths. And before we go further here, it would be interesting to have some one tell us what the conventional idea of a detective really is, since every new writer tells us his man is something quite different!

But certainly Professor Quarles is the most lovable, the most learned, the most unpoliceman-like detective we have yet met. As a matter of fact he is not a detective at all, but a scholar, specialising in philosophy and keenly interested in the human motives behind every act. Criminal cases interest him only when it is necessary to find this motive. He confesses that he does not make his theory from facts. He finds his theory of motives first and makes the facts fit it. It is an interesting method, and as after all human nature, even if warped and twisted out of humanity by circumstances, is at the back of every crime, the professor is not so far wrong when he insists that philosophy and imagination are good guides for detective work. As he tells the bright young detective who has won his interest, and who eventually wins the heart and hand of Professor Quarles's granddaughter:

> You are very clever, but you lack imagination to step out as far as you ought to do. Cultivate imagination and don't be too

*Christopher Quarles. By Percy James Brebner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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bound up by common-sense. Common-sense is merely the knowledge with which fools on the dead level are content. Imagination carries one to the hills and shows something of the truth which lies behind what we call truth.

Equipped with his imagination and love for psychic motivation, and aided by Murray Wigan's natural cleverness and practical knowledge of his work, the Professor unravels many mysteries, some of which can rank well up in the front of similar plots. Such rich store of good things is offered that it is hard to select any special ones particularly worthy of mention. Yet, as a guide for hurried readers, in the matter of gruesomeness the cases scheduled as "The Identity of the Final Victim," and "The Case of the Murdered Financier" will easily bear off the palm. For ingenuity of solution the "Riddle of the Circular Counters" and "The Disappearance of Dr. Smith" should be commended. The completeness of each story in itself, connected by the personalities of Quarles, his granddaughter Zena, and the young detective, Murray Wigan, make the book a particularly handy one for the busy man or woman who like the solution of an imaginary mystery but have seldom more than a short half hour or so to indulge their inclination. It is safe to prophesy that they will enjoy having *Christopher Quarles* close at hand when this lazy half-hour comes.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

IX

John Trevena's "Wintering Hay"*

It will be some time yet before readers and critics will cease comparing John Trevena with Eden Phillpotts. Particularly in this country, where the latest Dartmoor writer has not yet made himself the certain place that now is Phillpotts's. Much they have in common, more than the mere setting. The slow, unhurried method, the digression to linger with Nature, the quaint and queer types of humanity that throng their pages . . . all this similarity is not to be avoided because conditioned by the subject. But Trevena is pitiless where Phillpotts is gentle, epic where the other is lyric. More powerful sometimes and yet not always so simply true to humanity in his choice of conflict. In this latest book Trevena has chosen to make the human protagonist the chief figure in his story. The rugged unyielding hills, the cruel ever-growing thorns, all the wildness of Dartmoor surrounding Cyril Rossingall have little to do with his development. The fate that comes to him may in some way have been helped by his uncle's pitiless insane fanaticism, but the tragedy of Cyril's life is the inevitable outcome of his own character. Invariably he does the wrong thing in the important moment. And always from fear of consequences, some of which exist in his imagination only. With the selfishness that belongs to a certain charm, making devoted friends he throws his burden on those friends as his own heart rebounds from each successive blow. Until at the last having followed each wrong by another, or by some act of selfish cruelty, he realises how much he is at fault himself. His moral cowardice renders him a menace to the world of men and women while he remains in it. He retires from this world to live practically a hermit in a country cottage, to study nature and write poetry. Somehow the ending does not satisfy us. It seems tame after the tragedy of broken hearts and lives that stretch along the trail of Cyril's career. And yet it may be very near truth. It is more often literature than life which demands the completeness of an immediate compensating punishment.

We have learned to expect a big canvas teeming with figures in Trevena's books, and he has not disappointed us here. Too many and too complicated they seem at times, the rich wordiness of his style adding to the confusion in the moment of reading, but adding afterward to the strength of the picture as it stands out in the memory. Some of the many characters seem very real. Cyril him-

*Wintering Hay. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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self, first of all, is very true to life. Kit Coke, the delightful tramp; "Jane" Doll, who expects to live forever as the Dolls always do. Corindon, the farmer-philosopher, have all a semblance of flesh and blood about them. But Andrew Mutter, the terrifying fanatic, is like the creature of a nightmare vision, and George Corindon is scarcely comprehensible in his superhuman devotion. The women are not convincing, unless we except Maria Athberry. But we feel again, as one *must* feel in reading any book by Trevena. We may dislike what he offers, we may disagree with his attitude toward life, he may often directly repel us, but we know that we have to do with a literary personality of undoubted power whom it is worth while to study and to comprehend.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

WHY WOMEN DISLIKE KIPLING

BY BAILEY MILLARD

"You say that women don't like me," remarked Rudyard Kipling not long ago to a literary acquaintance. "You think I should write something to please them. What's the good? They *read* me."

It was the great artist, sure of himself and sure of his public, that spoke, not merely the flattered, spoiled favourite—for favourite he is despite his latter-day dilution. And it is true that he stands in the anomalous position of one who, though sturdily indifferent to women, holds them to the end of the chapter and beyond. Like Carlyle, who not only scolded the whole race of men and women, but impaled them upon red-hot skewers of scorn, Kipling has found that to compel a woman reader an author need not be nice to her—that in truth, he may be anything but nice—he may be as contemptuous of her as he pleases—may, in fact, ride over her rough-shod; and the more he does this the more readily will she turn to his next epistle. Nor are men readers, who always are getting hard knocks from vigorous writers, any different in this respect.

When you understand this you will understand why Kipling as well as Carlyle, each in his own time and in his own way and with such varying points of view, particularly as to Toryism and imperialism, so easily captivated the imagination of his public. Kipling has told the ugliest truths about the human race, betrayed it in a thousand ways, and yet in that very betrayal we see one of the sources of his success. So when we say that women dislike Kipling we all know that, like him or lump him, they are ever ready to lend him an attentive ear. Besides, there are many women who, while they laugh at his prejudices, are willing, because of his genius, to make allowances for them—allowances they never would make in the case of a lesser writer.

Save, perhaps, Schopenhauer, who ridiculed the pretensions of the female sex, no great modern writer has held women so lightly as this man from India. Like the strand of red which runs through every yard of British-made rope, there is in all his vivid, vital work one noticeable and distinguishable trait—a disdain of the weaker sex. The only side of that sex which ever seems to appeal to him is the savage side. Nearly all the tenderness he has seen fit to lavish upon it is found in his treatment of the little brown woman, such as Supiyawlat, that "neater, sweeter maiden, in a cleaner, greener land." Her he loves, but her civilised sister, in nine cases out of ten, he derides. If the chief character in "Without Benefit of Clergy" had been a white woman of the same type she would have

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"shrieked and raved with wicked, filthy words." Never would there have come from her mouth the soft-spoken, ear-soothing terms and tones that came from the Hindoo heroine.

There have been those critics who have held that *The Vampire* is the most vitriolic thing ever written by man against woman, but this was before *The Female of the Species*. *The Vampire* voiced a valid complaint against a particular type of woman—the woman who destroys men. *The Female of the Species* arraigns the whole sex, solidly and without exception. It places man, with his reverence for "the God of Abstract Justice which no woman understands," upon a pinnacle looking far down upon her where she stands, uttering the "speech that drips, corrodes and poisons," likened to a "cobra's bites." Her "unprovoked and awful charges" are like those of the she-bear.

> . . . Heaven help him who denies,
> He will meet no cool discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild
> Wakened female of the species, warring as for spouse or child.

Obviously these words were not uttered in a bantering vein, such as he assumed when he penned the line

> A young man married is a young man marred.

Or that other light shaft of ridicule,

> A woman is only a woman,
> But a good cigar is a smoke.

Even those women who do not particularly enjoy such jests at the expense of their sex will let them pass with a murmur of mild reproof or perhaps merely a laugh. They recognise such things as mere pieces of pleasantry; and make no great protest, either as to the sentiment or what occasioned or inspired it. But women as a whole, and particularly those up-to-date ones who label themselves "liberated," do not pass so lightly over *The Female of the Species*. The well-read ones recognise it as the deep, deliberate utterance of the mature Kipling—the great writer whom they hoped would outgrow the unchivalrous tendency exhibited in his earlier works. When it first appeared those of the "culturine" class regarded it as a venomous stab at women and wrote weak verses in reply to prove how essentially unfair and indubitably wrong the writer was. The plain members of the sex resented every word of this rude sally from the audacious British bard and cried that he was "too mean for anything."

The poem—if these and other such raw Kiplingian collops from the rump of Pegasus may be called poetry—came at a time when aroused and militant womanhood was massing itself in protest against man's rule of things, and men were meekly bowing to the cry of "Votes for Women!" Citadel after citadel had been captured by the sex, and there was an air of pleased and proud expectancy of greater and more complete triumphs, when along came a man who had the greatest audience ever enjoyed by any writer in his own lifetime to cry out in rabid, biting verse the unfitness of woman for any sort of dispassionate rule—to declare that she had no sense of justice, to show conclusively that though "she must command"—supposedly in her own little sphere—"she may not govern," because she is like a she-bear in her "unprovoked and awful charges" and like a cobra because her speech "drips, corrodes and poisons."

Kipling has always kept a little in advance of his public; but it is safe to assume that neither he nor any other writer of great prominence, jealous of his reputation, would have gone as far as he in defiance of chivalry without encouragement. All the earlier Victorian poets sang tenderly of women, and nearly all the novelists were careful to paint pretty pictures of the sex. Nor were the men, as a rule, badly treated. There was a preference for the gentlemanly, soft-spoken hero, with the beautifully curled moustache—the kind that Lord Lytton used to draw. But somehow male Anglo-Saxons grew tired of these pretty peo-

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ple and they became weary of Tennyson's Mauds and Marianas. There was a growing spirit of—well, shall we call it coarseness? Perhaps not, but in a rampant business age the Mauds and Marianas are not appreciated, and the sort of Britisher who would eat up *Childe Harold* and *Lalla Rookh,* in the days of Byron and Moore, has given place to the kind who finds in *Gunga Din* and *Tomlinson* the kind of thing he is looking for. This sort of reader liked Stevenson pretty well, thank you, but after all, he was a little too romantic and unreal. When Kipling came along, with his searchlight flashes of rough realism, he was heartily welcomed by the whole, great, coarse, clanging commercial age—that is the male part of it—for women, at the first, hardly knew what to make of him. Here was the cave man let loose in modern literature—the man who dealt with the primal instincts of mankind—and the hard-dealing business folk and the young men who wanted to get out into the big rough, adventurous world and "do things" grasped him greedily.

As this cave man developed and women saw what he was doing they shook their heads, and no wonder. For whatever there is in our civilisation that savours of refinement was put there by woman. Her great fight always has been and always will be against the uncouth and the unlovely. Let her enter the roughest sort of a mining camp and, lo! traces of the beautiful begin to appear and the roughness to fade away. And wherever, in town or in country, she sees an upspringing tendency toward the uncouth there she is, with her two soft white hands, ready to pull it down. True, she loves strong men and valiant deeds, but she does not love unkempt and unclean men, no matter how strong or valiant. She sees to it that they comb their hair and wash their faces and use nice words in her presence. Above all things she loathes those of her own sex who smoke "whackin' big cheroots" or who "shriek and rave with wicked, filthy words." And, no matter how true may be the sentiment, she does not like to hear a man talk of his dead wife and the things which "she couldn't understand," as Gloster talked to his son about the young man's mother. There is phrase after phrase in this poem that most women would delete if they were given it to edit.

Women will forgive much in a hero, most of all in a literary hero. To any woman of wide reading and high appreciation Milton is a man enshrined, though he wrote of Mary Powell, "My wife, my traitress! Let her not come near me!" Even the poetry-loving suffragette will not be greatly shocked when she comes upon such Miltonic lines as these:

> God's universal law
> Gave to the man despotic power
> Over his female in due awe,
> Nor from that right to part an hour,
> Smile she or lower,
> So shall he at last confusion draw
> On his whole life, not swayed
> By female usurpation or dismayed.

For she will say that they belong to a past age.

Now we are not comparing Kipling to Milton, but only trying to see how much women are willing to overlook in a really great poet, who only rarely offended them. They will pass over such sentiments as have just been quoted and let the old-time Milton stand upon his pedestal, but they will not overlook the modern Kipling. Why? Because, leaving aside all considerations of relative poetic merit, there is this in Kipling which always rankles in the mind of the average woman reader: His steady, consistent attitude of depreciation of them, his readiness to affront them in the most abrupt and surprising ways, and his everlasting glorification of the raw, rough side of human life.

To women, much more than to men, marriage is always a serious thing. To many of Kipling's characters, and inferentially to their creator, marriage is merely a joke. Mrs. Cheyne, who merely lives to spend her husband's money

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and travels around to soothe her nerves and to amuse her boy, decrees things, never her husband. Everything goes down before her. She has spoiled her son, who luckily falls into the sea and into the hands of the trawlers who make a man of him, but at the end of the story he is left in a way to be spoiled again. The finale is a disappointment to women who dote upon a love story—and all of them do—for they would like to see Harvey through college and safely married. There should have been a tawny-faced skipper's daughter as a dory mate for Harvey on the Grand Banks, or some sort of love romance somewhere in the book. Here is another reason for the sex's dislike for Kipling—the bland, indifferent manner in which he omits them. He is like Stevenson in this regard, only that all women that know Stevenson like him, for when a woman does appear upon his page off goes Robert Louis's hat and out come the soft words of the born cavalier. But many of Kipling's women are not of the kind one cares to salute with uncovered head. And here is another grievance of the softer sex: Women cannot forgive Kipling for everlastingly introducing the coarsest of female characters, and even where they are not very coarse they are likely to be unscrupulous intriguers or strong-minded wielders of unholy power.

An American girl lays down her Kipling with puzzled brow and asks:

"Aren't there *any* nice women in India?"

Such a girl probably has not read *The Gadsbys* or *A Second-Rate Woman.* She has been running afoul of Mrs. Hauksbee, Mrs. Mallowe and such others of the swift Simla set to whom "all complications are as old as the hills."

"Are my women coarse?" Kipling would say in reply. "Well, then, they are coarse." Just as Walt Whitman, another vendor of coarseness as well as of ambiguities, says: "Do I contradict myself? Then I contradict myself."

American women have not come in for any gentler treatment at Kipling's hands than those of India. In his overland travels he makes notes upon dive girls, typewriter girls and rich young women who run the house and own their fathers and mothers. But then there is Kate Sheriff, the Colorado girl who "had never lived where the railroad ran both ways." Women like Kate fairly well, though they find it impossible to square her character. This is because she is only half Kipling's. Balestier began her and Kipling carried her into India and lost a goodly part of her as she was first conceived.

But it may be, because of these objections and protests, that Kipling has left women out of some of his later books. There are no women in *Kim,* that wonderful index to East Indian character, save a creature of the underworld who appears to assist the hero in one of his disguises and to help him to escape out of a tight box. As a rule the stories of *Traffics and Discoveries* deal only with men and men of a hard, burly type. To be sure, there is the enigmatical *They,* in which one puzzles over the soft, dreamy Mrs. Madden, for whom women as a rule care little, for they do not understand her. Then there is Mrs. Bathurst, who is outside the sympathies of all the respectables, for she is only a barwoman who sells ale to sodden sailors. Still when the writer asked a good housewife to read *Mrs. Bathurst* and tell him what she honestly thought of the tale the criticism was not altogether unfavourable.

"It's a strong story of real men of the British navy," remarked the fair reader—"probably as strong as anything in *Soldiers Three.* I was surprised at this because I had been told that Kipling does not show so much vigour in his later work. But the strength lies chiefly in the ugliness of the character portrayal and the awful language put into the mouths of the men. Take the scene where Mrs. Bathurst appears in the moving picture at the railway station and observe the kind of talk in which it is described."

Picking up the book the writer's friend turned the leaves and found this passage:

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She came forward—right forward—she looked out straight at us with that blindish look which Pritch alluded to. She walked on and on till she melted out of the picture—like—like a shadow jumpin' over a candle, an' as she went I 'eard Dawson in the tickey seats be'ind sing out: "Christ! There's Mrs. B!"

Hooper swallowed his spittle and leaned forward intently.

Vickey touched me on the knee again. He was clicking his four false teeth, with his jaw down like an enteric at the last kick.

"Now," continued the fair critic, "why couldn't that all have been told in less offensive language? Why was it necessary to give the hero false teeth? And why was it necessary for that same hero to get drunk every night for five consecutive nights whenever he went to see his barlady on the motion-picture screen? Was it because she was a barlady that she inspired him to intoxication? Why does Kipling always have to be writing about such women?"

Nor do many of these essentially proper women readers, whether they are of the W. C. T. U. or not, care for the other stories in which rough men wallow in red liquor and commit beastly acts. Few women care for a story that is redolent of rum. Editor Bok knows this very well and he scented a storm of protest in a Kipling story in which he received more "booze" than he had bargained for. He sent a carefully worded message to the author, praying for the privilege of altering some of the rum-bottle passages. Kipling's famous reply made the whole country smile:

"Make it Mellen's food instead."

But there is where Kipling, big as he is, was not quite big enough to see that in writing for women in a woman's magazine the wise course lies somewhere between rum and baby food.

In these days, when young people read everything, it is rather difficult to determine whether American and English mothers like to entrust the *Just So* stories in the hands of their children. It is safe to say that many of them do not prefer their offspring to feed upon literature of quite such strength. But *Puck of Pook's Hill* is not only considered safe, but is regarded as wholesome, nutritive literary *provender; for there the young folk are* given reams of early English history and mythology thinly disguised as fiction, and as harmless as it is delightful.

"Do I consider Kipling lacking in courtesy to my sex?" repeated a woman of catholic literary taste when the writer asked her the question. "Well I suppose the answer, on the whole, would be 'Yes,' but I am not one of those readers who is always looking for compliments from an author. True, his brutal vigour is sometimes a little too much for me. But then none of us goes to Kipling for beauty—always for strength. Here and there I have found in him chivalry of the highest, as for example where he virtually advises men to perjure themselves like gentlemen to save the honour of an erring married woman:

If she have written a letter, delay not an instant, but burn it.
Tear it in pieces, O fool, and the wind to her mate shall return it.
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,
Lie while your lips can move or a man is alive to hear!

"I think," the wise woman reader concluded, "that every woman, good or bad, must appreciate such strenuous gallantry as this. And when it comes to an exhibition of filial love his *Mother o' Mine* is one of the tenderest things in the language."

So, as we see, here and there are liberal women readers who accept Kipling's great art for what it is and without question. But with women as with men, the great majority of readers are not persons who place art first and their likes and dislikes afterward. It is not enough to say to the average woman that Kipling deals with women as he finds them and that he has found more coarse and ugly ones than he has found of the refined and the beautiful. Useless to say that such is the common result of observation with us

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all. Vain to point out that rough men use rough words and do rough deeds, that they swear hard and fight hard. The good average woman, not an artist nor with an artist's point of view, but ever mindful that her mission on earth is to repress the profane and to banish the uncouth, will still be shocked at harsh speech and disorderly scenes, no matter whether they be uttered or pictured by Rudyard Kipling or by even a greater artist than he, should any arise.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part XI—Conclusion

Professor Nippold, in his book on the first two German Emperors, has drawn a very sympathetic and understanding picture of the Empress Frederick.

She had, he says, a most cheerful temperament, and a rapid eye for the humorous, in spite of so many terrible blows of fate. She always saw everything from the good side and quickly forgave people their faults; no one was allowed to speak ill of any one in her presence. She was often misunderstood and unjustly accused, and when she saw things written against her in the papers she was terribly wounded. For instance, it was said that she had prevented the building of a tower on the "Altkönig" for the public to enjoy the view, but the fact was that she had never heard anything about the proposal. Sometimes she could hardly be restrained from answering some of these base accusations. She was also accused of parsimony, and her income was enormously exaggerated. The claims on her purse were innumerable. She had forty-two philanthropic institutions which she had to help, and in one year there were thirty-seven bazaars, to each of which she had to send gifts. Altogether her expenses were enormously heavy.

When the Empress is blamed for being a thorough Englishwoman, let it be said at once, exclaims Professor Nippold, that everything good and praiseworthy in England she tried to introduce into her own adopted country. She was always vexed and pained when things were said against England, more especially in the case of England's colonies. "The English," she would say, "arrange everything in the Colonies most beautifully,—roads, railways, post, telegraphs, hospitals, schools, and police, and then every one, to whichever nation he belongs, can trade undisturbed. And I cannot think that for that England should be thanked in such an evil way!" Many people regarded it as an injustice to Germany that she should have had such warm sympathies with England. She was through and through an Englishwoman, if not by descent, yet by every impression received in childhood and by education.

The professor goes on to express the opinion that no Englishman or Englishwoman, of whatever age, ever gives up his or her nationality and love of country, in whatever circumstances they may find themselves, "a contrast to so many Germans, who are far less faithful to their nationality. The Empress Frederick, as eldest child of Queen Victoria of England, had the title of Princess Royal, and she could not help feeling herself the first princess of a wonderful Empire of very old culture, and this proud feeling never left her."

This estimate and defence of the Empress is particularly valuable as coming from a man of shrewd intelligence and observation, who was himself a German.

On another occasion Nippold wrote of the Empress with clear insight: "One thing this distinguished woman never un-

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derstood—to hide her feelings. She never posed; everything was sincere in her in the true sense of the word."

In her will the Empress left Professor Nippold a letter-weight, which she had used every day, as a souvenir of a conversation they had had one evening in her study. This letter-weight, which always lay on her table, was composed of an old Roman bronze—a broken Sphinx figure—on a marble slab. A ring bound this figure to the slab, and the inscription engraved was: "This stone was picked up by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on the walk of Frogmore, 1808."

Professor Nippold goes on to say that while the Empress was talking to him one evening a telegram arrived which obviously had to do with the crisis which led to the Greco-Turkish War. As Nippold saw that she was much preoccupied with the telegram and had to think of the answer, and yet did not want to send him away, he delicately asked to be allowed to wait and look at the pictures. When the Empress resumed the conversation, the professor asked about a picture which hung in the study. She named the different figures in the group, among them being that young Princess Elizabeth who had found the stone.

That she should have left Nippold the letter-weight showed, as he truly says, the wonderful memory and kindly attention in which consists *la politesse des princes.*

This Princess Elizabeth married one of the last Counts of Hesse-Homburg. Since then a monument to that Royal house has been erected in Homburg, and in the Emperor's speech at the unveiling on August 17, 1906, occurred these words: "I commemorate the Landgräfin Elizabeth, a daughter of George III of England. She was a real mother to this country and worked and cared for her adopted fatherland. The Homburgers to this day think of her with real thankfulness and reverence."

Professor Nippold gives a characteristic letter which he received from the Empress, evidently on the subject of those historical studies of the House of Hohenzollern to which, as we have already mentioned, the Emperor Frederick at one time devoted himself with ardour. The letter is so interesting, especially in the views which it expresses on the subject of royal biography, that to quote it in full needs no apology:

"DEAR PROFESSOR,—Many thanks for sending the separate pages from the *Deutsche Revue* of February, and for your excellent report, which has so much in it that does my heart good. You mean well and truly, not only as regards history, but also with the noble men who now lie in their graves, and whose deeds and influence should be properly appreciated in wide circles and through the proper medium.

"The work grows, however, even as you work upon it; the subject becomes more and more important, and one should ask one's self whether the time has come thus to lift the veil. Would it not be wiser and more cautious to close these papers for the *Revue,* and then to continue your labours, so that later a book could appear for which we could utilise this material, but not lightly or too soon? The letter of which you send me a copy—from our Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm IV—should not, for instance, appear without the letter from my father, but that would arouse a fearful storm of discussion. In the political world there is so much tinder ready that one must do all one can to avoid bringing in anything exciting.

"As long as Bismarck is alive, it is very difficult! Also these things affect my mother, so that I should like very much to have a serious talk with you before the publication continues in the *Deutsche Revue.* Professor Ranke has handled the life of Friedrich Wilhelm IV as the Court here wished it to be treated. Similar books have now appeared, with authorisation, with regard to the Kaiser Wilhelm, and in Weimar, I believe, some one is writing a book on the Kaiserin Augusta. All these writers, however, are strictly conservative and orthodox in religion (therefore one-sided), and of all those currents which flowed into the lives

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of the dead, no word is spoken, in the sense that I mean. It is impossible thus to omit and yet give the public a true picture of the persons, of their time, and of the parts they played. You will see for yourself the consequences of such publication. You have more experience than I, and perhaps you can reassure me."

During the last years of her life, the Empress Frederick paid repeated visits to England, where she had many attached friends.

She much enjoyed a visit to the Bishop of Ripon in 1895, when she was able to study the wood-carving in the cathedral, as well as Fountains Abbey and other places of historical interest. It was characteristic of her that only a few moments before she left Ripon, while she was actually waiting for the carriage to take her to the station, she exclaimed, "How much I should like to paint this view!" Drawing materials and a paint-box were brought her; she sat down, and in a few minutes produced a charming sketch of the cathedral amid fields and trees.

As an artist the Empress was undoubtedly far more than a mere amateur, especially in sculpture. It is said that on one occasion, having given a commission to the famous German sculptor, Uphues, for a colossal statue of the Emperor Frederick, she visited his studio one day when he was at work on the clay model. This did not seem to her to promise a good likeness, and she thereupon set to work on the clay herself, and in about half an hour she quite transformed the model, so that when it was carried out in marble it became universally recognised as the best presentment in existence of the Emperor's features. Uphues also made a bust of the Empress herself, which was set up in 1902 on the Kaiser Friedrich Promenade at Homburg.

The Empress had first met the Boyd Carpenters in 1866, soon after the death of Prince Sigismund. She happened to hear a sermon from the then Canon Boyd Carpenter which brought her much comfort, and the acquaintance then begun developed into warm friendship.

The Bishop had a great admiration for the Empress's sympathetic alacrity of mind. "She had wide range," he writes, "and quick intellectual sympathies; she understood a passing allusion; she followed the track of thought; there were no irritating delays; there were no vacant incoherences in an observation, which show that the thread has been lost. She had read; she had thought; she had travelled; she had observed; she had mixed with many of the foremost minds of the time; she had taken practical part in many great and humane enterprises. Consequently her range was large, and her mental equipment was well furnished and ready for use. Conversation with her could never become insipid."

The Empress always did everything she could to improve Anglo-German relations, and the feeling aroused by the famous telegram which her son sent to President Kruger in January, 1896, keenly distressed her. She wrote to her old friend Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff:

"But even this most sad episode between our two countries has not shaken my faith in our old opinions that there are many, many higher interests in common, why we should get on together and be of use to each other in helping on civilisation and progress. I trust that a good understanding will outlive hatred and jealousy."

And again: "When I think of my father and of all his friends and of our friends, it appears to me almost ludicrous that Germany and England should be enemies."

In 1897 the Empress Frederick took part in the Diamond Jubilee, driving in the procession with Princess Henry of Battenberg. The sight of the two widowed sisters, who had put aside their grief to join in that great day of national rejoicing, deeply touched many of the spectators. The Empress herself wrote of this occasion in which she "gladly and thankfully joined with proud heart":

"The weight of lonely, hidden grief often feels heaviest when all surroundings are in such contrast. And yet the

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heart of man is so made that many feelings find room in it together; so gratitude and thankfulness mingle with memories so sad that they can never lose their bitterness."

Madame Waddington, the wife of that old Rugby and Cambridge man who filled with such distinction the post of French Ambassador in London, has left a record of a conversation she had with the Empress in August, 1897. Madame Waddington, who was an American by birth, was struck by a question the Empress asked her, namely, whether she did not find it difficult to settle down in France after having lived ten years in London—"the great centre of the world." Madame Waddington replied that she was not at all to be pitied for living in Paris, that her son was a Frenchman, and all his interests were in France; and she adds: "Au fond, notwithstanding all the years she has lived in Germany, the Empress is absolutely English still in her heart."

They had some talk about Wagner, and Madame Waddington informed the Empress that there was a difficulty as to the performance of *Die Meistersingers* at the Grand Opera owing to the fact that Frau Wagner considered the choruses too difficult to translate or to sing with the true spirit in any language but German. The Empress replied:

"She is quite right; it is one of the most difficult of Wagner's operas, and essentially German in plot and structure. It scarcely bears translation in English, and in French would be impossible; neither is the music in my mind at all suited to the French character. The mythical legends of the Cycle would appeal more to the French, I think, than the ordinary German life."

The Empress was a real connoisseur in music, of which she had a wide knowledge, though her skill as a performer was considered to be inferior to that of Queen Victoria.

Like her mother, the Empress Frederick was a great letter-writer. She wrote in a mixture of German and English, choosing the most telling expressions, and she was in constant communication with various distinguished Englishmen for years. To them she sent long and very frank letters about everything that interested her, especially foreign politics.

As has been already indicated in this book, the Empress was in the habit of showing, far more clearly than most Royal personages allow themselves to do, exactly what she felt about those whom she met even for the first or the second time. This found either an answering antagonism or a reciprocal liking in those with whom she was brought in contact. Many of the distinguished men whom she heartily admired speak of her, and that in their most secret letters and diaries, with an admiration approaching enthusiasm. But now and again comes a discordant note. Such may be found in Mr. G. W. Smalley's *Anglo-American Memories*.

The old journalist describes her in a way which gives a far from pleasant impression of the Empress towards the end of her life. He was presented to her by the then Prince of Wales at Homburg, and the first thing he noticed was that, though she was very like Queen Victoria, her manner was less simple and therefore had less authority. He also criticises her dress, and observes that both the late Queen and her eldest daughter "showed an indifference to the art of personal adornment."

Mr. Smalley admits that the Empress has a much greater vivacity than the Queen, but he thinks that this vivacity becomes restless, and that her mind can never be in repose. He says drily that, from her marriage and down to the day of the Emperor Frederick's death, she had lived in a dream-world of her own creation, her belief being so strong, her conviction that she knew what was best for those about her so complete, that the facts had to adjust themselves as best they could to that belief and that conviction.

As was the Empress's way when a stranger, and especially a foreigner, was presented to her, she at once began to talk of Mr. Smalley's country and of

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what she supposed would interest him. Instead of allowing him to say what he thought, she plunged directly into American topics, especially commenting on what she supposed to be the position of women in the United States. It soon became clear, or so he thought, that she had a correspondent in Chicago from whom she had derived her impressions. "She talked with clearness, with energy and almost apostolic fervour, the voice penetrating rather than melodious."

Mr. Smalley said to himself that all that she asserted might be true of Chicago, but of what else was it true? And he was evidently much nettled that she generalised from the "Windy City" to the rest of the United States.

Instead of seeing, as probably most women would have seen, that she was speaking to an auditor who was fast becoming prejudiced, the Empress continued to unburden herself in the frankest, freest way to this journalist whom she had never met before. She even seems to have touched on politics, on Anglo-German relations, on the internal affairs of Germany:

"Never for a moment did this dreamer's talk stop or grow sluggish. Carlyle summed up Macaulay in the phrase 'Flow on, thou shining river'; he might in a sardonic mood have done the same to this Princess."

It was an illuminating interview, declares Mr. Smalley, throwing light on events to come as well as on those of the past, and he goes on to explain that multitudes of Germans shared Bismarck's distrust of the Crown Princess, and believed that she wanted to Anglicise Germany. He reiterates what has so often been said—that she told all-comers that what Germany needed was Parliamentary government as it was understood and practised in England. In little things as in great she made no secret for her preference for what was English over what was German:

"Judgment was not her strong point, nor was tact; if I am to say what was her strong point, I suppose it would be sincerity. Her gifts of mind were dazzling rather than sound; impulse was not always under control. Her animosities, once roused, never slept, as Prince Bismarck well knew."

Seldom has a more prejudiced view of the Empress been given to the world, but it is interesting as showing how she sometimes impressed those who had been fascinated by the Bismarck legend when they were brought into passing contact with her eager, enthusiastic mind.

To a fall from her horse at Cronberg in the autumn of 1898 may be traced the beginning of that merciless disease which ultimately killed her.

It was a bad accident. The horse reared and the Empress fell on the wrong side on her head with her feet under the horse and her habit still clinging to the saddle. Her head was much bruised, and her right hand was injured and trodden on by the horse. She was not at all frightened, indeed she took it very calmly, observing:

"I have ridden for fifty years, and it is natural that an accident must come sooner or later. But I shall ride to-morrow. I'm going to try and paint and write some letters, in spite of my hand."

But her injuries did not yield to treatment, and very soon began the long martyrdom of pain which she bore for more than two years with the same stoic fortitude which the Emperor Frederick had shown. The disease was undoubtedly cancer, and it is suggested that it had been gathering force for quite a number of years. However that may be, it was certainly known in 1900 that a cure was impossible.

The most terrible feature of these last months was the severe pain which seized the Empress at intervals. It was characteristic, both of her courage and of her kindly nature, that during these attacks she would not see even the members of her family, to whom the sight of her sufferings would have been so distressing. But in the intervals she occupied herself with conversation, or one of her ladies would read aloud to her, and she even painted a little. Her son, the Emperor, was constant in his attentions, coming

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over almost daily from Homburg, but even he was only allowed to remain with her a few minutes at a time.

Physically the patient had suffered a great change. Her cheeks, which had been round and apparently in the bloom of health, gradually became thin and sunken, and her face assumed that curious transparent paleness which is an unmistakable sign of approaching death.

It is said that when the Empress received the news of Queen Victoria's death, in January, 1901, she said to those about her: "I wish I were dead, too." But for more than six months longer she bore with extraordinary fortitude the chronic suffering which the most able physicians were unable to relieve. Her consideration for those around her was constant. On one occasion, in a spasm of agony, she cried out loudly and seized the nurse's hand; then at once apologised: "I am so sorry, I am afraid I hurt you." The nurse said afterwards, "I have only been with the Empress for a week, but already she has filled me with higher ideals, and I am going back resolved to be a better nurse than ever."

As long as it was possible, the Empress continued her painting and drawing; and to the very end she was especially happy when she was able to work with some practical object in view, such as the laying out of a new rose-garden or suggesting alterations in architectural plans. Her greatest pleasure—and she was intensely susceptible to happiness even during the last six sad months—was a visit from her eldest brother. When she was expecting King Edward, she supervised closely every little arrangement made for his comfort and convenience, and while doing so she would be wheeled in her bath-chair about the rooms he was to occupy.

She felt most deeply the attacks which were then being made in Germany on England, and even on King Edward, at the time of the Boer War. An article in the *Vossische Zeitung,* which observed that such attacks on a constitutional Sovereign were unworthy of a great nation, gave her much satisfaction.

King Edward paid his last visit to his sister at Cronberg in February, 1901. A contemporary chronicler notes that everything was arranged to show that the visit was meant for the Empress Frederick and not for her son. This was doubtless by the wish of the Emperor himself, for though he did all due honour to his uncle, meeting him at Frankfort and conducting him across the lovely Taunus Valley to the very door of Friedrichshof, he took leave of King Edward at the threshold, so that the brother and sister might be alone at their first meeting.

Among the last English visitors received by the Empress at Friedrichshof were her old friends, the Boyd Carpenters. This was in May, 1901.

They found her on their arrival lying on a couch in her beautiful garden, and the Bishop was struck by her likeness to Queen Victoria—a likeness enhanced by the black dress and by the form of hat which she wore. The Empress rejoiced in the spring and in the colour which was spreading everywhere through her garden. She still took a practical interest in everything concerning the beautiful home she had created. The Bishop gives one instance: the great blue face of the clock, the tower of which dominated Friedrichshof, needed re-painting. Before she decided what exact tint should be used, she caused slips of paper giving different shades of blue to be held up against the face of the clock. Then she made up her mind.

Once, as they passed through the flower garden together, she quoted to the Bishop the words, "The effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Another time, looking round at the beauty of the trees she had planted, she said, "I feel like Moses on Pisgah, looking at the land of promise which I must not enter."

When parting from Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, for whom she had a great regard, the Empress gave her a bracelet of her own, one she had often worn and with which she had affectionate associations.

To the Bishop she gave a seal which had belonged to Queen Victoria, and which had been in the room when the

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Queen died. It commemorated a picnic in Scotland, in which the Queen, the Prince Consort, and Princess Alice had shared. The seal, mounted in silver and set in Aberdeen granite, was a cairngorm found by Prince Albert and Princess Alice on that day.

The Bishop remained with her a moment at the very last, and she said to him, "When I am gone I want you to read the English Burial Service over me." And then she characteristically explained to him exactly what would have to be done to make this possible. When the end came three months later, thanks to the prompt acquiescence of the Emperor, his mother's wishes were carried out.

The Empress became much worse at the beginning of August, and, by the wish of her son, Canon Teignmouth-Shore was telegraphed for. He arrived at Friedrichshof on August 5th, and in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress's daughters the Canon knelt down and offered some prayers from the Office for the Visitation of the Sick. The whole sad scene, he says, was quite overpowering and far too sacred for him to describe. "The dying Empress was at first slightly conscious, and I could see a gentle movement of her lips as we said the Lord's Prayer."

Toward six o'clock in the evening the Canon was again summoned to the sick-room. "The sweet noble soul was just passing away. I said a few prayers at the bedside, concluding with the first two verses of that exquisite poem, 'Now the labourer's task is o'er.' "

A butterfly flew into the room and hovered for a while over the dying Empress, and when she had breathed her last it spread its wings and flew out into the free air again.

The Emperor desired Canon Teignmouth-Shore to arrange with Dr. Boyd Carpenter for a private funeral service to be held at Friedrichshof.

On the following Sunday the Canon preached a funeral sermon in the English church at Homburg. In it he made a statement with regard to her Majesty's religious views which deserves quotation:

"The religious conceptions which inspired and guided this life, alike in its humblest and in its loftiest spheres of action, were, as I believe, neither crude nor complex nor dogmatic; they were clear and simple and broad—an absolute faith in the Fatherhood of God, and in the Brotherhood and redeeming love of Him who died that we might live."

The Lutheran funeral service, which was held in the parish church of Cronberg, was most impressive in its simplicity. At one point of the service the Crown Prince and three of his young brothers rose from their seats, and, having put on their helmets, drew their swords and took their places at each corner of the coffin of their grandmother, where they remained until the end of the service.

This old church, which, as we have said, the Empress had herself restored, dates back to the middle of the fifteenth century. On the organ, which is of exquisite tone, Mendelssohn often played when he visited the Taunus.

Perhaps the most touching of all the hundreds of wreaths sent for the funeral was one of simple heather which had been made by the Emperor's younger children. Attached to it was a sheet of black-edged paper on which they had all written their names in large childish characters.

The Empress was buried beside her husband and her son Waldemar in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam, and the sarcophagus over her tomb is by her artist friend, Begas.

Of memorials to her, there is the bust at Homburg already mentioned. In the English church at Homburg, where she attended divine service for the first time after the death of her husband, is a memorial consisting of four reliefs, placed in the spandrels of the arches in the aisle, representing the four Evangelists. A striking statue of the Empress in coronation robes by Gerth was unveiled by the Emperor William in October, 1903. It is opposite the statue of her husband in the open space outside the Brandenburg gate at Berlin.

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So lived, and so died, this most gifted and generous lady, who was rendered illustrious, not by the symbols of her Imperial station, but by her many winning qualities of heart and intellect.

We cannot do better than quote in conclusion from the remarkable tributes which were paid to her memory by the late Lord Salisbury and the late Lord Spencer.

Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, in moving an address of condolence with King Edward in the House of Lords, summed up in masterly fashion both the beauty and the tragedy of the Empress's life:

"When the then Princess Royal left these shores, there was no person, either of contemporary experience or in history, before whom a brighter prospect extended itself in life, and all that could make it desirable spread itself before her. She had a devoted husband, himself one of the noblest characters of his generation, who probably centred in himself more admiration than any man in his rank or in any rank. She had every prospect of becoming the Consort of the Emperor—an absolute emperor—of the greatest of the Continental Powers. She had every hope that she would share fully in his illustrious position, and in no small degree in the powers that he wielded. This was before her for nearly thirty years, and in that time she had all the enjoyments which were derived from her own great abilities, her own splendid artistic talents, and from the powers which she exercised over the artistic, æsthetic, and intellectual life of Germany. She occupied an unexampled position. Then suddenly came the blow, first on her husband and then on herself. By that fell disease—which probably is the most formidable of all to which flesh is heir—her dream of happiness, of usefulness, and glory was suddenly cut short. The blow, in striking her husband, struck herself in even greater degree; and she felt—she could not but feel—how deeply she shared in all the disappointments, all the sufferings, that attached themselves to his history. When he had been Emperor only a few weeks, he died, and then she spent her life in retirement. Her health failed, and she, too, fell under the same blow, passing through years of suffering, with the sympathy of all connected with her and all those who knew her. She was deeply valued in this country by those who knew her, and they were very many. She had an artistic and intellectual charm of no common order; she spread her power over all who came within her reach; and her gradual disappearance from the scene was watched with the deepest sorrow and sympathy by numbers in her own country and in this."

The motion was seconded on behalf of the Opposition by Lord Spencer, who, it will be remembered, was a near kinsman of that Lady Lyttelton to whom was entrusted the charge of the Empress's early childhood:

"Her Imperial Majesty had no ordinary character. Brought up with the greatest care and solicitude by her Royal and devoted parents, she early and ever afterwards showed the highest accomplishments, not only in art but in literature. She was herself an artist of no small merit, and her power of criticism and influence in art was even of a higher order. In this age, which had been so remarkable for the enormous number of persons who have joined in endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of the human race, whether in peace or in war, I venture to think that no one stands in a higher position than the Empress Frederick of Germany. During those wars, in which her illustrious husband played such a splendid part, she exerted herself to do all she could to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and she had ever in peace used her endeavours to promote the same objects among the suffering poor of her country. No one, I am sure, will be remembered in the future with more affection and devotion on this account than her Majesty. She was always sympathetic and energetic with regard to other matters. There was nothing which stirred her sympathies or energies more than the education and improvement of

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her own sex. She did much in this respect in her adopted country; but we cannot consider her life without remembering the beautiful simplicity and earnestness of it. She was devoted to duty, and although she suffered intensely during her life when her noble husband was afflicted with the terrible disease which took him off, and during the sad years in which the same malady afflicted her, she always showed a patient endurance which will remain an example for all mankind. I cannot but refer to her great charm in private as well as in public life. It so happened that very early in my life, before she was married, she honoured me with her acquaintance. It was only on rare occasions I had the privilege of continuing that acquaintance, but I have from time to time within the last few years seen her Majesty, and I shall always recall, as one of the most delightful recollections of my life, the charm and influence of her conversation."

THE END

THE ROMANCE OF THE WOOD BLOCK

BY HUGH THOMPSON

FEW people—even the most bookish of bookmen—realise that one of the most distinct and original collections bearing on the growth of printing is at present in the United States. It is the world's only complete and representative assemblage of wood blocks, the picturesque forerunners of the modern illustration plate. Linked with the drowsy romance of Dürer's day they necessarily have a sentimental appeal aside from their really practical contribution to the development of that immortal activity which is "preservative of art" itself. Nor is it surprising to find that the collection started under conditions that were both romantic and unusual, to say the least. The way of it was something like this:

One day back toward the middle of the eighties a keen-eyed bearded Englishman sat musing at his study window in an Elizabethan house that crowned a wooded hill in the heart of Buckinghamshire. Far away across the pastures rose the Disraeli monument in the churchyard of Hughenden, whose wonted calm had only a short time before been ruffled by the glamour of a grateful Sovereign's visit. Nearer at hand and alongside a brook that trailed lazily along, the man saw a hedge where a few years ago he had stood and gossiped of county affairs with his friend and neighbour, the great Beaconsfield.

But the bearded Englishman was not musing on these memories of a distinguished statecraft as expressed in the personality of the departed "Dizzy." He

This article is not only a piece of literary news, but also tells the story of the great Armstrong collection of wood blocks—the only large one in the world—and which is now in the United States. It unfolds a phase of art collection as little known in this country as it is rich in human and romantic interest. The wood block was the forerunner of the modern illustration. For hundreds of years it provided the only illustration. It depicted all the early unfolding of the terror, passion, fable and tragedy of life. It links the drowsy Dürer day with our own time and includes in its gallery of great artists the masterful Bewick, the mystic Blake; the idealistic Morris of a later day. Behind this collection is a many-sided personality—a man who turned from torpedo and rifle making to this rare and academic pursuit.

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was thinking, sadly enough, of a lost art and the best way to rescue some of it for posterity. In his hand he held a wood block cut by Thomas Bewick, greatest of all the English masters of this type of illustration. He was saying to himself: "The process plates have come to stay; the old wood blocks are doomed because they are too expensive to make. Soon they will be rare. The best of them will be rotting away in dingy corners or junk heaps. What is to be done to save them?"

Strange as it may seem when one analyses the tremendous part that wood blocks have played in the drama of printing, no one up to that time had ever collected them seriously or extensively. The Dürer blocks, to be sure, were in the British Museum and some Bewicks, following a flare of native pride, had been assembled, mainly, however, in the Bewick stronghold along the Tyne. But the big fact that stood out was that here was one field of artistic collection that promised much and yet remained absolutely fallow.

So this man, whose name was James Tarbotton Armstrong, began to collect wood blocks. Inventor, electrician and collector, he represented the strange mixture of the idealist and the practical. Though his name, as the world knows, is associated with the most death-dealing torpedo of modern times (the one which wrought such dreadful havoc in the Russo-Japanese war), and despite the fact that he perfected the Lee-Metford rifle, his private interests and inclinations are along the serener and less destructive paths of peace. The friend of Disraeli, Gladstone, Morris, and Meredith, he had been an ardent pursuer of first editions and prints for years and his home in "Bucks" was a much-sought museum.

He turned to wood block collecting with the same thoroughness that he attacked some problem in physics or electricity. For one thing he addressed a letter to every printer in England in which he said in substance: "Have you any wood blocks on your shelves? If so I will be glad to make you an offer for them."

Now began a memorable wood block exodus. From dingy corners, dust-laden nooks and battered, inky shelves came the time-worn pieces of wood that in the days gone by had delighted young and old with their quaint humour and whimsical lore. Not for years had there literally been such a shaking up of the dry bones of the art of printing. The net result was that before many years passed Mr. Armstrong had assembled several thousand of the best known examples of the wood engraver's skill. In the decades since that time he has steadily increased the scope of his treasures until now they number more than four thousand, and constitute what is undoubtedly the only complete and authoritative group extant.

In England this collection is a famous institution, and like most other things of its kind, was honoured by Mr. Morgan's desire. But it escaped him. For twenty years it has been drawn on for every notable exhibition that represented the progress of printing or glorified some specific engraver like Bewick or Blake. But in the United States, where wood block collecting is never attempted, it is practically unknown. Hence the particular interest which attaches to its advent upon our shores.

THE STORY OF THE WOOD BLOCK

But before going into any kind of description of Mr. Armstrong's collection let us first see what the wood block is and what relation it bears to printing. Curiously enough many young printers, and for that matter, many of their elder brethren, know little or nothing about the history of wood engraving, notwithstanding its intimate connection with typographic reproduction.

The earliest wood blocks are dated 1423, but some Chinese pieces in the Armstrong collection seem to antedate that time. They were used almost as soon as type came into being because, like type, they are printed from a surface in relief or raised. They were originally

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EARLY CHAP-BOOK. HISTORY OF THOMAS HICKATHRIFT

employed for a variety of concrete purposes ranging from Bibles to Chap Books. With Albrecht Dürer came the first great master and the task of making them passed into a really noble, if minor art. Hans Holbein was the next historic name to adorn the chronology of the wood engraver. His work is chiefly associated with the Basle printers.

The original engravings on wood were made with an ordinary knife and were on apple or pear wood. The Dürer and Holbein blocks represent what may be called fac-simile reproduction. That is, the engraver simply reproduced the line drawing of the artist. Originally there was a sketch for every block. Later they were engraved straight on the wood just as a painter paints direct upon a canvas without a preliminary sketch. Wood blocks are bound up in the whole romance of printing. They formed, for centuries, the only illustrations. Many of the exceedingly rare volumes that have passed into the Morgan, Frick, Huntington, Fearing and other huge libraries in this country were illustrated with blocks out of the Armstrong and kindred collections.

But there is this interesting difference between the very rare book and the fine old wood block. You may be able to find two, three, even half a dozen copies of the book scattered in various parts of the world, but only one specimen of the wood

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engraving can be found. Thus the value, with which some are invested, is both peculiar and distinct.

THE INFLUENCE OF THOMAS BEWICK

What may be called the modern history of the wood block centres about Thomas Bewick, who remains the dominating and impressive figure in the whole art since Dürer. Austin Dobson has made this compact comparison between the German master and his English successor:

> In comparing Bewick's method as an engraver with that of the old wood-cutters who reproduced the drawings of Dürer and Holbein, two marked and well-defined differences become apparent. One of these is the difference in the preparation of the wood and the tool employed. The old wood-cutter cut his design with a knife on strips of pear or other wood sawn length-wise, that is to say, upon the *plank;* Bewick used a graver and worked upon slices of box cut across the grain; that is to say, upon the *end* of the wood.
>
> The other difference, of which Bewick is said to be the inventor, consisted in the employment of what is technically known as the "white line." In all antecedent wood cutting the workman simply cleared away those portions of the block left bare by the design so that the design remained in relief to be printed like type. When done skillfully and with enlightened appreciation of the essential quality—the vigour of delicacy—of the original design, the result obtained in this way was a practical fac simile. The Clennell copies of Stothard's pen-and-ink sketches for the Rogers of 1810 are good examples in point. Bewick, however, though of course sometimes working in fac simile, generally proceeded in a different fashion. He directed his attention less to the portions of the block which he was to leave than those he was to remove.

The effect of this departure, to reduce the innovation to the simplest language, was to bring tone and atmosphere to the wood engraving. This, in a word, was the great service that Bewick rendered to the wood engraving. He made of it a picture with a definite appeal instead of being a bare outline to be reproduced. As one of his English admirers has somewhat floridly put it:

> Thomes Bewick was one of the premier heralds of the Romantic Movement which in painting reached its apogée in Barbizon. He was the first engraver to sound the depths of Nature; to reveal on wood, the glowing warmth of the summer and the bitter cold of the winter.

Since Thomas Bewick is such a tremendous figure in the story of wood engraving and in view of the fact that the Armstrong collections includes not only his finest specimens but the greatest number ever brought under one head, it may be worth while to know something about the man himself. He was born in 1753 on the Tyne and when quite young was apprenticed to an engraver at Newcastle. He took odd printers' jobs at first. Among his earliest work of importance were some blocks for the *Selected Fables*. As a boy he took the deepest interest in nature. He often said, "I go out and look at things and then draw them." This, in a word, was the secret of that marvellous influence that later he was to exercise upon his art. He became the historian of Nature on wood, which is the most difficult of all tasks of reproduction. Indeed his influence extended far beyond engraving. When Bewick engraved the first block of his renowned *Quadrupeds* in 1785, Turner was only ten years old; Sir Walter Scott was fourteen, and Constable was only nine. English art knew nothing of transcripts from Nature save in Richard Wilson and the backgrounds of the Joshua Reynolds pictures. Bewick therefore instigated a whole art movement.

He was especially happy in his engravings of birds and animals. His two great works embracing reproductions of these are the standards. He could achieve the most extraordinary results within the smallest compass. His famous tailpieces (some of them less than an inch in dia-

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meter) are marvels of detail. They are among the most valued of his works. One experience of the closing years of his life is especially interesting to Americans, for it concerns the pilgrimage that our own Audubon made to the shrine of English nature engraving. The great American naturalist reached Newcastle in the middle of May, 1827, and here is the way he described his experience:

EARLY CHAP-BOOK. FAMOUS HISTORY OF "TOM THUMB," 1630

Bewick must have heard of my arrival before I had an opportunity of calling upon him, for he sent me by his son the following note: "T. Bewick's compliments to Mr. Audubon and will be glad of the honour of his company this day to tea at six o'clock." These words at once proved to me the kindness of his nature and as my labours were closed for the day, I accompanied the son to the father's house.

At length we reached the dwelling of the engraver and I was at once shown to his workshop. There I met the old man who, coming toward me, welcomed me with a hearty shake of the hand and for the moment took off a cotton night-cap, somewhat soiled by the smoke of the place. He was a tall, stout man with a large head and with eyes placed farther apart than those of any man I had ever seen; a perfect old Englishman, full of life although seventy-four years of age, active, and prompt in his labours.

The old gentleman and I stuck to each other, he talking of my drawings and I of his wood cuts. Now and then he would take off his cap, and draw up his grey worsted stockings to his nether clothes; but when our conversation became animated the replaced cap was left sticking as if by magic to the hind part of his head, the neglected hose resumed their downward tendency; his fine eyes sparkled and he delivered his sentiments with a freedom and vivacity which afforded me great pleasure. When I parted from Bewick that night I parted from a friend.

Though Thomas Bewick was the towering figure in that golden revival of English wood engraving he had many contemporaries. Among them was his

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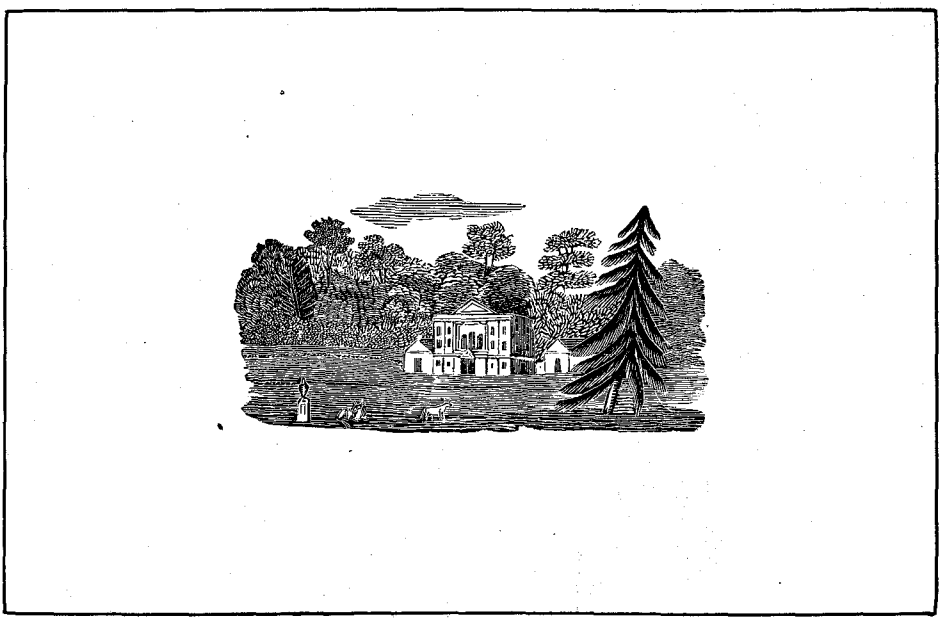

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE. BY THOMAS BEWICK, 1636

brother John, the Hogarth of the family, who died young and whose blocks are very rare. Then, too, there was William Blake, the poet who created a sort of mystic epoch in the art. He was drawn into wood engraving in a very unusual way. He wanted a block made for one of his poems. He found that the work was so expensive that he would have to do it himself to have adequate illustration for his Muse. So he set out to learn the art and mastered it to such an extent that his blocks are not only very fine but extremely valuable. One, never published, is in the Armstrong collection along with many others. No mention of the great English wood gravers would be complete without the name of Cruikshank, which is admirably represented among the Armstrong treasures. The Cruikshanks, George and Robert, occupied a place as distinct as that created by Bewick.

THE ROMANCE OF OTHER DAYS

Within the limitations of such an article as this it is possible only to call attention to a few of the Armstrong treasures. There is found a range extending from one of the illustrations in a first edition of Robert Burns down to the only Kelmscott border, made by William Morris, which remains outside the British Museum. One of the interesting features is the large number of blocks illustrating the earliest Children's Books. Most of these books were lost because they were only printed on single sheets.

No detail, however, is more fascinating than the hundreds of blocks devoted to "Old London Cries." Here is encountered a phase of local life unfamiliar to most Americans. Addison once said, "There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and at the same time rights the country Squire more than the cries of London." The phrase "London Cries" means just what it says, for it is the queer appeals made by the various hawkers, offering their wares in the streets. There is, of course, a whole literature devoted to them. Most of the volumes are quaint, worn and extremely rare. Mr. Armstrong has the largest known lot of blocks illustrating these cries.

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AN ENGLISH VILLAGE. BY THOMAS BEWICK, 1638

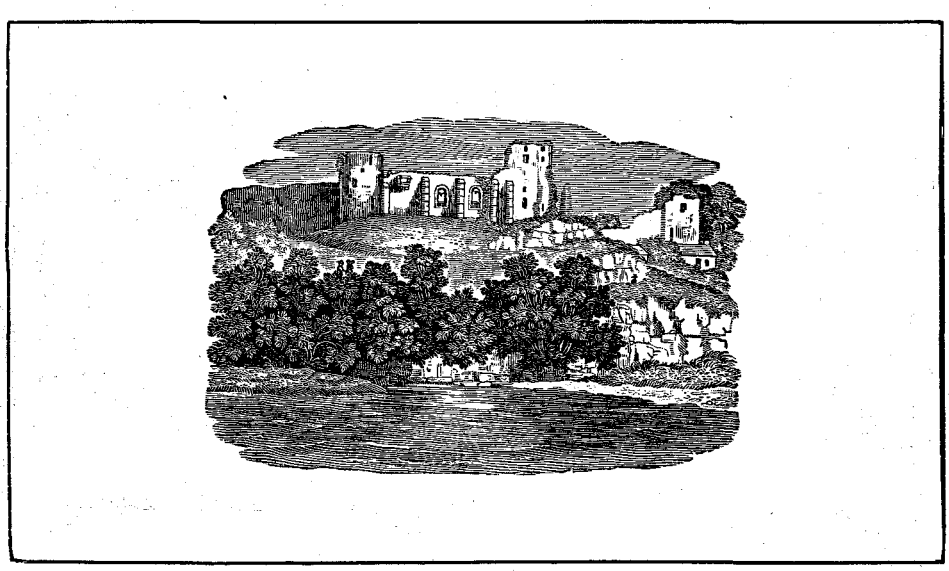
One block will illustrate. It shows a man offering potatoes and his "Cry" is as follows:

Buy my large ware; rare potatoes;
Then sure you won't refuse to buy
You'll not get better, tho' you try.

Then there is a quaint block showing the wandering minstrel who offers his goods as follows:

Ye maidens and men, come for what you lack
And buy the fair ballads I have in my pack.

These "Street Cries," as they are more generally known, embrace every kind of ware, because in those days you could



VIEWS OF DURHAM FROM SOUTHEY'S OFFICE, PENRITH. BY THOMAS BEWICK, 1637

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EARLY CHAP-BOOK. THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE VALIANT LONDON PRENTICE

ANCIENT AND QUAINT ORIGINAL BLOCK, CUT WITH A COMMON KNIFE. A VERY RARE AND EXCEEDINGLY QUAINT RELIC OF OLD ENGLISH WOOD-ENGRAVING

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purchase on the sidewalks anything from food to furniture. The food vendor, for example, had a cry like this, and it is all neatly placed on the block:

With mutton we nice turnips eat;
Beef and carrots never cloy;
Cabbage comes up with summer meat
With winter, nice Savoy.

The collection of blocks that illustrated the old Chap Books is no less diverting. These ancient and quaint blocks were cut from pear, deal or box wood and passed through most of the early printing offices of England. They were lost until discovered one day in the stock of an old Newcastle bookseller, worthy old William Dodd, who left on record in a book he wrote that they came from the John White Printing Office, "Kings Printer" for York, Edinburgh and Newcastle.

There is an embarrassment of riches when one comes to the thousand or more blocks that illustrate fables or the early legends. In this collection, too, are the original blocks of *Robinson Crusoe,* the Paul Pry records, the first published narrative of *Robin Hood;* illustrations from the old English playbills, the first set of playing cards known (they numbered only thirty-eight, by the way), alphabets fashioned by Bewick's pupils in cunning devices and a whole array of vastly entertaining pictures ranging from those used on placards announcing rewards for the apprehension of murderers to the illustration of a Blake poem. Angling, hunting, drinking, astronomy, merry-making of all kind came under the scope of the wood block.

The amazing thing about these blocks is their extraordinary state of preservation. Handling one of these black, time-worn pieces one realises all the while that two hundred years ago it passed under the heavy impact of a hand press in some remote English town; that its product went from house to house; from town to town, amusing, diverting and bringing diversion, entertainment or some kind of emotion to the owner.

The gems of the collection are the hundreds of Bewicks. Some of them were exhibited at the Thomas Bewick one hundred and fiftieth anniversary exhibition held in 1903 at Newcastle, when England and all the rest of the artistic world paid tribute to the memory of the great English master. Mr. Armstrong has scores of his famous "Birds" and "Quadrupeds"; a hundred or more of the renowned tail-pieces which are such marvels of exquisite and intricate detail; dozens upon dozens of the new rare Bewick "Fables" and "Toy" blocks.

In this collection will be found about four hundred examples of George Cruikshank's work, ranging from his widely-known "Alphabets" to one of the blocks used in the Christmas Carol. The scope, sweep and variety of the Cruikshanks are little short of bewildering. Indeed, I believe I am right when I say that this is the largest aggregation of Cruikshank blocks known.

The limitations of such an article as this forbid any further detailed notice of the collection. These blocks form a very necessary and interesting link in the development of the art which yields to no other in its service to civilisation and to humanity. To have rescued them from ravage and ruin is to have achieved a distinct service for posterity.

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of September and the 1st of October:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York	The Salamander	The Letter of the Contract
Albany, N. Y.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Atlanta, Ga.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Baltimore, Md.	The Eyes of the World	The Twenty-Fourth of June
Boston, Mass.	The Vanished Messenger	Perch of the Devil
Chicago, Ill.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Chicago, Ill.	The Eyes of the World	Under Cover
Cincinnati, Ohio.	The Prince of Graustark	The Auction Block
Cleveland, Ohio.	The Eyes of the World	The Twenty-Fourth of June
Dallas, Tex.	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Denver, Colo.	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Iowa	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Detroit, Mich.	The Eyes of the World	The Last Shot
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Eyes of the World	Penrod
Kansas City, Mo.	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Prince of Graustark	Perch of the Devil
Louisville, Ky.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Memphis, Tenn.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Prince of Graustark	The Eyes of the World
New Orleans, La.	The Eyes of the World	The Victim
Norfolk, Va.	The Victim	The Eyes of the World
Omaha, Neb.	The Eyes of the World	The Twenty-Fourth of June
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Clean Heart	Hidden Children
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Eyes of the World	The Twenty-Fourth of June
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Raft	The Auction Block
Portland, Me.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Portland, Ore.	The Auction Block	The Eyes of the World
Providence, R. I.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Rochester, N. Y.	The Eyes of the World	Perch of the Devil
St. Louis, Mo.	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
St. Louis, Mo.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
St. Paul, Minn.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
San Antonio, Tex.	The Prince of Graustark	The Eyes of the World
Seattle, Wash.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Spokane, Wash.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Toronto, Can.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Waco, Tex.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
Washington, D. C.	The Twenty-Fourth of June	The Eyes of the World
Worcester, Mass.	The Eyes of the World	Hidden Children

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Saturday's Child	Penrod	The Victim	The New Clarion
The Auction Block	Saturday's Child	Perch of the Devil	The Clean Heart
Twenty-Fourth of June	Once to Every Man	The Auction Block	Little Eve Egarton
Penrod	World's End	The Man of the Desert	Perch of the Devil
The Auction Block	The Clean Heart	The Letter of Contract	Hidden Children
The Auction Block	Pollyanna	Hidden Children	Laddie
The Salamander	Pollyanna	The Battle Cry	The Prince of Graustark
Saturday's Child	The Eyes of the World	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
The Auction Block	The Prince of Graustark	Saturday's Child	Hidden Children
Once to Every Man	The Auction Block	The Victim	The Salamander
The Auction Block	Hidden Children	Perch of the Devil	The Vanished Messenger
T. Tembarom	You Never Know Your Luck	Penrod	The Inside of the Cup
Hidden Children	Twenty-Fourth of June	The Battle Cry	The Auction Block
The Clean Heart	The Raft	Twenty-Fourth of June	The Prince of Graustark
The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck	The Prince of Graustark	The Battle Cry
The Eyes of the World	The Raft	The Auction Block	The Fortunate Youth
The Prince of Graustark	Saturday's Child	Twenty-Fourth of June	Hidden Children
Clark's Field	Twenty-Fourth of June	The Auction Block	Perch of the Devil
Pollyanna	The Salamander	Perch of the Devil	Little Eve Edgarton
The Auction Block	The Prince of Graustark	Twenty-Fourth of June	Perch of the Devil
How it Happened	The Prince of Graustark	The Auction Block	Hidden Children
The Auction Block	Little Eve Edgarton	Love Insurance	Pollyanna
The Salamander	Perch of the Devil	The Auction Block	The Prince of Graustark
Hidden Children	The Auction Block	The Vanished Messenger	Perch of the Devil
Hidden Children	The Prince of Graustark	The Clean Heart	The Salamander
The Salamander	The Prince of Graustark	Hidden Children	Perch of the Devil
Hidden Children	Overland Red	Once to Every Man	
Little Eve Edgarton	The Right Track	The New Clarion	The Raft
Hidden Children	The Auction Block	Saturday's Child	Barnabetta
The Prince of Graustark	The Salamander	The Last Shot	You Never Know Your Luck
Hidden Children	Twenty-Fourth of June	The Fortunate Youth	The Prince of Graustark
The Vanished Messenger	Letter of the Contract	The Wall Between	The Last Shot
Perch of the Devil	Little Eve Edgarton	Twenty-Fourth of June	Pollyanna
Once to Every Man	The Prince of Graustark	World's End	The Vanished Messenger
You Never Know Your Luck	Hidden Children	Under Cover	Clark's Field
The Prince of Graustark	Bambi	Quinneys	His Official Fiancée
The Salamander	The Prince of Graustark	Love Insurance	Once to Every Man
Perch of the Devil	Miss Billy Married	When Ghost Meets Ghost	
The Prince of Graustark	Twenty-Fourth of June	Saturday's Child	The Vanished Messenger

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending September 2d:

1. Meccas of the World. Warwick.
2. Great Poems Interpreted. Barbe.
3. Moving Pictures. Talbot.
4. Men Around the Kaiser. Wiley.
5. Behind the Veil at the Russian Court. Vassili.

For the week ending September 9th:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Writing the Photo Play. Esenwein.
3. Naval Strategy. Mahan.
4. Behind the Veil in the Russian Court. Vassili.
5. Elements of Foreign Exchange. Escher.

For the week ending September 16th:

1. War? What For. Kirkpatrick.
2. Technique of the Photo Play. Sargent.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White.
4. The Promised Land. Antin.
5. Crowds. Lee.

For the week ending September 23d:

1. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
2. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
3. War? What For. Kirkpatrick.
4. Business: A Profession. Brandeis.
5. Motor Car Construction. Brewer.
6. Fire and Explosion Risks. Schwarts.
7. Great Poems Interpreted. Barbe.

For the week ending September 30th:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. The Men Around the Kaiser. Wiley.
3. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
4. Austria of the Austrians, and Hungary of the Hungarians. Kellner, Arnold and Delisle.
5. Technique of the Photo Play. Sargent.
6. The Balkans. Sloane.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Germanism. Usher.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
The War and America. Münsterberg.
Plays. Shaw.
Europe Since 1815. Hazen.
The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
Imperial Germany. von Bülow.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
Habit. James.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 350 and 351) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

See GUIDE FOR BUYERS Page 49 Advertising Section.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35	333
2. The Auction Block. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	193
3. The Prince of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35	179
4. Hidden Children. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40	96
5. The Twenty-Fourth of June. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	93
6. Perch of the Devil. Atherton. (Stokes.) $1.35	79

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The Emperor of Almain

By Maurice Hewlett

The Emperor of Almain
Went rocking out to fight,
The thunder of his legions
Was heard across the night.

There stood a charter'd nation
Upon his road to France;
But "Pooh!" says he, "what's
treaties?"
And order'd the advance.

The Belgian he says, "Easy!"
And holds him up a spell.
"Treachery!" cries the Emperor.
"This people is from hell.

"You cannot treat this people
As men of common measure,
Who smite the friendly German
A-taking of his pleasure.

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"You cannot fight this people—
How can you fight with clowns?
But you can burn their houses
And sack their ancient towns.

"And you can shoot their old men,
And do their women shame
For facing of an Emperor
And spoiling of his game.

"And if you meet civilians
Don't let your natural ire
Inflame you. Set them forward
Upon the line of fire.

"Then they're in this dilemma,
That if they shoot they kill
Their own, and if they don't shoot
I work my Imperial Will."

Now when he got thro' Belgium
And entered pleasant France,
He found an English army
Opposing his advance.

The Emperor of Almain
He swore like one possest.
Says he, "Remember Louvain,
And rid me of this pest.

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"Whate'er you do with Frenchmen,
The English you shall slay,
For they should be my henchmen
Instead of in my way.

"If they had half the culture
That other Saxons have,
They'd know that God has purpos'd
Germania rule the wave."

They fought him up to Paris
An pusht him back again;
He dug himself in trenches
Above the banks of Aisne.

And there he got the toothache,
As common people may,
And had to see his Germans
Be slain instead of slay.

But he saw likely plunder:
A great Church made of Dreams
In stone, a thing of wonder,
The fair-wrought Church of Rheims;

At which he plugg'd and batter'd
Till all in fire and smoke
It shockt the sky, and shatter'd,
The roof sagg'd in and broke.

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The world cried out upon him,
But culture soon miscarries
When a man has the toothache
And cannot get to Paris.

And when a man is worried
His wits are not at call.
He fired the church because he thought
It was a hospital.

And so it was, for in it
His wounded soldiers lay,
Till honest Frenchmen bore them
Out of the shrapnel's way.

The Germans went on shelling,
With glasses on the fun,
And one another telling,
"See how those beggars run!"

And so he eased his toothache,
The Emperor of Almain;
And proud should be his doctors,
Rheims, Dinant and Louvain.

But he must get a many aches
Before his war is done,
And even might have heartache,
If he possesses one.

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